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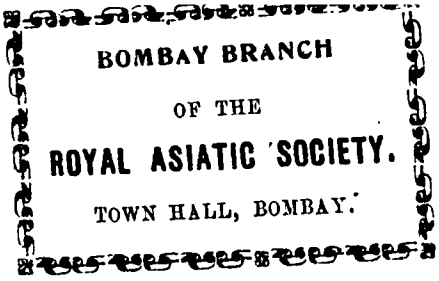

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EARLY BALLADS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF HISTORY, TRADITIONS,
AND CUSTOMS;

ALSO

BALLADS AND SONGS

OF THE

PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND

TAKEN DOWN FROM ORAL RECITATION AND TRANSCRIBED FROM
PRIVATE MANUSCRIPTS, RARE BROADSIDES, AND
SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL.

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PREFACE.

This volume is the result of the union of a collection of the peasant ditties of England with one of a rather higher class of ballad composition, both of which were formerly published under the auspices of the late Robert Bell.

The selection of ancient poems which forms the first half of the work was intended to exhibit, by a variety of specimens in short compass, the special characteristics which distinguish our old ballad literature from other kinds of poetry, not only in its forms and diction, but in its choice of topics and modes of treatment.

The second portion of the work is devoted to the really valuable collection of quaint lays of the English peasantry of the past, the origin of which is explained in the special introduction to that part of the volume (p. 227).

As the Editor affirms, it is not to be expected that within the limits of a single volume such a selection of ballads could be brought together as would satisfy

the anticipations of every reader. But in connection with this work it will not be out of place to refer to the revised and improved edition of Percy's 'Reliques of Early English Poetry,' which has recently been published in two volumes uniform with this; and it is considered that in the three volumes together will be found the most complete collection of ballad literature accessible to the public at a moderate price.

April 1877.

EARLY BALLADS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ballads collected in this volume range from the close of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century. The object of the selection is to exhibit, by a variety of specimens in a short compass, the special characteristics which distinguish our old ballad literature from other kinds of poetry, not only in its forms and diction, but in its choice of topics and modes of treatment. The quaint and primitive traits, peculiar to early poems written for music or recitation, are common to them all, from the earliest to the latest; for their distinctive traits were preserved long after the state of society to which they were originally adapted had undergone considerable changes. The gradual decline of these compositions may be traced to the accession of James I., when the Border feuds ceased to supply the bold and picturesque sources of interest which fired the imagination of the ancient minstrel. The ballads produced after that period are tame and flat in comparison with the genuine songs of the old times, and can at best be regarded only as modern imitations.

The manner in which these pieces have come down to us baffles any attempt at chronological arrangement. Some are derived solely from tradition in districts where they have been orally transmitted from generation to generation, time out of mind; some from broadsides, which never can be relied upon as a clue to the date of authorship; and some from MSS., written at different periods, and presenting different versions of the same original. Nor do we obtain much assistance as to their age from internal evidence, or by comparison with other poems. They are distinguished by the peculiarities of a class, rather than of a period. One of the elementary conditions of the ballad was to embody and perpetuate certain

forms with which the people were already familiar, and its structure, consequently, precluded its adaptation to transitory standards of taste. Even particular turns of expression, introduced at first, perhaps, to help the memory of the singer or reciter, and afterwards retained for the sake of their popularity, will be found constantly reproduced, with little variation. The orthography, for which, it is scarcely necessary to observe, we have no reliable authority whatever, is everywhere capricious and uncertain; sometimes governed by the necessities of the measure or the rhyme, and often changing its shape without any apparent reason. Words of the most frequent occurrence are given in various ways: thus, we have *countre, countree, countrye,* and *countrie; pitye, pittye,* and *pitie.* In a few instances, Anglo-Saxon forms are mixed with the Elizabethan orthography, and we have the incongruity of *hir, hem,* and *hit* mingled with similar words spelt as we spell them at the present day. Another peculiarity may be observed in numerous local corruptions, traceable to the confusion arising from the collision of dialects on the Border. The authors—some of whom, probably, never committed their compositions to writing—are not responsible for this chaos of inconsistencies, which must be referred to the ignorance of scribes and the carelessness of printers; but that consideration, which throws open the whole question to conjecture, only increases the difficulty of determining the age of the text.

All that can be done with a view to chronological order, under such circumstances, is to give precedence to pieces which are generally believed to be the earliest, or which, in matter and manner, appear to justify that assumption. As we advance, however, it becomes evident that the great mass of the ballads most worthy of preservation are nearly contemporaneous, or, at least, belong to a cycle marked throughout by homogeneous features. An occasional allusion here and there may help as a guide to the period of authorship; but evidence of that description must always be received with suspicion, as it was not an unusual practice, by a slight

alteration in the phraseology, to adapt the old legend to current usages. The bulk of the following collection may be assigned, without much hesitation, to the sixteenth century. Many of them, as we learn from references and fragments in the plays of the time, enjoyed high popularity under the reign of Elizabeth. The earliest ballad in the volume, which bears a positive date, belongs to the latter part of the fourteenth century; and none, it is presumed, are later than the reign of James I.

In the formation of the texts of so many pieces, drawn from numerous scattered sources, the introduction of a principle of uniformity would have destroyed that antique colouring which is essential to the integrity of the originals. The metrical and grammatical aberrations of the ballad may be said to be organic, and cannot be remedied without endangering its vitality, and depriving it of the wild charm it derives from its independence of scholastic laws. The reader must, therefore, be prepared to find many rhythmical and verbal eccentricities in this volume, over which no critical revision could have been safely exercised. But I have not thought it necessary to retain in all cases the unsightly orthography of the old MSS. and broadsides. The obsolete spelling, however, has been removed only where it was a mere deformity, or gratuitous hindrance to the enjoyment of the verse. Wherever the early forms of words were indispensable to the style or measure, or to the grammatical inflections, they have been strictly preserved.

It is not to be expected that within the limits of a single volume such a selection of ballads could be brought together as would satisfy the anticipations of every reader. Old favourites will be missed which have been unavoidably excluded. But this is a contingency to which all similar collections are subject; and the utmost that can be reasonably looked for in a design of this nature, is that it should combine as much excellence and variety as its prescribed space will admit. This end has been carefully kept in view throughout. The old chivalry of the Marches is here amply reflected. The ancient love-ballad

has its popular representative. The legends of the Round Table contribute a snatch of characteristic lore. Robin Hood and Little John are exhibited under their greenwood tree, and in some of their lawless exploits. The traditions of the feuds and raids of the North, and the local tales which repeople many an ancient fortress and crumbling ruin are abundantly scattered through our pages. The choice of these examples has been invariably governed by their intrinsic merit, or by some special claims of other kinds; and upon the whole it may be hoped that the book will be acceptable to all lovers of our ballad literature.

In order to obtain the widest scope for the selections, the annotations have been compressed into as brief a compass as possible. Such historical information as appeared requisite is given in the introductions, and the notes are restricted to mere points of explanation.

Several Scotch and mixed ballads are included in the collection. They were found indispensable to the completeness of the plan. The best of our English ballads are those which had their origin in the warfare of the Border, where the two races were constantly engaged in hostilities. Hence the same subjects are frequently celebrated by poets on each side of the Tweed, and become common property in a language which often partakes of the peculiarities of both. The pure English ballad is of rare occurrence in the North, being generally more or less tinged by the neighbouring dialect; and in some instances the intermixture is so considerable as to create a difficulty in deciding to which nation the production belongs. Where two pieces, Scotch and English, relate the same event, the choice has been determined by poetical superiority. Other Scotch specimens have been added to enrich the volume; for, wealthy as we are in this department, there is a vein of tenderness and romantic beauty in the Scotch ballads which we cannot afford to dispense with in an anthology of this description.

EARLY BALLADS.

LONDON LACKPENNY.

[JOHN LYDGATE, the author of these verses, was a Benedictine monk of Bury St. Edmund's, born, according to his own account, at Lidgate. The date of his birth cannot be determined with certainty. He was ordained in 1389, and it is therefore probable, as conjectured by Ellis, that he was born about 1375. The time of his death is unknown. Ritson assumes, from a stanza on Edward IV. in the *Chronicle of Kings*, that he must have survived the year 1461; some writers place his death in 1440, and others in 1482, which last prolongs his life to the apocryphal age of upwards of a hundred years. Lydgate was a voluminous and versatile writer. Ritson enumerates the titles of 251 pieces ascribed to him; a list which cannot be considered as exhausting the catalogue of his works. In his own age, Lydgate enjoyed great popularity; but modern critics differ widely in their estimates of his poetical character. Ritson and Percy dismiss him with contempt; while Warton eulogizes his clearness and facility, and Gray places him next to Chaucer. Warton's praise is just and discriminating, for, although frequently diffuse and tedious, Lydgate is rarely obscure, and generally distinguished by ease and fluency.

The following ballad is curious as a record of the street cries and trades of London towards the close of the fourteenth, and beginning of the fifteenth century. The subject of which it treats was a frequent theme with the poets of the period. That the want of money pressed more heavily on the writers of songs and ballads than on most other people is probable

enough; but it is evident, from the numerous allusions to the advantages and influence of wealth which abound in the current tales and satires, that poverty had a harder up-hill fight against the contumely of the world in those days than is generally supposed. A full purse, and even the possession of landed estates, was generally typified under the common designation of Penny, advanced for the purposes of the poet to the dignity of knighthood. Sir Penny was a famous character in those bantering compositions, some of which, bearing his name, describe, under the allegory of his successful adventures, the triumphant progress of riches.* In Lackpenny, the Penniless of later times, we have the social antithesis to Sir Penny. Lackpenny is a countryman who comes up to London to consult the lawyers, but, not having any money to fee them, he cannot obtain a hearing of his suit, and, unable to defray the cost of living in town, is obliged to go back again into Kent. The original title of the ballad seems to have been London Lickpenny, possibly intended, as Mr. Halliwell supposes, in the sense of London licking up all the pence;† but the title Lackpenny is obviously justified by the burden.]

TO London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in no wise should be faint;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith bent,
To a man of law to make complaint;
I said, 'For Mary's love, that holy saint!
Pity the poor that would proceed!'
But for lack of money I could not speed.

And as I thrust the prese‡ among,
By froward chance my hood was gone;
Yet for all that I stayed not long,
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the judge I kneeled anon,

* See Ellis's *Specimens*, i. 269, 3rd Edit.
† *Minor Poems of Lydgate.* Percy Society.
‡ Crowd.

And prayed him for God's sake to take heed;
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clarkès a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent;
There stood up one, and cried about,
'Richard, Robert, and John of Kent.'
I wist not well what this man meant,
He cried so thyckè there indeed;
But he that lacked money might not speed.

Unto the common place I yodè thoo,*
Where sat one with a silken hood;
I did him reverence, for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I could,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I got me thence,
Before the clerks of the Chancerỳ,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all once regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knee:
They liked it well when they had it read;
But lacking money I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of raye;†
I crouchèd and kneelèd before him anon,
For Mary's love, of help I him pray.
'I wot not what thou meanest,' gan he say:
To get me thence he did me bede;
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught, although I should die;
Which seeing, I got me out of the door,

* I went then.
† Striped cloth. Velvet striped in colours was called ray-velvet.

Where Flemynges began on me for to cry,
'Master, what will you copen* or buy?
Fyne felt hats, or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed.'

Then to Westminster-gate I presently went,
When the sun was at hyghe prime;
Cooks to me they took good entent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine.†
A fair cloth they gan for to spread;
But wanting money I might not there speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize.
'Hot peascods!' one began to cry,
'Strawberries ripe!' and 'Cherries in the rise!'‡
And bad me come near, and buy some spice;
Pepper and saffron they gan me bede;§
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then to the Chepe‖ I began me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand:
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
Another he taketh me by the hand:
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land.
I never was used to such things indeed;
And wanting money I might not speed.

---

* To chap or exchange.

† Cooks' shops were anciently established in neighbourhoods where butchers abounded. 'For of old time,' says Stow, 'when friends did meet, and were disposed to be merry, they went not to dine and sup in taverns, but to the cooks, where they called for meat what they liked, which they always found ready dressed at a reasonable rate.'

‡ Branch.

§ They began to offer to me.

‖ Westcheap.

¶ In Lydgate's time, Westcheap was inhabited chiefly by mercers and haberdashers, who afterwards, as we learn from Stow, migrated to London-bridge.

Then full I went by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwyke Street;*
Drapers much cloth offered me anon;
Then comes me one cried, 'Hot sheep's feet;'
One cried mackerel; ryster green, another gan greet;
One bade me a hood to cover my head;
But for want of money I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-chepe;
One cries ribs of beef,† and many a pie;
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy.
'Yea, by cock!' 'Nay, by cock!'‡ some began cry;
Some songe of Jenkin and Julian for then mede;
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear among;
I saw where hung mine owne hood,
That I had lost among the throng;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
I knew it well as I did my creed,
But for lack of money I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
'Sir,' saith he, 'will you our wine assay?'
I answered, that cannot much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may;
I drank a pint, and for it did pay;
Yet soon a hungered from thence I yode,
And wanting money I could not speed.

---

* Candle-wick-street, so called because originally it was the principal place where candles were made. In the time of Edward III., the chandlers appear to have been superseded by weavers brought out of Flanders, who in turn gave way to rich drapers and sellers of woollen cloth. See Stow, who quotes this ballad as an authority for local customs anterior to his own time.

† A great flesh market was held in Eastcheap.

‡ A vulgar corruption of a profane oath. The book of the offices of the church was sometimes added to the sacred name—by cock and pie.

Then hied I me to Billingsgate;
And one cried, 'Hoo! go we hence!'
I prayed a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would spare me my expense.
'Thou 'scapst not here,' quod he, 'under two-pence;
I list not yet bestow my almes deed.'
Thus lacking money I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent,
For of the law would I meddle no more;
Because no man to me took entent,
I dyght* me to do as I did before.
Now Jesus, that in Bethlem was bore,
Save London, and send true lawyers their meed;
For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

[THE earliest known printed copy of this famous ballad occurs in an ancient book on the customs of London, commonly described in the catalogues as Arnold's *Chronicle*. The date of the first edition may certainly be placed at the beginning of the sixteenth century; but the exact year is doubtful, as the very few copies of this scarce volume which have been preserved are either imperfect, or have no printer's name or date prefixed to them. Oldys had seen two copies, in one of which, formerly in the possession of Hearne, the *Chronicle* was continued down to the 12th of Henry VIII., from which he inferred the date of the publication to have been 1521. Capel, who collated three imperfect copies, one of which was Hearne's copy, came to the same conclusion from the internal evidence. An earlier edition (now in the library at Cambridge) appears to have fallen into the hands of Dr. Farmer, who made the following note upon it: 'This is

* Prepared.

the first edition of this very rare book; nineteen years older than Hearne, Oldys, Capel, &c. supposed it.' If this statement may be relied upon, the date of the first edition must have been 1502. Arnold's *Chronicle* was reprinted in 1811, with an introduction by Douce.

Dr. Percy inserted the ballad in his *Reliques*, adopting Capel's edition as the basis of his text, collated with the Cambridge copy, and with a MS. copy in his own possession, which, although corrupt and defective, yielded in one passage a more accurate reading. The following text is founded on a collation of the preceding texts. The obsolete and capricious orthography in which this ballad has hitherto appeared presented an unnecessary obstruction to the modern reader, which is removed in the present edition. The old copies not only vary from each other, but are inconsistent in themselves; and, except where the rhythm, the rhyme, or the grammatical structure demands the retention of particular forms, there is no valid reason for perpetuating them.

There can be little doubt that the ballad was written long before the sixteenth century. It was first reprinted in the *Muse's Mercury*, 1707, with a preface, in which conjectural reasons were given for assuming it to have been then nearly three hundred years old. Capel was of opinion that it had no claim to any higher antiquity than the beginning of the sixteenth century. But, apart from the diction, form, and general character of the poem, which abundantly justify the impression that it belongs to a much earlier period, its preservation in Arnold's *Chronicle*—a work exclusively antiquarian—may be considered decisive of the fact. It appears to have been introduced into that historical *mélange* as an illustration of the popular poetry of a former time.

A curious moralization of the ballad, applied to the Passion of Christ, was published early in the sixteenth century. It was reprinted for the Roxburgh Club in 1820, and the copy of the reprint in the British Museum is marked in MS. 1515. If this date could be traced to any authority, it would help to confirm Dr. Farmer's reference to an earlier

edition of the *Chronicle;* but it is unsupported by evidence Dr. Rimbault edited the tract for the Percy Society in 1842.

Whether the story of the *Nut-brown Maid* is a mere fiction, consonant in its materials, features, and incidents with the spirit of the age, or is founded upon an actual occurrence, cannot be ascertained. A conjecture has been hazarded on the subject by Dr. Whitaker, in his *History of the Deanery of Craven in Yorkshire,* which, although on many accounts improbable, is curious and ingenious. Dr. Whitaker supposes that the hero of the ballad was Henry, Lord Clifford, the first Earl of Cumberland, who, getting into embarrassments in his youth, turned outlaw to extricate himself from his difficulties, in preference to having recourse to the easier expedient of raising money from the Jews on *post obits.* Assembling a band of dissolute followers, says Dr. Whitaker, he 'harassed the religious houses, beat their tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches.' The early circumstances of the life of Lord Clifford, arising from the attainder of his father for having killed the Earl of Rutland, the brother of Edward IV., coincide in some respects with the condition of the hero of the ballad; for Lord Clifford in his youth was 'a banished man,' having been brought up in secrecy and ignorance as a shepherd's boy, to escape the vengeance of royalty. It is not on this point, however, Dr. Whitaker rests his case, but on the allusion of the hero to Westmoreland as his heritage. He considers this local allusion conclusive of the fact that the ballad records one of the romantic adventures of Henry Clifford. It is true Westmoreland was not the heritage of the Cliffords, but of the Lady Margaret Percy who married Henry Clifford, a difficulty which Dr. Whitaker endeavours to remove by assuming that the wild young man lurked in the forests of the Percy family, and won the lady's heart in disguise, and that the writer of the ballad 'inverted the rank,' or more correctly the relative position, 'of the parties,' for the purpose of throwing 'a decent veil of fiction over a recent and well-known fact.' A reference to dates will show that this conjecture is

untenable. Henry Clifford died in 1543; Lady Margaret Percy was his second wife; it was not in his youth, nor in the time of his 'banishment,' that he wooed her; and the ballad was evidently written long before the wooing, under whatever circumstances it occurred, could have taken place. It may be observed, also, that the heroine describes herself as a baron's daughter. Lady Margaret was the daughter of an earl.

To Prior belongs the merit of having drawn attention to the *Nut-brown Maid*, by founding upon it his ballad of *Henry and Emma;* a piece which, nevertheless, shows how little he appreciated the simplicity, sweetness, and pathos of his original.]

BE it right, or wrong, these men among
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can,
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover then
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed;
But, nevertheless, right good witnèss
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continùe,
Record the Nut-brown Maid:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain, and fere,
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answère;
Wherefore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the knight; I come by night,
As secret as I can;
Saying, 'Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man.'

SHE.

And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to shew, in wordès few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse:
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,—
Mine own heart dear, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trowe;
Or else to flee: the one must be.
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlàw,
And take me to my bow.

Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is this worldys bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We dèpart not so soon.
Why say ye so? wheder will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfâre to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;
But, afterward, your painès hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Now, sith that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.

Sith it is so, that ye will go,
I wolle not leave behind;
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say:
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman,
Yet would I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though it be sung of old and young,
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge, that speak so large
In hurting of my name:
For I will prove, that, faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress, and heaviness,
To part with you, the same:
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counsel you, remember how,
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to renne out
To wood with an outlàw:
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, readỳ to draw;
And, as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlàw this is the law,
That men him take and bind;
Without pitỳ, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescue could ye find?
Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow
For fear would draw behind:

And no mervayle: for little avail
Were in your counsel then:
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Right well know ye, that women be
But feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is indeed
To be bold as a knight:
Yet, in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To greve them as I might,
And you to save; as women have
From death men many a one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat: for dry, or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush, or twain:
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly then
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Sith I have here been partynère
With you of joy and bliss,
I must alsò part of your woe
Endure, as reason is:

Yet am I sure of one pleasùre;
And, shortly, it is this:
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.
No shetès clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine;
O mine heart sweet, this evil diète
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Among the wild dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitàyle,
Where is so great plentỳ:
And water clear of the ryvére
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele* I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

* Health.

HE.

Lo! yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be:
And this same night before day-light,
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can;
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To shorte my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But now, adieu! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell ye why,——
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I wele espy:
For, like as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardely
Ye would answère whosoever it were
In way of company.

It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman.
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To die therefore anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

A baron's child to be beguiled!
It were a cursèd dede;
To be felàwe with an outlàwe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were, the poor squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye should say another day,
That, by my cursèd dede,
Ye were betrayed: Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid:
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.

Remember you wele, how that ye dele;
For, if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purvayed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease, to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall find me soft and kind,
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power:
For had ye, lo! an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Mine own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changèd new;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the green wood go,
I am no banished man.

SHE.

These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordès on the splene.*
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Then, were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall not nede further to drede;
I will not disparàge
You, (God defend!) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge

* On a sudden.

I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see, that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometime proveth such, as he loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY.

[If the author of the ballad on Robin Hood's birth and pedigree had any authority for his statements, the famous archers who figure in the following legend lived before the time of Robin Hood, and were contemporaneous with his father, who is represented as having beaten them in shooting at a mark. However that may be, the antiquity of the ballad itself is clearly established by its style and form. Few of the ancient ballads are more distinctly marked by those characteristic turns of expression, and by that peculiar rhythm found in all the old poems which were written to be sung or recited. The earliest copy extant is in the British Museum, printed in black letter, in quarto, without a date. It was reprinted in 1605, and 1616, with the addition of an inferior piece, containing the adventures of

William of Cloudesly's son. Copies of these reprints are preserved in the Bodleian.

The heroes of this ballad were long celebrated for their skill in archery, and their wild lives as outlaws, in the 'north countrie,' where the Bells are a numerous stock, and appear to have sustained a pre-eminent notoriety for their misdeeds so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. Frequent allusions to these marauders occur in the plays of the Elizabethan period. That they flourished before the reign of Henry VIII. is ascertained by the fact, that Engle or Inglewood, which they frequented, was disforested by that monarch, and had become in Camden's time 'a dreary moor, with high distant hills on both sides, and a few stone farm houses and cottages along the road.' The forest of Inglewood was in Cumberland, and extended from Carlisle to Penrith. The term 'English wood' in the ballad is a corruption of Engle-wood, signifying, as Percy observes, wood for firing. Ritson suggests that the term, in this instance, meant a wood in which fires were made on particular occasions; and he supports the conjecture by a reference to Penrith beacon which stood within the confines of the forest, and to Ingle-borough, a hill which obtained its name from the beacon-fires anciently lighted on its summit.

Percy reprinted this ballad from the early black-letter copy, with variations from a MS. in his possession. Ritson, in his *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, reproduced the old text, which is also followed by Mr. Gutch in his elaborate collection of the Robin Hood ballads. The following text is formed from a collation of both editions.]

FYTTE THE FIRST.

MERRY it was in the green forèst
Among the levès green,*
Where that men hunt east and west
With bows and arrows keen;

* This was a popular form of opening, very common amongst the old ballads. It occurs, with slight variations, in *Robin Hood*

To raise the deer out of their den;
Such sights hath oft been seen;
As by three yeomen of the north countrie,
By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight Adam Bell,
The other, Clym of the Clough,*
The third was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good enough.

They were outlawed for venison,
These yeomen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To English-wood for to gone.

Now lith and listen, gentlemen,†
That of mirthès loveth to hear;
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

---

and Guy of Gisborne, Robin Hood and the Potter, A Tale of Robin Hood, and many others. The frequent recurrence of particular phrases and forms of description is a striking feature in these compositions, and marks their traditional character.

* Clim, Clem or Clement. Clough was used in different senses, sometimes it implied a cliff, and sometimes a wood; but more generally a glen or narrow valley.

† Lith, or lithe, to tell or relate. 'Now lithe and listen, gentlemen,' was an expression of common occurrence, generally used at the beginning of a ballad, as in the *Lytell Geste of Robin Hood*, where it is to be found at the commencement of nearly every fytte. It was originally employed before the discovery of printing, and plainly indicates that the poem was intended for recitation. 'It would seem,' observes Mr. Motherwell, speaking of the constant reproduction of the same modes and turns of expression in these pieces, 'that these commonplaces are so many ingenious devices, no doubt suggested by the wisdom and experience of many ages, whereby oral poetry is more firmly imprinted on the memory, more readily recalled to it, when partially obliterated, and, in the absence of letters, the only efficacious means of preserving and transmitting it to after ages.' The occurrence of these established phrases, however, does not necessarily prove that a ballad belongs to a date anterior to the introduction of printing, a the old forms were preserved long afterwards.

William was the wedded man,
Much more then was his care;
He said to his brethren upon a day,
To Carlisle he would fare,

For to speak with fair Alice his wife,
And with his children three.
'By my troth,' said Adam Bell,
'Not by the counsel of me:

'For if you go to Carlisle, brother,
And from this wild wood wend,
If that the justice may you take,
Your life were at an end.'

'If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By prime to you again,
Trust you then that I am takèn,
Or else that I am slain.'

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carlisle he is gone:
There he knocked at his own windòw
Shortly and anon.

'Where be you, fair Alice,' he said,
'My wife and children three?
Lightly let in thine own husband,
William of Cloudesly.'

'Alas!' then saydè fair Alice,
And sighèd wondrous sore,
'This place has been beset for you
This half a year and more.'

'Now I am here,' said Cloudesly,
'I would that in I were;
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make us good cheer.'

She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded wife;
And pleasèd him with that she had,
Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an old wife in that place,
A little beside the fire,
Which William had found of charity
More than seven year.

Up she rose, and walked full still,*
Evil mote she speed therefore;
For she had set no foot on ground
In seven year before.

She went unto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hie:
'This night,' she said, 'is come to town
William of Cloudesly.'

Thereof the justice was full fain,
And so was the sheriff alsò;
'Thou shalt not travaile hither dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go.'

They gave to her a right good gown,
Of scarlet it was as I heard sayne;†
She took the gift, and home she went,
And couched her down again.

---

* This is the old reading from the printed copies. Dr. Percy reads, from his MS.—

'Up she rose, and forth she goes.'

The former, suggestive of the stealthiness of the old woman's step on her treacherous mission, is certainly better.

† Percy reads—

Of scarlet and of graine;'

which is equivalent to saying 'of scarlet and of scarlet,' graine being the name of the scarlet dye used for cloths.

They raised the town of merry Carlisle
In all the haste that they can,*
And came thronging to William's house,
As fast as they might gone.

There they beset that good yeomàn
Round about on every side;
William heard great noise of folks,
That thitherward fast hied.

Alice opened a back windòw,†
And lookèd all about,
She was ware of the justice and sheriff both,
With a full great rout.

'Alas! treason,' cried [fair] Alice,
'Ever woe may thou be!
Go into my chamber, my husband,' she said,
'Sweet William of Cloudesly.'

He took his sword and his bucklèr,
His bow and his children three,
And went into his strongest chambèr,
Where he thought surest to be.

Fair Alice followed him as a lover true,
With a poleaxe in her hand;
'He shall be dead that here cometh in
This door, while I may stand.'

Cloudesly bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty trée,
He smote the justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.

---

* Could, or were able.

† In one of the copies with which Dr. Percy collated this ballad the reading here is 'shop-window.'

'A curse on his heart,' said William,
'This day thy coat did on!
If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone.'

'Yield thee, Cloudesly,' said the justice,
'And thy bow and thy arrows thee fro.
'A curse on his heart,' said the fair Alice,
'That my husband counselleth so.'

'Set fire on the house,' said the sheriff;
'Sith it will no better be,
And brenne we therein William,' he said,
'His wife and his children three.'

They fired the house in many a place,
The fire flew up on high:
'Alas!' then cried fair Alice,
'I see we here shall die.'

William opened a back window,
That was in his chamber high,
And there with sheets he did let down
His wife and his children three.

'Have here my treasure,' sayde William,
'My wife and children three;
For Christe's love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me.'

William shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all ygo;
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bowstring brent in two.

The sparkles brent, and fell him upon,
Good William of Cloudesly:
Then was he a woeful man, and said,
'This is a coward's death to me.

'Lever had I,' sayde William,
'With my sword in the rout to renne,
Than here among mine enemies' wood
Thus cruelly to bren.'

He took his sword and his bucklèr,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prese,
He smote down many a man.

There might no man abide his strokes,
So fiercely on them he ran;
Then they threw windows and doors on him,
And so took that good yeomàn.

There they bound him both hand and foot,
And in a deep dungeon him cast;
'Now Cloudesly,' said the justìce,
'Thou shalt be hanged in haste.'

'A pair of new gallows,' said the sheriff,
'Now shall I for thee make;
And the gates of Carlisle shall be shut,
No man shall come in thereat.

'Then shall not help Clym of the Clough,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devils in hell.'

Early in the morning the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gone,
And commanded to be shut full close,
Lightily everychone.

Then went he to the market-place,
As fast as he could hie;
A pair of new gallows there did he set up
Beside the pillory.

A little boy among them asked,
'What meaned that gallows-tree?
They said, 'To hang a good yeomàn,
William of Cloudesly.'

That little boy was the town swine-herd,
And kept fair Alice's swine;
Oft he had seen Cloudesly in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the wood did gone;
There met he with those wightie* yeomèn
Shortly and anon.

'Alas!' then said the little boy,
'Ye tarry here too long;
Cloudesly is taken, and dampned to death,
And ready for to hang.'

'Alas!' then said good Adam Bell,
'That ever we saw this day!
He had better have tarried here with us,
So oft as we did him pray.

'He might have dwelt in green forèst,
Under the shadows green,
And have kept both him and us in rest,
Out of all trouble and teen!'

Adam bent a right good bow,
A great hart soon he had slain:
'Take that, child,' he said, 'to thy dinnèr,
And bring me mine arrow again.'

'Now go we hence,' said those wightie yeomèn,
'Tarry we no longer here;
We shall him borrow by God his grace,
Though we buy it full dear.'

* Active.

To Carlisle went these bold yeomen,
All in a morning of May.
Here is a fytte of Cloudesly,
And another is for to say.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

And when they came to merry Carlisle,
In a fair morning tide,
They found the gates shut them until
Round about on every side.

'Alas!' then said good Adam Bell,
'That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wondrous well,
We may not come therein.'

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
'With a wile we will us in bring;
Let us saye we be messengers,
Straight come now from our king.'

Adam said, 'I have a letter written,
Now let us wisely work,
We will say we have the kinges seal;
I hold the porter no clerk.'

Then Adam Bell beat on the gates
With strokes great and strong;
The porter marvelled, who was thereat,
And to the gates he throng.

'Who is there now,' said the porter,
'That maketh all this knocking?' [Clough,
'We be two messengers,' quoth Clym of the
'Be come right from our king.'

'We have a letter,' said Adam Bell,
'To the justice we must it bring;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were again to the king.'

'There cometh none in,' said the portèr,
'By him that died on a tree,
Till a false thief be hanged,
Called William of Cloudesly.'

Then spake the good yeoman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary free,
'And if that we stand long without,
Like a thief hanged thou shalt be.

'Lo! here we have the kingès seal:
What, lurden,* art thou wode?'
The porter went† it had been so,
And lightly did off his hood.

'Welcome is my lord's seal,' he said;
'For that ye shall come in.'
He opened the gate full shortly:
An evil opening for him.

'Now are we in,' said Adam Bell,
'Whereof we are full fain;
But Christ he knows, that harrowed hell,
How we shall come out again.'

'Had we the keys,' said Clym of the Clough,
'Right well then should we speed;
Then might we come out well enough
When we see time and need.'

They called the porter to council,
And wrang his neck in two,
And cast him in a deep dungèon,
And took his keys him fro.

---

* The printed copies read *lordeyne*, apparently a misprint for *lurden*, a clown, or stupid fellow.

† Weened. The MS. reads thought, which is obviously the meaning.

'Now am I porter,' said Adam Bell,
'See, brother, the keys are here;
The worst portèr to merry Carlisle
That it had this hundred year.

And now will we our bowès bend,
Into the tower will we go,
For to deliver our dear brothèr
That lieth in care and woe.'

And thereupon they bent their bows,
And looked their strings were round,*
The market-place in merry Carlisle
They beset that stound.†

And as they lookèd them beside,
A pair of new gallows there they see,
And the justice with a quest of squires,
That had judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudesly lay ready there in a cart.
Fast bound both foot and hand;
And a strong rope about his neck,
All ready for to hang.

The justice called to him a lad,
Cloudesly's clothes he should have,
To take the measure of that yeomàn,
Thereafter to make his grave.

'I have seen as great a marvel,' said Cloudesly,
'As between this and prime,
He that maketh a grave for me,
Himself may lie therein.'

---

* Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, lays down the principle, 'the strings must be round.' 'Otherwise,' observes Dr. Percy, 'we may conclude, from mechanical principles, the arrow will not fly true.'

† That instant—immediately.

'Thou speakest proudly,' said the justice,
'I will thee hang with my hand;'
Full well heard this his brethren two,
There still as they did stand.

Then Cloudesly cast his eyes aside,
And saw his two brethren stand
At a corner of the market-place,
With their good bows bent in their hand.

'I see comfort,' said Cloudesly,
'Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my hands at will
Right little would I care.'

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
'Brother, see you mark the justice well;
Lo, yonder you may him see;

'And at the sheriff shoot I will,
Strongly with arrow keen;'
A better shot in merry Carlisle
This seven year was not seen.

They loosed their arrows both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hit the justice, the other the sheriff,
That both their sides gan bleed.

All men voided, that them stood nigh,
When the justice fell to the ground,
And the sheriff fell nigh him by;
Either had his death wound.

All the citizens fast gan fly,
They durst no longer abide:
Then lightly they loosed Cloudesly,
Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start to an officer of the town,
His axe from his hand he wronge;
On eche side he smote them down,
He thought he tarried too long.

William said to his brethren two,
'This day let us live and die,
If ever you have need, as I have now,
The same shall you find by me.'

They shot so well in that tide,
Their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the streetes on every side;
That battle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bold,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a heart made cold.

But when their arrows were all gone,
Men pressed to them full fast,
They drew their swordès then anon,
And their bowès from them cast.

They went lightly on their way,
With swordes and bucklers round;
By that it was mid of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
And the bells backward did ring;
Many a woman said, 'Alas!'
And many their hands did wring.

The mayor of Carlisle forth come was,
With him a full great rout;
These yeomen dreaded him full sore,
For of their lives they stood in great doubt.

The mayor came armed a full great pace,
With a poleaxe in his hand;
Many a strong man with him was,
There in that stowre to stand.

The mayor smote at Cloudesly with his bill,
His buckler he brast in two,
Full many a yeoman with great evìl,
'Alas! Treason!' they cried for woe;
'Keep well the gates fast,' they bad,
'That these traitors there out not go.'

But all for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three that so manful fought,
Were gotten without abraide.*

'Have here your keys,' said Adam Bell,
'Mine office I here forsake,
And if you do by my counsèl,
A new porter do ye make.'

He threw their keyès at their heads,
And bade them well to thrive,
And all that letteth any good yeomàn
To come and comfort his wife.

Thus be these good yeomen gone to the wood,
As lightly as leaf on lynde;†
They laugh and be merry in their mood,
Their enemies be far behind.

When they came to the English-wood,
Under the trusty trèe,
There they found bowès full good,
And arrows full great plenty.

* Abroad.

† The lime-tree; but frequently applied to all trees in common.

'So God me help,' said Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so free,
'I would we were in merry Carlisle,
Before that fair meyne.'*

They set them down, and made good cheer,
And eat and drank full well.
A second fytte of these wightie yeomen;
Another I will you tell.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

As they sat in English-wood,
Under the green-wood tree,
They thought they heard a woman weep,
But her they mought not see.

Sore then sighèd the fair Alice:
'That ever I saw this day!
For now is my dear husband slain;
Alas! and well-a-day!

'Might I have spoken with his dear brethren,
Or with either of them twain,
To let them know what him befell,
My heart were put out of pain!'

Cloudesly walked a little beside,
And looked under the green-wood lynde,
He was ware of his wife and children three,
Full woe in heart and mind.

'Welcome, wife,' then said William,
'Under this trusty tree:
I had wende yesterday, by sweet Saint John,
Thou shouldest me never have see.'

* Crew, company.

'Now well is me that ye be here,
My heart is out of woe.'
'Dame,' he said, 'be merry and glad,
And thank my brethren two.'

'Hereof to speak,' said Adam Bell,
'I-wis it is no boot;
The meat that you must sup withal,
It runneth yet fast on foot.'

Then went they down into a land,
These noble archers all three;
Each of them slew a hart of greece,*
The best that they could see.

'Have here the best, Alice, my wife
Said William of Cloudesly,
'By cause ye so boldly stood by me
When I was slain full nigh.'

Then went they to supper,
With such meat as they had;
And thankèd God of their fortûne;
They were both merry and glad.

And when they had suppèd well,
Certain withouten lease,
Cloudesly said, 'We will to our king,
To get us a charter of peace.

'Alice shall be at our sojourning,
In a nunnery here beside;
My two sonnes shall with her go,
And there they shall abide.

'Mine eldest son shall go with me,
For him have I no care;
And he shall bring you word again
How that we do fare.'

* Also spelt *grize, greese*, &c. Literally a step, or degree.

Thus be these yeomen to London gone,
As fast as they might hie,
Till they came to the king's palàce,
Where they would needès be.

And when they came to the kingè's court,
Unto the palace gate,
Of no man would they ask no leave,
But boldly went in thereat.

They preced prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dread;
The porter came after, and did them call,
And with them began to chide.

The usher said, 'Yeomen, what would ye have?
I pray you tell to me;
You might thus make officers shent:
Good sirs, of whence be ye?'

'Sir, we be outlaws of the forèst,
Certain withouten leace,
And hither we be come to our king,
To get us a charter of peace.'

And when they came before the king,
As it was the law of the land,
They kneelèd down without letting,
And each held up his hand.

They said, 'Lord, we beseech thee here,
That ye will grant us grace;
For we have slain your fat fallow deer,
In many a sundry place.'

'What be your names?' then said our king,
'Anon that you tell me:'
They said, 'Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly.'

---

* Blamed.

'Be ye those thieves,' then said our king,
'That men have told of to me?
Here to God I make an avow,
Ye shall be hanged all three.

'Ye shall be dead without mercy,
As I am king of this land.'
He commanded his officers everychone
Fast on them to lay hand.

There they took these good yeomèn,
And arrested them all three:
'So may I thrive,' said Adam Bell,
'This game liketh not me.

'But, good lord, we beseech you now,
That you grant us grace,
Inasmuch as freely we be to you come,
As freely we may fro you pass,

With such weapons, as we have here,
Till we be out of your place;
And if we live this hundred year,
We will ask you no grace.'

'Ye speak proudly,' said the king;
'Ye shall be hanged all three.'
'That were great pity,' then said the queen,
'If any grace might be.

'My lord, when I came first into this land,
To be your wedded wife,
The first boon that I would ask,
Ye would grant it me belyfe:

'And I asked you never none till now;
Therefore, good lord, grant it me.'
'Now ask it, madam,' said the king,
'And granted it shall be.'

'Then, good my lord, I you beseech,
These yeomen grant ye me.'
'Madam, ye might have asked a boon,
That should have been worth all three.

'Ye might have askèd towers and towns,
Parks and forests plenty.'
'None so pleasant to my pay,' she said;
'Nor none so lefe to me.'

'Madam, sith it is your desire,
'Your asking granted shall be;
But I had lever have given you
Good market townès three.'

The queenè was a glad womàn,
And said, 'Lord, gramercy:
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shall they be.

'But, good my lord, speak some merry word,
That comfort they may see.'
'I grant you grace,' then said our king;
'Wash, fellows, and to meat go ye.'

They had not sitten but a while
Certain without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our king.

And when they came before the king,
They kneeled down on their knee,
And said, 'Lord, your officers greet you well,
Of Carlisle in the north countrie.'

'How fareth my justice?' said the king,
'And my sheriff alsò?'
'Sir, they be slain, without leasing,
And many an officer mo.'

'Who hath them slaynè?' said the king,
'Anon that thou tell me.'
'Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly.'

'Alas, for ruth!' then said our king:
'My heart is wondrous sore;
I had lever than a thousand pound,
I had known of this before;

'For I have granted them grace,
And that forthinketh me;
But had I known all this before,
They had been hanged all three.'

The king he opened the letter anon
Himself he read it through,
And found how these outlaws had slain
Three hundred men and mo;

First the justice, and the sheriff,
And the mayor of Carlisle town,
Of all the constables and catchipolls
Alive were left not one;

The bailies and the beadles both,
And the sergeaunts of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlaws had yslaw;

And broke his parks, and slain his deer.
Of all they chose the best;
So perilous outlaws, as they were,
Walked not by east nor west.

When the king this letter had read,
In his heart he sighèd sore:
'Take up the tables anon,' he said,
'For I may eat no more.'

The king callèd his best archèrs
To the butts with him to go:
'I will see these fellows shoot,' he said,
'In the north have wrought this woe.'

The kingè's horsemen buske them blyve,
And the queen's archèrs alsò;
So did these three wightie yeomèn;
With them they thought to go.

There twice, or thrice they shot about,
For to assay their hand;
There was no shot these yeomen shot,
That any prycke† might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudesly:
'By him that for me died,
I hold him never no good archèr,
That shooteth at butts so wide.'

'At what a butt now would ye shoot,
I pray thee tell to me?'
'At suche a butt, sir,' he said,
'As men use in my countrie.'

William went into a field,
And with him his two brethren;
There they set up two hazel rods,
Twenty score paces between.

'I hold him an archer,' said Cloudesly,
'That yonder wand cleaveth in two.'
'There is none suche,' said the king,
'Nor no man can so do.'

'I shall assay, sir,' said Cloudesly,
'Or that I farther go.'
Cloudesly with a bearing arrow
Clave the wand in two.

---

* Got themselves ready quickly. † Mark.

'Thou art the best archer,' then said the king,
'Forsooth that ever I see:'
'And yet for your love,' said William,
'I will do more maystery.

'I have a son is seven year old,
He is to me full dear;
I will him tie to a stake;
All shall see that be here;

'And lay an apple upon his head,
And go six score paces him fro,
And I myself with a broad arrow
Shall cleave the apple in two.'

'Now haste thee,' then said the king,
'By him that died on a tree,
But if thou do not, as thou hast said,
Hanged shalt thou be.

'An thou touch his head or gown,
For sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
I shall hang you all three.'

'That I have promised,' said William,
'That I will never forsake.'
And there even before the king
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound thereto his eldest son,
And bad him stand still thereat;
And turned the child's face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent:
Six score paces they were out met,
And thither Cloudesly went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,
His bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that were there,
That they would all still stand,
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
Behoveth a steadfast hand.

Much people prayed for Cloudesly,
That his life saved might be,
And when he made him ready to shoot,
There was many a weeping eye.

But Cloudesly cleft the apple in two,
That many a man might see;
'Over Gods forbode,' said the king,
'That thou should shoot at me.*

'I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bear,
And over all the north countrie
I make thee chief rydere.'

'And I give thee seventeen pence a day,' said the queen,
'By God, and by my fay;
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
No man shall say thee nay.

'William, I make thee a gentleman
Of clothing, and of fee:
And thy two brethren, yeomen of my chamber,
For they are so seemly to see.

* This incident resembles in every particular the famous exploit of William Tell, which took place in 1307. Mr. Gutch observes, that Saxo Grammaticus tells a similar story of Toke and Harold, at a much earlier period.

'Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my wine-cellar he shall be;
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Better advanced shall he be.

'And, William, bring me your wife,' said the queen,
'Me longeth her sore to see:
She shall be my chief gentlewoman,
To govern my nursery.'

The yeomen thanked them all courteously,
And said, 'To some bishop will we wend,
Of all the sins that we have done,
To be assoiled at his hand.'

So forth be gone these good yeomèn,
As fast as they might hie,
And after came and dwelled with the king,
And died good men all three.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomèn,
God send them eternal bliss;
And all, that with hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven may never miss.

A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

[THE MS. of this ballad, first published by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne in his *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 1829, is preserved in the public library of the University of Cambridge, Cap. 5, 48. 'It is probably,' says Mr. Gutch, 'the oldest extant of the cycle of Robin Hood's ballads. Mr. Wright considers it to belong to the fourteenth century, and that it was one of those which were sung by the contemporaries of Fordun, and the author of *Piers Plowman's Vision*.' The subject is incorporated in *The Lytell Geste of Robin Hood*, which appears to have been formed on early ballads, of

which this is not only the oldest but the best. It is a perfect specimen in style and spirit of this form of popular literature, quaint, simple, picturesque, and dramatic. The devotion of Little John is manly and pathetic; and the deception through which he finally accomplishes his object is highly characteristic of the mode of reasoning and action by which the outlaws of 'merry Sherwood' opposed social conventions and circumvented established authority. His ingenuity lifts him above even Robin Hood himself, and renders him, in effect, the hero of the poem.]

IN summer when the shawes be shene,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forèst
To hear the fowlè's song;*

To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hillès hee,†
And shadow them in the levès green,
Under the greenwood tree.

It befel on Whitsuntide,
Early in a May morning,
The sun up fair did shine,
And the birdès merry did sing.

'This is a merry morning,' said Little John,
'By him that died on tree;
A more merry man than I am one
Lives not in Christiantè.

---

* This favourite form of opening constantly occurs in the earliest ballads, and is imitated in the later ones. Thus in the ballad of *Robin Hood and the Potter*, which is about the same date as the above:—

'In summer, when the levès spring,
The blossoms on every bough,
So merry dothe the birdès sing,
In wodys merry now.'

See also, *ante*, p. 29.

† High.

'Pluck up thy heart, my dear maystèr,'
Little John did say;
'And think it is a full fair time,
In a morning of May.'

'Yes, one thing grieves me,' said Robin,
'And does my heart much woe;
That I may not so solemn day
To mass nor matins go.

'It is a fortnight, and more,' said he,
'Sin I my Saviour see;
To-day I will to Nottingham,' said Robin,
'With the might of mild Mary.'

Then spoke Moche, the miller's son,
Ever more well him betide;
'Take twelve of thy wight yeomen,
Well weaponed by their side.

'Such on woldè thyself slon
That twelve dare not abide.'
'Of all my merry men,' said Robin,
'By my faith I will none have.

'But Little John shall bear my bow,
Till that me list to draw—
* * * *
* * *

'Thou shalt bear thine own,' said Little John,
'Mayster, and I will bear mine;
And we will shoot a penny,' said Little John,
'Under the greenwood lyne.'

'I will not shoot a penny,' said Robin Hood,
'In faith, Little John, with thee;
But ever for one as thou shootst,' said Robin,
'In faith I hold thee three.'

Thus shot they forth these yeomen two,
Bothè at bush and brome,
Till Little John won of his mayster
Five shillings to hose and shone.

A ferly† strife fell them between,
As they went by the way;-
Little John said he had won five shillings,
And Robin Hood said shortly, 'Nay!'

With that Robin Hood lied Little John,
And smote him with his honde;
Little John waxèd wroth therewith,
And pulled out his bright bronde.

'Wert thou not my mayster,' said Little John,
'Thou shouldst bye it full sore;
Get thee a man where thou wilt, Robin,
For thou getst me no more.'

Then Robin goes to Nottingham,
Himself mornynge alone;
And Little John to merry Sherwood,
The paths he knew alkone.‡

When Robin came to Nottingham,
Certainly withouten layne,§
He prayed to God and mild Mary,
To bring him out safe again.

He goes into St. Mary's Church,
And kneeled down before the rood;
All that ever were the church within
Beheld well Robin Hood.

---

* Shoes. A knight who vanquished his opponent in the lists was said to win his shone.

† Strange. ‡ Each one. § Concealment.

Beside him stood a great hooded monk,
I pray to God woo he be;
Full soon he knew good Robin Hood,
As soon as he him see.

Out at the door he ran,
Full soon and anon;
All the gates of Nottingham
He made to be sparred* every one.

'Rise up,' he said, 'thou proud sheriff,
Buske thee and make thee bowne;†
I have spied the king's felon,
For sooth he is in this town.

'I have spied the false felon,
As he stands at his mass;
It is longe of thee,' said the monk,
'An ever he fro us pass.

'This traitor's name is Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood lynde;
He robbed me once of an hundred pound,—
It shall never out of my mind.'

Up then rose this proud sheriff,
And went towards him there;
Many was the mother son
To the kirk with him did fare.

In at the doors they throly‡ thrust,
With staves full good ilkone;
'Alas! alas!' said Robin Hood,
'Now miss I Little John.'

But Robin took out a two-hand sword,
That hanged down by his knee;
Then as the sheriff and his men stood thickest,
Thitherward would he.

* Shut. A door-bolt is called a spar.
† Prepare; get thyself ready. ‡ Impetuously, promiscuously.

Thrice thorow at them he ran,
Then for sooth as I you say,
And wounded many a mother son;
And twelve he slew that day.

His sword upon the sheriff's head
Certainly he brake in two;
'The smith that thee made,' said Robin,
'I pray God wyrke* him woe;

'For now am I weaponless,' said Robin,
'Alas! against my will;
But if I may flee these traitors fro,
I wot they will me kill.'

Robin's men to the churchè ran,
Throughout them ever ilkone;
Some fell in swooning as if they were dead,
And lay still as any stone.

None of them were in their mind,
But only Little John.

'Let be your rule,'† said Little John,
'For his love that died on tree;
Ye that should be doughty men,
It is great shame to see.

'Our mayster has been hard bystode,
And yet 'scapèd away;
Pluck up your hearts, and leave this moan,
And hearken what I shall say.

---

* Cause—make.

† Behaviour. Used here in the sense of grief. The meaning is 'leave off your griet.'

'He has served our Lady many a day,
And yet will sèrurely,
Therefore I trust in her specially,
No wicked death shall he die.

'Therefore be glad,' said Little John,
'And let this morning be;
And I shall be the monkè's guide,
With the might of mild Mary.

'And I will meet him,' said Little John
'We will go but we two—'

'Look that ye keep well the trystil tree,*
Under the levys smale;
And spare none of this venison,
That go in this vale.'

Forth they went, these yeomen two,
Little John and Moche infere,
And looked on Moch emy's† house;—
The highway lay full near.

Little John stood at a window in the morning,
And lookèd forth at a stage;
He was 'ware where the monk came riding,
And with him a little page.

'By my faith,' said Little John to Moche,
'I can tell thee tidings good;
I see where the monk comes riding,
I know him by his wide hood.'

* The place of rendezvous. Tryst, in its primitive sense, means trust; hence it came to be used as an engagement on faith to meet at an appointed place. Trysting tree, the ordinary phrase, is literally meeting tree.

† Uncle. See *post*, p. 97, *note* *.

They went into the way these yeomen both,
As courteous men and hende;*
They spyrrèd tithyngus† to the monk,
As they had been his friend.

'From whence come ye?' said Little John;
'Tell us tithyngus I you pray,
Of a false outlàw, called Robin Hood,
Was taken yesterday.

'He robbed me and my fellows both
Of twenty marks in certàin;
If that false outlàw be takèn,
For sooth we would be fain.'

'So did he me,' said the monkè,
'Of an hundred pound, and more;
I laid first handè him upon,
Ye may thank me therefòre.'

'I pray God thank you,' said Little John,
'And we will when we may;
We will go with you, with your leave,
And bring you on your way.

'For Robin Hood has many a wild fellow,
I tell you in certàin;
If they wist ye rode this way,
In faith ye should be slain.'

As they went talking by the way,
The monk and Little John,
John took the monk's horse by the head,
Full soon and anon.

John took the monk's horse by the head,
For sooth as I you say;
So did Moche, the little page,
For he should not stir away.

---

* Gentle. † Asked tidings.

By the gullet of the hood,
John pulled the monkè down;
John was nothing of him aghast,
He let him fall on his crown.

Little John was sore aggrieved,
And drew out his sword on high;
The monkè saw he should be dead,
Loud mercy did he cry.

'He was my mayster,' said Little John,
'That thou hast browzed in bale;
Shalt thou never come at our king,
For to tell him tale.'

John smote off the monkè's head,
No longer would he dwell;
So did Moche, the little page,
For fear lest he should tell.

There they buried them both,
In neither moss nor lynge;*
And Little John and Moche infere
Bare the letters to our king.

He kneelèd down upon his knee;
'God you save my liege lord,
Jesus you save and see.

'God you save my liegè king!'
To speak John was full bold;
He gave him the letters in his hand,
The king did it unfold.

The king read the lettèrs anon,
And said, so mot I thee,
'There was never yeomàn in merry Englànd
I longèd so sore to see.

* Heather.

'Where is the monk that thou should have brought?'
Our king gan say;
'By my troth,' said Little John,
'He died upon the way.'

The king gave Moche and Little John
Twenty pound in certain;
And made them yeomen of the crown,
And bade them go again.

He gave to John the seal in hand,
The sheriff for to bear,
To bring Robin him to,
And no man do him dere.*

John took his leave of our king,
The sooth as I you say;
The next day to Nottingham
To take he went the way.

When John came to Nottingham,
The gates were sparred ichone;
John called up the porter,
He answered soon anon.

'What is the cause,' said Little John,
'Thou sparrest the gates so fast?'
'Because of Robin Hood,' said the porter,
'In deep prison is cast.

'John, and Moche, and Will Scathlok,†
For woll as I you say,
They slew our men upon our walls,
And sawtene‡ us every day.'

Little John spyrred after the sheriff,
And soon he him fonde;
He opened the king's privy-seal,
And gave him in his honde.

* Hurt. † Will Scarlet. ‡ Assaulted.

When the sheriff saw the king's seal,
He did off his hood anon;
'Where is the monkè that bore the letters?'
He said to Little John.

'He is so fain of him,' said Little John,
'For woll as I you say;
He has made him Abbot of Westminster,
A lord of that abbèy.'

The sheriff he made John good cheer,
And gave him wine of the best·
At night they went to their bed,
And every man to his rest.

When the sheriff was asleep,
Drunken of wine and ale,
Little John and Moche for sooth,
Took the way unto the jail.

Little John called up the jailor,
And bade him rise anon;
He said Robin Hood had broken prison,
And out of it was gone.

The porter rose anon certàin,
As soon as he heard John call;
Little John was ready with a sword,
And bare him to the wall.

'Now will I be porter,' said Little John,
'And take the keys in honde;'*
He took the way to Robin Hood,
And soon he him unbonde.

---

* Here is another instance of the traditional forms and incidents transmitted through the ballads. The same incident, in nearly the same words, occurs in *Adam Bell*.—See *ante*, p. 39.

He gave him a good sword in his hand,
His head therewith for to keep;
And there where the wall was lowest,
Anon down did they leap.

By that the cock began to crow,
The day began to spring;
The sheriff found the jailor dead,
The common bell made he ring.

He made a cry throughout all the town,
Whether he be yeoman or knave,
That could bring him Robin Hood,
His warison* he should have.

'For I dare never,' said the sheriff,
'Come before our king;
For if I do I wot certain,
For sooth he will me hang.'

The sheriff made to seek Nottingham,
Both by street and stye;†
And Robin was in merry Sherwood,
As light as leaf on lynde.

Then bespake good Little John,
To Robin Hood did he say,
'I have done thee a good turn for an evil,
Requite me when you may.

'I have done thee a good turn,' said Little John,
'For sooth as I you say;
I have brought thee under the green-wood lyne,
Farewell, and have good day.'

'Nay, by my troth,' said Robin Hood,
'So shall it never be;
'I make thee mayster,' said Robin Hood,
'Of all my men and me.'

* Reward. † Lane.

'Nay, by my troth,' said Little John,
'So shall it never be;
But let me be a fellow,' said Little John,
'No other kepe I'll be.'

Thus John got Robin Hood out of prisone,
Certain withouten layne;
When his men saw him whole and sound,
For sooth they were full fain.

They filled in wine, and made him glad,
Under the leves small;
And set pasties of venison,
That good was withal.

Then word came unto our king,
How Robin Hood was gone,
And how the sheriff of Nottingham,
Durst never look him upon.

Then bespoke our comely king,
In an anger high,
'Little John has beguiled the sheriff,
In faith so has he me.

'Little John has beguiled us both,
And that full well I see,
Or else the sheriff of Nottingham
High hanged should he be.

'I made him yeoman of the crown,
And gave him fee with my hand;
I gave him grithe,'* said our king,
'Throughout all merry England.

'I gave him grithe,' then said our king,
'I say, so mot I thee,
For sooth such a yeoman as he is one,
In all England are not three.

* Grace.

'He is true to his mayster,' said our king,
'I say, by sweet Saint John,
He loves better Robin Hood
Than he does us ychone.

'Robin Hood is ever bound to him,
Both in street and stall;
Speak no more of this matter,' said our king,
'But John has beguiled us all.'

Thus ends the talking of the monk,
And Robin Hood, I wis;
God, that is ever a crownèd king,
Bring us all to his bliss.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

[This ballad was originally published by Ritson from a black-letter copy in the collection of Major Pearson. It exhibits Robin Hood in one of his most attractive aspects, affording help to a distressed lover.]

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlàw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
'Alas! and a well-a-day!'

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge,* the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

'Stand off! stand off!' the young man said,
'What is your will with me?'
'You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree.'

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
'O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?'

'I have no money,' the young man said,
'But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

'Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood,
'Come tell me, without any fail.'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'My name it is Allen-a-Dale.'

* The Moche of the preceding ballad.

What wilt thou give me,' said Robin Hood,
'In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?'

'I have no money,' then quoth the young man,
'No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to b

'How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile.' [man,
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young
'It is but five little mile.'

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,*
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddìn'.

'What hast thou here?' the bishop then said,
'I prithee now tell unto me.'
'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,
'And the best in the north countrỳ.'

'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,
'That music best pleaseth me.'
'You shall have no music,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and bridegroom I see.'

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

'This is not a fit match,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.'

* Stop.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two and three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

'This is thy true love,' Robin he said,
'Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away.'

'That shall not be,' the bishop he cried,
'For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,
'This cloth doth make thee a man.'

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

'Who gives me this maid?' said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, 'That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy.'

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

[PRESERVED in *Robin Hood's Garland*, printed at York. The reader who has accompanied the outlaw through the series of bold adventures delineated in the numerous ballads of which he is the hero, will follow him with interest to the close of his career as it is depicted in this old poem. The manner of his death is affecting. Trusting in his last illness to the sympathy of his cousin, who was prioress of Kirkley nunnery, in Yorkshire, religious women in those days being well skilled in the medical art, he placed himself freely in her hands, and she treacherously made away with him, by shutting him up in a room, and leaving him to bleed to death. The prioress may have been tempted to commit this foul deed by way of exacting retribution for the sins of his life; or it may be, as some of the commentators affirm, that she was incited to despatch her kinsman by one Sir Roger of Doncaster, who had a grudge against him. The fact is piteous enough, either way, that he who escaped unhurt through so many desperate raids and combats, who broke prison and evaded the sheriff so often and so successfully, and who succoured so many lovers and widows, and punished so many hard-hearted law-officers and dignitaries of the church, should come to so miserable an end by the hand of a woman. The incidents of the closing scene, the tenderness which Robin Hood shows towards women to the last, and his calling for an arrow to mark the spot where he is to be laid, terminate his life in a spirit appropriate to its wild and poetical character. The touching directions he gives for his burial appear to have been carried out in the main particulars. He was buried under a clump of the greenwood trees he loved so well, at a short distance from Kirkley Hall, and a stone placed over his grave with this inscription: '*Kirkley monasterium monialium*, ubi Ro: Hood nobilis ille exlex sepultus.' Ac-

cording to some accounts, the prioress caused him to be buried by the highway side, in order that travellers, seeing the inscription, might know that he was dead, and so pursue their journey without fear. This is not inconsistent with the former account, the clump of trees being close to the highway. His death is stated by Ritson to have taken place on the 18th of November, 1247, about the eighty-seventh year of his age; but according to the following inscription found amongst the papers of the Dean of York, and quoted from the Appendix to Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodiensis*, by Mr. Gutch, whose illustrative collections embrace everything that is known on the subject, the death occurred a month later. In this inscription, which bears evidence of high antiquity, Robin Hood is described as Earl of Huntingdon—his claim to which title has been as hotly contested as any disputed peerage upon record.

HEAR UNDERNEAD DIS LAITL STEAN
LAIS ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTUN
NEAR ARCIR DER AS HIE SA GEUD
AN PIPL KAULD IM ROBIN HEUD
SICK UTLAWS AS HI AN IS MEN
VIL ENGLAND NIVR SI AGEN.
OBIIT 24 KAL DEKEMBRIS 1247.]

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
'We have shot for many a pound:
Hey down, a down, a down.

'But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.'

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can wen;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see;
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room;
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to begone;
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
'I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily.'

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three;

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
'Master, I beg of thee.'

'What is that boon,' quoth Robin Hood
'Little John, thou begst of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave diggèd be.

'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another under my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys.

PATIENT GRISSELL.

[THE following ballad is extracted from an old chap-book, in which it is inserted as part of a prose narrative, professing to be translated out of Italian, entitled, 'The Pleasant and Sweet History of Patient Grissell, showing how she, from a poor man's daughter, came to be a great lady in Fame, being a pattern to all virtuous women.' The date of this tract is not known; but in the introduction to a reprint of it, issued by the Percy Society, the date of the original publication is conjectured to have been antecedent to 1590. It is not at all improbable that the ballad, afterwards printed separately in the form of a broadside, suggested the prose narrative, which may have been added to enhance its interest. There can be little doubt that the ballad, although assigned by the author to an Italian source, is a genuine English original. Some verbal emendations from the broadside have been incorporated in the present text. The story upon which the ballad is founded was first related by Boccaccio; but there is reason to believe that it was known before his time. The earliest English version of it is in the *Canterbury Tales*. See Chaucer, Ann. Ed., II. 126.]

I.

A NOBLE marquess,
As he did ride a hunting
Hard by a forest side,
A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
His gentle eye espied.

Most fair and lovely,
And of comely grace was she,
Although in simple attire:
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant voice melodiously,
Which set the lord's heart on fire.
The more he looked, the more he might;
Beauty bred his heart's delight,
And to this comely damsel
Then he went:——
'God speed,' quoth he, 'thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower,
Where love and virtue
Dwell with sweet content.'

With comely gesture,
And modest mild behaviour,
She bid him welcome then;
She entertained him
In faithful friendly manner,
And all his gentlemen.
The noble marquess
In's heart felt such a flame,
Which set his senses all at strife:
Quoth he, 'Fair maiden,
Show me soon what is thy name:
I mean to make thee my wife.'
'Grissell is my name,' quoth she,
'Far unfit for your degree,
A silly maiden,
And of parents poor.'
'Nay, Grissell, thou art rich,' he said,
'A virtuous, fair, and comely maid;
Grant me thy love,
And I will ask no more.'

II.

At length she consented.
And being both contented

They married were with speed;
Her country russet
Was changed to silk and velvet,
As to her state agreed;
And when that she
Was trimly tirèd in the same,
Her beauty shone most bright,
Far staining every
Other fair and princely dame,
That did appear in sight.
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poor,
And 'twixt her lord and she,
Great strife did raise.
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her beggar's brat,
And to her lord
They would her oft dispraise.

'O! noble marquess,'
Quoth they, 'why dost thou wrong us,
Thus basely for to wed,
That might have gotten
An honourable lady
Into your princely bed?
Who will not now
Your noble issue still deride,
Which shall hereafter be born,
That are of blood so base,
Born by the mother's side,
The which will bring them in scorn.
Put her, therefore, quite away,
And take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage
May renownèd be.'
Thus every day they seemed to prate
That maliced Grissell's good estate;
Who all this while
Took it most patiently.

III.

When that the marquess
Did see that they were bent thus
Against his faithful wife,
Whom he most dearly,
Tenderly, and entirely,
Beloved as his life;
Minding in secret
For to prove her patient heart,
Thereby her foes to disgrace;
Thinking to show her
A hard discourteous part,
That men might pity her case.
Great with child this lady was,
And at last it came to pass,
Two goodly children
At one birth she had:
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,
And which did make
Their mother's heart full glad.

Great royal feasting,
Was at these children's christening,
And princely triumph made;
Six weeks together,
All nobles that came thither,
Were entertained and stayed;
And when all these pleasant
Sportings were quite done,
The marquess a messenger sent
For his young daughter,
And his pretty smiling son;
Declaring his full intent,
How that the babes must murdered be;
For so the marquess did decree.

'Come, let me have
The children,' then he said.
With that fair Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
'My gracious lord
Must have his will obeyed.'

IV.

She took the babies,
Even from the nursing ladies,
Between her tender arms;
She often wishes
With many sorrowful kisses,
That she might ease their harm
'Farewell, farewell,
A thousand times, my children dear,
Never shall I see you again;
'Tis long of me,
Your sad and woeful mother here,
For whose sake both must be slain.
Had I been born of royal race,
You might have lived in happy case;
But you must die
For my unworthiness.
Come messenger of death,' quoth she,
'Take my dearest babes to thee,
And to their father
My complaints express.'

He took the children,
And to his noble master,
He bore them thence with speed;
Who in secret sent them
Unto a noble lady,
To be brought up in deed.

Then to fair Grissell,
With a heavy heart he goes,
Where she sat mildly all alone
A pleasant gesture,
And a lovely look she shows,
As if no grief she had known.
Quoth he, 'My children now are slain;
What thinks fair Grissell of the same?
Sweet Grissell, now
Declare thy mind to me.'
'Sith you, my lord, are pleased with it,
Poor Grissell thinks the action fit:
Both I and mine
At your command will be.'

V.

'My nobles murmur,
Fair Grissell, at thy honour,
And I no joy can have,
Till thou be banished,
Both from the court and presence
As they unjustly crave.
Thou must be stripped
Out of thy stately garments all;
And as thou cam'st to me,
In homely gray,
Instead of bisse and purest pall,*
Now all thy clothing must be:
My lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore.

* Bisse, or bis, a light blue colour. The term was also applied to fine silk, without reference to any particular colour. Pall from *palla*, a robe or mantle. Purple and pall was a frequent phrase, says Percy, for rich purple robes. But pall did not always imply purple. Thus Fletcher:—

'Then crowned with triple wreath, and clothed in scarlet pall.'—*Purple Island.*

The poorest life
Must now content thy mind.
A groat to thee I must not give
Thee to maintain while I do live;
Against my Grissell
Such great foes I find.'

When gentle Grissell
Did hear these woeful tidings,
The tears stood in her eyes,
Nothing she answered,
No words of discontentment
Did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown
Most patiently she strippèd off,
Her kirtle of silk with the same:
Her russet gown
Was brought again with many a scoff,
To bear them herself she did frame.
When she was dressed in this array,
And was ready to part away,
'God send long life
Unto my lord,' quoth she;
'Let no offence be found in this,
To give my love a parting kiss.'
With watery eyes,
'Farewell, my dear,' said he.

VI.

From princely palace
Unto her father's cottage
Poor Grissell now is gone.
Full sixteen winters
She lived there contented;
No wrong she thought upon.

And at that time through
All the land the speeches went,
The marquess should married be
Unto a noble lady great,
Of high descent;
And to the same all parties did agree.
The marquess sent for Grissell fair,
The bride's bed-chamber to prepare
That nothing therein
Might be found awry.
The bride was with her brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some;
But Grissell took
All this most patiently.

And in the morning,
When as they should be wedded,
Her patience there was tried:
Grissell was charged
Herself in friendly manner
For to attire the bride.
Most willingly
She gave consent to do the same;
The bride in bravery was dressed.
And presently
The noble marquess thither came
With all his lords at his request.
'O! Grissell, I would ask of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree?
Methinks thy looks
'Are waxèd wondrous coy.'
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissell she replied the while,
'God send lord marquess
Many years of joy.'

VII.

The marquess was moved
To see his best beloved

Thus patient in distress;
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he took her,
These words he did express:—
'Thou art my bride,
And all the bride I mean to have:
These two thy own children be.'
The youthful lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
Her brother as well as she.
'And you that envied her estate,
Whom I have made my loving mate,
Now blush for shame,
And honour virtuous life.
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of patient Grissell,
My most constant wife.'

CHEVY CHASE.

[THERE are two versions of this ancient ballad: the one published originally by Hearne, and afterwards by Dr. Percy, from an old MS.; and the other, a much later copy, probably of the age of Elizabeth, rendered famous by Addison's extravagant criticism. The present text is a transcript of the former, the obsolete orthography being slightly modernized where it is not essential to the antique spirit of the poem. 'Certainly,' says Sir Philip Sydney, 'I must confess my own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is sung but by some blind crowder,* with no rougher voice than rude style.'—*Defence of Poetry.* The original title of the ballad was *The Hunting of the Cheviot.* The incidents

* Fiddler.

it relates have no further foundation in history than in so far as they bear upon the raids and feuds which frequently arose from the invasion of the Marches on hunting expeditions. The old jealousies that raged between the Percy and Douglas families were thus, probably, often embittered; but there is no authority for the personal conflict which is here described as having taken place between the chieftains. The general features of the ballad, however, no doubt accurately represent the kind of warfare that raged on the borders.]

THE FIRST FYTTE.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
At Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill, and carry them away:
'By my faith,' said the doughty Douglas again,
'I will let that hunting if that I may.'

Then the Percy out of Banborowe came,
With him a mighty meany;*
With fifteen hundred archers bold,
They were chosen out of shires three.†

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hee:
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pity.

The drivers thorowe the woodes went
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickarte upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

* Crew, company. Sometimes spelt mayne, and meyne. See *ante*, p. 43.
† Probably meaning three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of shires, and are all in the neighbourhood of Cheviot.—P.

Then the wild* thorowe the woodès went
On every sidè shear;†
Greyhounds thorowe the grovès glent
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
Early on a monnyn day;‡
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort§ upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sydis shear;‖
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the bryttlynge¶ of the deer.

He said, 'It was the Douglas' promise
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail verament:'
A great oath the Percy swear.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas comìng,
With him a mighty meanỳ,

Both with spear, bill, and brand.
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men both of heart nor hand
Were not in Christiantè.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;
They were born a-long by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Teviotdale.

---

* Wild deer. † Entirely. ‡ Monday.
§ The notes blown on the horn at the death of the deer were called the mort. ‖ On all sides.
¶ The cutting up of the venison.

'Leave off the bryttlyng of the deer,' he said,
'And to your bows look ye take good heed;
For never sith ye were on your mothers borne
Had ye never so mickle need.'

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne;
His armour glittered as did a glede;*
A bolder barne was never born.

'Tell me what men ye are,' he says,
'Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me?'

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percỳ;
'We will not tell thee what men we are,' he says,
'Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In the spite of thine and of thee.

'The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed, and cast to carry them away.'
'By my troth,' said the doughty Douglas again,
'Therefore the one of us shall die this day.'

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percỳ:
'To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas! it were great pitỳ.

'But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my countrỳ;
Let all our men upon a parti stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me.'

---

* A burning coal.

'Now Christ's corse on his crown,' said the Lord Percy,
'Whosoever thereto says nay,
By my troth, doughty Douglas,' he says,
'Thou shalt never see that day;

'Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him on man for on.'*

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Ric. Wytharynton† was his name:
'It shall never be told in South-England,' he says,
'To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

'I wat ye byn great lordès twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and look on;
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand.'

That day, that day, that dreadful day:
The first fit here I find.
An you will hear anymore athe‡ hunting athe Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Englishmen had their bowys ybent,
Their hearts were good enough;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spearmen they sloughe.§

---

* On—one. Man to man.
† Supposed by Percy to be a corruption of Rog. Widdrington.
‡ Of the. § Slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enough;
And that was seen verament,
For he wrought them both woe and wouche*

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a cheffe chieftain of pride;
With suar spears of mighty tree
They come in on every side.

Thorowe our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they garde† to die,
Which gainèd them no pride.

The Englishe men let their bowys be,
And pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see,
Bright swords on basenets light.

Thorowe rich mail, and myne-ye-ple,‡
Many sterne they stroke down straight;
Many a freyke,§ that was full free,
There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and main;
They swapt‖ together, till they both sweat,
With swords that were of fine Milàn.

These worthy freykès for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basenets sprent,
As ever did hail or rain.

'Hold thee, Percy,' said the Douglas,
'And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wagès
Of Jamy our Scottish King.

---

* Mischief. † Caused.

‡ A form of many-plie, manifold, from the Fr. *plie*, a fold or plait. As here applied to armour, it is equivalent to Ovid's expression, where Ajax is called 'he of the seven-fold shield'—*clypei septemplicis*.

§ Man. ‖ Exchanged blows.

'Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field fighting.'

'Nay then,' said the Lord Percy,
'I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born.

With that there came an arrow hastely
Forth of a mighty wane,*
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.

Thorowe liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life days
He spake mo words but ane,
That was, 'Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
For my life days ben gan.'

The Percy leanyde on his hand,
And saw the Douglas de;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, 'Woe is me for thee!

'To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My landes for years three,
For a better man of heart, nor of hand,
Was not in all the north country.'

Of all that see a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hugh the Mongon-byrry,†
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spended‡ a spear of trusty tree;

---

* One—a mighty man.
† The Sir Hugh Montgomery of the more modern ballad.
‡ Spanned—grasped.

He rode upon a corsiare*·
Through a hundred archery;
He never stinted, nor never blane,†
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dynte‡ that was full sore;
With a suar spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorow the body he the Percy bore,

A the§ tother side, that a man might see
A large cloth yard and mair;
Two better captains were not in Christiantè,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland,
Saw slain was the Lord Percy,
He bare a bende-bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree;

An arrow, that a cloth yard was lang,
To th' hard steel halyde he;
A dynte that was both sad and sore,
He sat on Sir Hugh the Mongon-byrry.

The dynte it was both sad and sar
That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
The swan-feathers that his arrows bar,
With his heart blood they were wete.

There was never a freyke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dre,‖
With many a baleful brand.

---

* Courser.

† Never slackened his pace, nor stopt on the road. Thus, in the Scotch ballad of *Annan Water*:—

'I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his Bonny Ladye.'

‡ Stroke. § See *ante*, p. 85, *note* ‡.

‖ Endure—*i. e.*, as long as they were able.

This battle began in Cheviot,
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battle was not half done.

They took on on either hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboun.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three,
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fifty:

But all were slain Cheviot within;
They had no strength to stand on high;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pity.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the hinde Hartly,
Sir William the bold Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthy Lovele,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph the rich Rugby,
With dyntes were beaten down.

For Wytharynton my heart was woe,
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davy Lwdale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he;

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dey.*

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widòws with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes away.

Teviotdale may carp of care,
Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
On the March pertit shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
To Jamy, the Scottish King,
That doughty Douglas, Lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

His handès did he wail and wring,
He said, 'Alas! and woe is me!
Such another captain Scotland within,'
He said, 'i' faith shall never be.'

Word is come to lovely Londòn,
Till to the Fourth Harry our King,
That Lord Percỳ, Lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

---

* All the names in these stanzas belonged to distinguished families in the North, where most of them still survive. On the English side, Sir John Haggerston, Sir Roger Hartley, Sir William Heron, Sir Jorg Lovell, and Sir Ralph Rokeby. On the Scotch side, Sir Hugh Montgomery, lineal ancestor of the Earl of Eglinton; Sir David Liddel, from whom the present Lord Ravensworth is descended; Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole; and Sir Hugh Maxwell.—See notes in Percy's *Reliques*, and Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, where doubts are thrown on some of Percy's remarks. See also the same authorities for the names introduced into the ballad of *Otterburn*.

† The parts lying upon the marches.—P.

'God have mercy on his soul!' said King Harry
'Good Lord, if thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England,' he said,
'As good as ever was he;
But Percy, an I brook my life,
Thy death well quite shall be.'

As our noble King made his a-vow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
He did the battle of Hombyll-do*

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down:
Glendalet glittered in their armour bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot;
That tear began this spurn;‡
Old men that knowen the ground well enough
Call it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
Upon a monnyn day;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March partès
Since the Douglas and Percy met,
But it was marvele an the red blood ran not,
As the rain does in the street.

---

* The battle of Humbledon was fought Sept. 14, 1402, in a field below the village of that name near Wooler, in Northumberland. The English were commanded by the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur, and gained a complete victory over the Scotch.—P.

† Glendale Ward, in which is situated the village of Humbledon.

‡ This seems to be a proverb: 'That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick.'

Jesu Christ our balys bete,*
And to the bliss us bring!
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot;
God send us all good ending.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

[THIS ballad may be regarded as the sequel to *Chevy Chase*, over which it possesses the advantage of relating an historical fact. The battle of Otterburn took place early in August, 1388. The Scots, headed by some of the principal nobility, with a force of 40,000 men, entered Northumberland and Durham, and, after wasting the country, advanced to Newcastle, which was defended by Henry Percy, the renowned Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland. In a skirmish which took place under the walls, Douglas took Percy's lance, with the pennon attached to it, and swore he would carry it to Scotland as a trophy, and plant it upon the keep of Dalkeith Castle. Percy swore he would redeem it, and he kept his word. The Scots retired, and encamped at Otterburn, and Percy, collecting his strength, surprised their camp at night, and threw them into confusion. The battle was fought by moonlight with the utmost desperation on both sides. Douglas, rushing into the thick of the English battalions, was killed, and the fight was renewed over his body. Towards morning, victory, which had hitherto favoured the English, began to incline to the Scots, who, having succeeded in making prisoners of Hotspur and his brother, were left, according to their own historians, masters of the field. The accounts given of the battle by the Scotch and English are highly coloured by national partiality as to the relative strength of the armies, and the final result; but they all agree in testifying to the sanguinary character of the contest, and the bravery of the

* Abate, or amend our ills.

combatants. The ballad-writers are strongly tinged with the prejudices of the historians, and in the following piece, as in *Chevy Chase*, the glory of succeeding against superior numbers is given to the English. The Scots, however, have taken their revenge in a ballad of their own, in which they have thrown the odds on the other side. It is printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, but is meagre and spiritless in comparison with the English song. Whether *The Battle of Otterburn* was written before or after *Chevy Chase*, or by the same or a different hand, must be left to conjecture. The internal evidence is in favour of the supposition that they were both written by the same person. There is a strong similarity between them in style and diction, and they have not only particular turns of expression, but whole lines, and even one or two entire stanzas in common.]

THE FIRST FYTTE.

IT fell about the Lammas tide,
When husbands winn their hay,*
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England to take a prey.

The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
He bound him over Solway;
The great would ever together ride;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over Ottercap hill they came in,
And so down by Rotheley crag,
Upon Green Leighton they lighted down,
Styrande many a stag;

And boldly brente Northumberland,
And harried many a town;
They did our Englishmen great wrong
To battle that were not bown.

* When husbandmen get in their hay. In the Scotch ballad, 'muirmen' are substituted.

Then spake a berne* upon the bent,†
Of comfort that was not cold,
And said, 'We have brente Northumberland,
We have all wealth in holde.

'Now we have harried all Bamborough shire
All the wealth in the world have we;
I rede‡ we ride to Newcastle,
So still and stalworthlye.'

Upon the morrow, when it was day,
The standards shone full bright;
To the Newcastle they took the way,
And thither they came full right.

Sir Henry Percy lay at the Newcastle,
I tell you, withouten dread;
He has been a March-man all his days,
And kept Berwick upon Tweed.

To the Newcastle when they came,
The Scots they cried on hyght:
'Sir Harry Percy, an thou bist within,
Come to the field and fight:

'For we have brente Northumberland,
Thy heritage good and right;
And syne my lodging I have take,
With my brand dubbed many a knight.'

Sir Harry Percy came to the walls,
The Scottish host for to see:
'And thou hast brente Northumberland,
Full sore it rueth me.

'If thou hast harried all Bamborough shire,
Thou hast done me great envỳ;
For the trespàss thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die.'

---

* Strictly, a child—as, child Roland. † Field. ‡ Counsel.

'Where shall I bide thee?' said the Douglas;
'Or where wilt thou come to me?'
'At Otterburn in the high way,
There mayst thou well lodged be.*

'The roe full reckless there she runs,
To make thee game and glee;
The falcon and the pheasant both,
Among the holtes† on hee.

'There mayst thou have thy wealth at will,
Well lodged there mayst thou be;
It shall not be long ere I come thee till,'
Said Sir Harry Percyè.

'There shall I bide thee,' said the Douglas,
'By the faith of my body.'
'Thither shall I come,' said Sir Harry Percy,
'My troth I plight to thee.'

A pipe of wine he gave them over the walls,
For sooth, as I you say;
There he made the Douglas drink,
And all his host that day.

The Douglas turned him homeward again,
For sooth withouten nay;
He took his lodging at Otterburn
Upon a Wednèsday;

And there he pyght‡ his standard down,
His getting§ more and less;
And syne he warned his men to go
And get their geldings gress.

---

* Otterburn is within about thirty miles of Newcastle, and the ground where the battle was fought is still called Battle-Cross. It will be seen by the description in the ballad that the Scottish force came into England in two divisions; that under the Earl of Fife over the Solway, by way of Carlisle; and that under Douglas, from the westward, by Redesdale, Rotheley-craigs, and Green Leighton.

† Woods. ‡ Pitched. § Plunder.

A Scottish knight hoved upon the bent,
A watch I dare well say;
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawning of the day.

He pricked to his pavilion door,
As fast as he might ronne;
'Awaken, Douglas!' cried the knight,
'For His love that sits in throne.'

'Awaken, Douglas!' cried the knight,
'For thou mayst waken with wynne;
Yonder have I spied the proud Percy,
And seven standards with him.'

'Nay, by my troth,' the Douglas said,
'It is but a feignèd tale;
He durst not look on my broad banner,
For all England so hayle.†

'Was I not yesterday at the Newcastle,
That stands so fair on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy had,
He could not garre me once to dyne.'‡

---

* Joy. † In this sense, so strong.

‡ The meaning of this line is obscure. Literally it would be, 'he could not compel me once to thine,' unless we are to read 'dine,' which would be equally unintelligible. Mr. King, in his *Selections from the Early Ballad Poetry*, suggests that perhaps the true reading is—

'He could not garre me once to *tyne*;

but this does not clear up the difficulty satisfactorily. To tyne, if it were used here, would probably mean to enclose, or shut up, or to lose. It has other meanings as a substantive—a pledge, a forfeit, an instant of time. The Scotch ballad, in this place, reads—

For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me;

which implies that Percy had not men enough to dispose of the Douglas and his host.

He stepped out at his pavilion doo
To look, and it were less;
'Array you, lordyngs, one and all,
For here begins no peace.

'The Earl of Menteith, thou art my eme,*
The forward I give to thee;
The Earl of Huntley cawte† and keen,
He shall with thee be.‡

'The Lord of Buchan, in armour bright
On the other hand he shall be;
Lord Johnstone, and Lord Maxwell,
They two shall be with me.

'Swynton fair field upon your pride
To battle make you bowen;
Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward.
Sir John of Agerstone.'

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Percy came before his host,
Which ever was a gentle knight,
Upon the Douglas loud did he cry,
'I will hold that I have hight;§

'For thou hast brente Northumberland,
And done me great envy;
For this trespass thou hast me done
The one of us shall die.

The Douglas answered him again,
With great words up on hee,‖
And said, 'I have twenty against thy one,
Behold, and thou mayst see.'

---

* Uncle. † Cautious.

‡ This shows that the ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander, Lord of Gordon and Huntley, was created Earl of Huntley.—P.

§ Promised. ‖ In a loud voice.

With that the Percy was grievèd sore,
For sooth as I you say;
He lighted down upon his foot,
And shot his horse clean away.

Every man saw that he did so,
That ryall was ever in rout;
Every man shot his horse him fro,
And light him round about.

Thus Sir Harry Percy took the field,
For sooth as I you say;
Jesu Christ in heaven on high,
Did help him well that day.

But nine thousand, there was no more,
If chronicle will not layne;*
Forty thousand Scots and four
That day fought them again.

But when the battle began to join,
In haste there came a knight,
Then letters fair forth hath he ta'en,
And thus he said full right:

'My lord, your father he greets you well,
With many a noble knight;
He desires you to bide,
That he may see this fight.

'The baron of Grastock is come out of the west,
With him a noble company;
All they lodge at your father's this night,
And the battle fain would they see.'

'For Jesu's love,' said Sir Harry Percy,
'That died for you and me,
Wend to my lord, my father, again,
And say thou saw me not with eè:

* Conceal.

'My troth is plight to yon Scottish knight,
It needs me not to layne,
That I should bide him upon this bent,
And I have his troth again;

'And if that I wend off this ground,
For sooth unfoughten away,
He would me call but a coward knight,
In his land another day.

'Yet had I lever to be ryndc* and rent,
By Mary that mykel may,†
Than ever my manhood should be reproved
With a Scot another day.

'Wherefore shoot, archers, for my sake,
And let sharp arrows flee;
Minstrels, play up for your warison,‡
And well quit it shall be.

'Every man think on his true love,
And mark him to the Trinity;
For to God I make mine a-vow
'This day will I not flee.'

The bloody heart in the Douglas' arms,
His standard stood on high,
That every man might full well know;
Beside stood starrès three.§

The white Liòn on the English part,
For sooth as I you sayne,
The luces and the crescents both;
The Scots fought them again.

---

* Torn, stripped. † Great maid.
‡ The reward to be bestowed when the battle was over.
§ In the arms of the Douglas the heart is crowned and surmounted by three stars.

Upon Saint Andrew loud did they cry,
And thrice they shout on hyght,
And syne marked them on our Englishmen,
As I have told you right.

Saint George the bright, our Lady's knight,
To name they were full fain,
Our Englishmen they cried on hyght,
And thrice they shout again.

With that sharp arrows began to flee,
I tell you in certàin;
Men of arms began to join;
Many a doughty man was there slain.

The Percy and the Douglas met,
That either of them was fain;
They schapped together, while that they sweat,
With swords of fine Collayne;*

Till the blood from their basenets ran
As the roke† doth in the rain.
'Yield thee to me,' said the Douglàs,
'Or else thou shalt be slain;

'For I see by thy bright basenet,
Thou art some man of might;
And so I do by thy burnished brand,
Thou art an earl, or else a knight.'‡

---

* Cologne. The same passage, including two lines of the subsequent stanza, occurs in nearly the same words in *Chevy Chase*, except that the swords are there of Milan steel.—See *ante*, p. 86; also in the Scotch ballad of Otterburn:—

'When Percy and the Douglas met
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till fain they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.'

† Mist, steam.

‡ It somewhat diminishes the dramatic interest of the combat that Douglas should have been unable to recognize Percy, who was cased in armour.

By my good faith,' said the noble Percy,
'Now hast thou rede full right;
Yet will I never yield me to thee,
While I may stand and fight.'

They swapped together, while that they sweat,
With swordès sharp and long;
Each on other so fast they beat,
Till their helms came in pieces down.

The Percy was a man of strength,
I tell you in this stound;*
He smote the Douglas at the sword's length,
That he felled him to the ground.

The sword was sharp, and sore did byte,
I tell you in certàin;
To the heart he did him smite,
Thus was the Douglas slain.

The standards stood still on each side;
With many a grievous groan,
There they fought the day, and all the night,
And many a doughty man was slone.

There was no freyke that there would fly,
But stiffly in stour did stand,†
Echone hewing on other while they might dry,‡
With many a baleful brand.

There was slain upon the Scottes side,
For sooth and certainly,
Sir James of Douglas there was slain,
That day that he did die.

The Earl of Monteith he was slain
Grysely groaned upon the ground;
Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward,
Sir John of Agerstone.

---

* Moment. † Stood firmly, inflexibly
‡ As long as they were able.

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Sir Charles Murray in that place,
That never a foot would fly;
Sir Hugh Maxwèll, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did hè die.

There was slain upon the Scottes side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of four and forty thousand Scots,
Went but eighteen away.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth and certainly,
A gentle knight, Sir John Fitzhugh,
It was the more pity.

Sir James Harebotell there was slain,
For him their hearts were sore;
The gentle Lovel there was slain,
That the Percy's standard bore.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of nine thousand Englishmen,
Five hundred came away;

The others were slaynè in the field,
Christ keep their souls from woe,
Seeing there were so few friends
Against so many a foe!

Then on the morn they made them biers
Of birch and hazel gray;
Many a widow with weeping tears
Their makes they fetch away.*

This fray began at Otterburn,
Between the night and the day;
There the Douglas lost his life,
And the Percy was led away.†

* This pathetic verse is also found in *Chevy Chase*, see *ante*, p. 90.

† The close of the fight is described in nearly the same terms in the Scotch ballad, where it is incorrectly stated that Douglas was buried

Then was there a Scottish prisoner ta'en,
Sir Hugh Montgomery was his name,
For sooth as I you say,
He borrowed the Percy home again.*

Now let us all for the Percy pray,
To Jesu most of might,
To bring his soul to the bliss of heaven,
For he was a gentle knight.

EDOM O' GORDON.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

[We have here another illustration of the Border feuds; in this instance, from a Scotch source. The stronghold of the Gordons was in Berwickshire; and Adam Gordon, who was deputy for his brother, the Earl of Huntley, committed various depredations under the colour of his authority. In one of his ravaging expeditions he killed Arthur Forbes, brother to Lord Forbes; and not long afterwards he summoned the house of Tavoy, which belonged to Alexander Forbes, when the tragedy occurred which forms the subject of the ballad. The lady refused to surrender, without the sanction of her husband; upon which Adam Gordon fired the castle, and the lady, together with her children and servants, twenty-seven persons in all, perished in the flames. The fact is related by Spottiswoode in his *History of the Church of Scotland.*]

---

in 'the braken bush.' 'He was not buried,' says Scott, 'on the field of battle, but in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still shown.' The spot where he fell is marked by an obelisk, fifteen feet high, called the Battle Stone. There are other local memorials of the battle retained to this day; amongst them a cross called Percy's Cross, and a spring in the neighbouring meadows known as Percy's Well.

* That is, was exchanged for him.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
'We maun draw till a hauld.*

'And what a hauld sall we draw till,
My merry men and me?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,†
To see that fair ladie.'

The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down:
There she was 'ware of a host of men
Cum riding towàrds the toun.

'O see ye nat, my merry men a'?
O see ye nat what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I marvel wha they be.'

She weened it had been her luvely lord,
As he cam riding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reckt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,
And putten on her goun,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae soóner said the grace,
Than Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

---

* Hold.

† The house, or castle, of the Rodes was situated near Duns in Berwickshire.

The lady ran up to her tower head,
So fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

But whan he see this lady saif
And her gates all lockèd fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

'Cum down to me, ye lady gay,
Cum down, cum down to me;
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be.'

'I winna cum down, ye false Gordon,
I winna cum down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.'

'Give owre your house, ye lady fair
Give owre your house to me,
Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and your babies three.'

'I winna give owre, ye false Gordon,
To nae sik traitor as ye;
And if ye brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall make ye drie.

'But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weil my gun;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.'

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee;
She mist that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

'Set fire to the house!' quo' false Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule and ire;
'False lady, ye sall rue this deid,
As ye bren in the fire.'

'Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock my man,
I paid ye weil your fee;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

'And ein wae worth ye, Jock, my man,
I paid ye weil your hire;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa' stane
To me lets in the fire?'

'Ye paid me weil my hire, ladỳ;
Ye paid me weil my fee:
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either do or die.'

O, then bespaik her little son,
Sate on the nurse's knee:
Says, 'Mither dear, gi' owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.'

'I wad gie a' my gowd, my child,
Sae wald I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

O, than bespaik her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma:
'O, row me in a pair of sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.'

They rowd her in a pair of sheits,
And towd her owre the wa';
But on the point of Gordon's spear,
She gat a deadly fa'.

O, bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheiks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre,
O, gin her face was wan!
He said, 'Ye are the first that eir
I wished alive again.'

He turned her owre and owre again,
O, gin her skin was white!
'I might ha' spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight!

'Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grass.'

'Thame luiks to freits,* my master-deir,
Then freits will follow thame:
Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.'

But when the ladye see the fire
Cum flaming owre her head,
She wept and kist her children twain,
Said, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, 'Awa', awa'!
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.'

O, then bespyed her ain dear lord,
As he cam owre the lee;
He sied his castle all in a blaze,
Sae far as he could see.

* Ill omens. They who look to ill omens will be followed by ill luck.

Then sair, O sair, his mind misgave,
And all his heart was wae;
'Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ye can gae.

'Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ye can drie;
For he that is hindmost of the throng
Sall neir get guid o' me.'

Then some they rade, and some they rin,
Fu' fast out owre the bent;
But eir the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenfu' muid:
'O traitors! for this cruel deid
Ye sall weep teirs o' bluid.'

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might drie:
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid
He's wroken his dear lady.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

[It is to be regretted that this ballad cannot be given exactly in its original form. Dr. Percy, whose text is here followed, finding it imperfect in the MS., tells us that he added some 'conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of some three or four stanzas composed from the romance of *Morte d'Arthur*.' It would have been more satisfactory had he pointed out the interpolations.

The ballad, which carries upon the whole evident marks of antiquity, is scarcely equal to its subject, one of the finest in the region of early chivalry and romance; but its inser-

tion is indispensable in a collection of this nature. The main thread of the story is taken from the death, or disappearance, of King Arthur, as related in the prose romance. The battle in which the legendary monarch, 'whose sword extended from Scandinavia to Spain,' received his last wound, took place at Camlan, supposed to be Camelford, near Tintagel, in Cornwall. 'Traditions of a fierce engagement are still preserved in this district,' says Mr. King; 'a ford across the Camel is known as the Bloody Bridge; and about one hundred yards farther up, on the bank of the stream, is a fallen maën, of the later British era, having the name of Arthur inscribed on its lower side; it was standing in Polwhele's time; tumuli are frequent in the neighbourhood.'

The way in which King Arthur originally acquired the throne, and the famous sword, Caliburn, or Excalibar, which figures so conspicuously in the legend, may be briefly noticed in illustration of the subject of the ballad. After the death of Uther Pendragon, the nobles of Britain assembled to elect a successor, but were unable to agree. In this difficulty they happened to discover, close to the place of debate, a large stone in which a sword was inserted as in a sheath, with an inscription round it in gold letters, signifying that whoever should draw the sword was rightful heir to the throne. Several made the attempt, and failed; when Arthur, who had been previously unknown, advanced, and, drawing it out with ease, was immediately elected king.

The narrative of his last battle, as preserved by oral tradition, and chronicled in many an ancient rhyme, embodies the tradition of his immortality which is not to be found in the *Morte d'Arthur*, and which has passed into an article of faith in Brittany and Wales. Seeing his army destroyed, and finding himself mortally wounded, as the legend runs, he commissioned one of his knights to fling his sword into the lake. As it was descending, a hand and arm rose out of the water, seized the weapon, brandished it three times, and then vanished under the waves. Upon this Arthur entered a boat which was moored close to the border, and was received by

Viviane, the Lady of the Lake, Morgan la Fay, and other ladies, who conveyed him to the isle of Avalon, in Fairy Land, where they healed his wounds, and where he remained living in luxury, and awaiting the time when he was to return to the earth and resume his throne. The tradition is dimly indicated at the close of the ballad, which, in this particular, deviates slightly from the romance.'

The belief that Arthur would one day return was long held by the Bretons. At their religious solemnities they always chaunted, says Villemarqué, the ancient refrain, 'Non! le roi Arthur n'est pas mort!' and whenever a battle was about to take place, Arthur, at the head of his army, was supposed to be seen coursing in the grey light of the dawn over the peaks of the highest mountains, either coming to protect his people, or warning them to arm. A similar creed was held in Wales, the popular idea that he was still living being supported by the assertion that the place of his sepulture was unknown. 'This tradition,' observes Lady Charlotte Schrieber, 'was current for many ages, and is found among the Welsh in the memorials of the Graves of the Warriors:—

> 'The grave of March is this, and this the grave of Gwythyr,
> Here is the grave of Gwgawn Gleddyfrudd,
> But unknown is the grave of Arthur.''

A very remarkable instance of the derivation of the Breton and Welsh legends from a common source may be traced in *The Lady of the Fountain*, published in the *Mabinogion*, and *La Dame de la Fontaine*, in Villemarqué's *Contes Populaires des Anciens Bretons*.]

ON Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battàyle was doomed to be;
Where many a knight cried, 'Well-awaye!
Alack, it was the more pitỳ.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these words did say:

'Now, as ye are mine uncle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day
O meet not with your foe in fight;
Put off the battàyle, if ye may;

For Sir Launcelot is now in France,
And with him many a hardy knight,
Who will within this month be back,
And will assist ye in the fight.'

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came
And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That, early in the morning, he
Should send away an herald at arms
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he chargèd all his host,
In readiness there for to be:
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there for to be;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell:
Alack! it was a woeful case,
As e'er in Christentie befel.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought;
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battàyle should be fought;

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' the king's knights on the knee:
Alack! it was a woeful chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild-worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew:
A piteous case as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joinèd battàyle instantly:
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away:
Ay me! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought on summer's day.

Upon King Arthur's own partỳ,
Only himself escapèd there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mould;
The tears fast trickled down his face:
That manly face in fight so bold.

'Now rest ye all, brave knights,' he said,
'So true and faithful to your trust;
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder into dust?

'Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death:
And, oh! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath!

'But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo, where he stalks among the dead!
Now bitterly he shall abye,
And vengeance fall upon his head.'

'O, stay, my liege,' then said the duke
'O stay for love and charitie;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be.

'O, stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.'

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

'Alas!' then said the noble king,
'That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slain,
All for his love in helping me!'

He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry—
'Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nigh.'

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he:
The king his spear he through him thrust;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so;
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordered,
Presently upon that tree;
And bloody streams ran from the king
Ere to the duke returnèd he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
'Sir knight thou hast been faithful tried,
Now take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freely by my side;

'O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throw:
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

'And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
A better ne'er had valiant knight,
With thee full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

'With this good falchion in my hand,
Oft have I reaped the bloody field:
But now the fatal hour is come,
That never more I may thee wield.'

The duke to the irver side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of Cologne was the blade;
And all the hilt of precious stone;
'And ever alack!' then said the knight,
'Must such a sword away be thrown?'

Then back he came unto the king,
Who said, 'Sir Lukyn, what did you see?'
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the waters fair and free.'

'O go again,' then said the king,
'O good Sir Lukyn go again;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain.'

The duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabbard in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who said, 'Sir Lukyn, saw ye aught?'
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought.'

'O Lukyn, Lukyn,' said the king,
'Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully;
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be?

'Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye?
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die.'

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king;
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and an arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen nae mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still, as still mote be:
Then hastened back to tell the king;
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
For never after he did him spye;
But he saw a barge go from the land,
And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the king was there, or not,
He never knew, nor ever colde;
For from that sad and direful day,
He never more was seen on mould.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

[THOMAS OF ERCILDOUNE, or, as he is indifferently called, Thomas the Rhymer, the reputed author of the romance of *Sir Tristram*, is supposed to have flourished in the thirteenth century. All that can be conjectured about him has been collected by Sir Walter Scott; but it amounts to little, and that little is apocryphal. Price, in his introduction to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, throws considerable doubt upon the identity of the bard, who, in many striking particulars, bears a close resemblance to Merlin. It appears, from the following ancient rhyme, that he had personal intercourse with the fairies; and we learn further that he lived in a tower surrounded by a forest, and that once following a hind and hart (fairies, probably, that had taken those shapes to delude him) into the recesses of the neighbouring wood,

he was never heard of afterwards. There is a tradition, nevertheless, that he was buried near Inverness; but no traces remain of the haunts assigned to him in his life-time. He seems to have vanished much in the same way as King Arthur, and to have left no memorial behind him. In the Eildon hills his name still lingers, but it is only the echo of the old lore.]

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntly bank,
A ferlie* he spied wi' his ee,
And there he saw a lady bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett† of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled off his cap,
And louted low down to his knee:
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven,
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,
'That name does not belong to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

'Harp and carp,‡ Thomas,' she said,
'Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be.'

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me!'
Sine he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

---

* Something wonderful, or marvellous.

† Lock. ‡ Talk, noise.

'Now, ye maun go wi' me,' she said,
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe, as may chance to be.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind,
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

'Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

'And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

'And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For if ye speak word in Elfiyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie.

O they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Sine they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomàs,
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

'My tongue is mine ain,' true Thomas said,
'A gudely gift ye wast gie to me;
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'
'Now hold thy peace!' the lady said,
'For as I say, so it must be.'

Hè has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gone and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

[THE scene of the tragedy recorded in this ballad is the farm of Blackhouse, said to be so designated from the complexion of the Lords of Douglas, in Selkirkshire. Close to the farm-house are yet to be seen, standing upon the ledge of a torrent called the Douglas burn, in a wild glen, the ruins of the

tower from whence the Lady Margaret was carried by her lover. Sir Walter describes the tower as appearing to have been originally square, with a circular turret at one angle, enclosing the staircase. Surrounded by dark mountains covered with heather, the solitary farm might seem to have acquired its ominous name from its isolated and desolate situation. 'Seven large stones,' says Sir Walter, 'erected upon the neighbouring heights, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain; and the Douglas burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink.'—*Border Minstrelsy.*

Besides different corrupt versions of this piece, there are other ballads on the same subject, the most popular of which is that printed by Percy under the title of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William.* Its authenticity, however, in the form in which it is given by Percy, may be doubted. Some fragments of the verse have the colour of antiquity in them, and probably formed part of the old song quoted by Fletcher in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle;* but in other parts the original appears to have been patched and expanded. It was upon this ballad Mallet founded his first production, *William and Margaret,* the excellence of which he never afterwards reached.]

'RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says,
'And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night.'

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shouldèr,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold
Come riding o'er the lea.

'Light down, light down, Lady Margaret,' he said,
'And hold my steed in your hand,*
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father I make a stand.'

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa' [dear.
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so

'O hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

O, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland so fine,
And aye she dighted† her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

---

* Mr. King, in his *Selections from Early Ballad Poetry*, points out some remarkable coincidences between *The Douglas Tragedy* and the Danish-ballad of *Ribolt and Guldborg*. In both the story is similar, and some of the passages are almost identical, such, for example, as the above, which thus appears, nearly word for word, in the English version of *Ribolt and Guldborg*:—

'Light down, Guldborg, my lady dear,
And hold our steeds by the renyies here.'

'The Wilkina Saga, moreover,' adds Mr. King, 'contains another version of the same legend; and the Swedish ballad of *Fair Midel* is clearly from the same source.' The obvious inference is that the story belongs to a very early period; perhaps, as supposed by Jamieson, in whose collection of *Popular Ballads* these legends are published, 'to the first arrival of the Cimbri in Britain.'

† Dressed.

'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margaret,' he said,
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For you have left me no other guide.'

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,
'For I fear that you are slain!'
''Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain.'

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'For this night my fair lady I've win.

'O mak my bed, lady mother,' he says,
'O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Margaret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.'

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margaret lang ere day:*
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Marie's quire;†
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the world might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
And flanged in St. Marie's Loch.‡

---

* Ribolt was dead ere the cock did craw;
Guldborg she died ere the day did daw.
Ribolt and Guldborg.

This was a favourite mode of disposing of unfortunate lovers, and occurs in many ballads. The most curious example is the following, in which the poet falls into a ludicrous confusion of time and tense:—

'Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day;
Sweet William died the morrow.'
Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

See also the ballad of *Lord Lovel*, *post*, p. 136.

† Some vestiges of the Chapel of St. Mary may still be traced upon the lake to which it has given name.—SCOTT.

‡ The poetical fancy of the rose and the brier is common to many of the old ballads. See, for example, the ballad of *Lord Lovel*. The closest to the above is in *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, where nearly the same words are employed:—

'Lord Thomas was buried without the Kirk wa',
Fair Annet within the quire;
And o' the one there grew a birk,
The other a bonny brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad fain be near;
And by this ye may ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

In *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* we have the same incident, but

JOHNNIE O' COCKLESMUIR.

[THE following text is taken from the volume of *Scottish Traditional Ancient Ballads* issued by the Percy Society. It differs, especially in the conclusion, from other versions which have been published under different names, such as *Johnie of Breadislee*, *Johnie of Bradisbank*. This is the only version in which the outlaw obtains the royal pardon and the licence to hunt. The hero is supposed to have been a notorious marauder, who held the old castle of Morton, near Durisdeer, in Dumfriesshire.]

JOHNNIE raise up in a May mornin',
Ca'd for water to wash his hands,
An' he's commant his bluidie dogs,
To be loosed frae their iron bands, bands,
To be loosed frae their iron bands.

Win up, win up, my bluidie dogs,
Win up, and be unboun',
An' we'll awa' to Bride's Braidmuir,
An' ding the dun deer doun, doun,
An' ding the dun deer doun.'

---

here the poetical interest is destroyed by the introduction of the clerk of the parish, who is made to execute by accident the destruction which in the original is assigned to the rage of the Black Douglas :—

'Margaret was buried in the lower chancèl,
And William in the higher;
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a brier.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
What made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been here.'

This last verse is, probably, spurious. It looks as if it had been added to the ballad in a spirit of vulgar banter.

When his mither got word o' that,
Then she took bed and lay;
Says, 'Johnnie, my son, for my blessin',
Ye'll stay at hame this day, day,
Ye'll stay at hame this day.

'There's baken bread, and brown ale,
Shall be at your comman';
Ye'll win your mither's blythe blessin',
To the Bride's Braidmuir nae gang, gang,
To the Bride's Braidmuir nae gang.'

'Mony are my friens, mither,
Though thousans were my foe;
Betide me life, betide me death,
To the Bride's Braidmuir I'll go, go,
To the Bride's Braidmuir I'll go.'

The sark that was o' Johnnie's back,
Was o' the cambric fine;
The belt that was aroun' his middle,
Wi' pearlins it did shine, shine,
Wi' pearlins it did shine.

The coat that was upon his back,
Was o' the linsey broun,
An' he's awa' to the Bride's Braidmuir,
To ding the dun deer doun, doun,
To ding the dun deer doun.

Johnnie lookit east, Johnnie lookit west,
An' turnit him roun' and roun',
An' there he saw the king's dun deer,
Was cowin'* the bush o' brume, brume,
Was cowin' the bush o' brume.

---

* Cropping.

Johnnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
He woundit her i' the side;
Between him an' yon burnie bank,
Johnnie he laid her pride, pride,
Johnnie he laid her pride.

He ate sae muckle o' the venison,
He drank sae muckle blude,
Till he lay doun atween his houns,
An' slept as he'd been dead, dead,
An' slept as he'd been dead.

But by there cam' a silly auld man,
An ill death may he dee,
For he is on to the seven forestèrs,
As fast as gang could he, he,
As fast as gang could he.

'What news, what news, ye silly auld man,
What news hae ye brought you wi?'
'Nae news, nae news, ye seven forestèrs,
But what your eyne will see, see,
But what your eyne will see.

'As I gaed i' yon rough thick hedge
Amang yon bramly scrogs,*
The fairest youth that e'er I saw
Lay sleeping atween his dogs, dogs,
Lay sleeping atween his dogs.

'The sark that was upon his back,
Was o' the cambric fine,
The belt that was aroun' his middle,
Wi' pearlins it did shine, shine,
Wi' pearlins it did shine.'

---

* Stunted bushes.

Then out it speaks the first forestèr,
'Whether this be true or no,
O! if its Johnnie of Cocklesmuir,
Nae forder need we go, go,
Nae forder need we go.'

Out it spak' the second forestèr,
A fierce fellow was he;
'Betide me life, betide me death,
This youth we'll go and see, see,
This youth we'll go and see.'

As they gaed in yon rough thick hedge,
An' doun yon forest gay,
They cam' on to that very same place,
Where John o' Cockl's he lay, lay,
Where John o' Cockl's he lay.

The first ane shot they shot at him,
They woundit him i' the thigh;
Out spak' the first forester's son,
'By the next shot he maun dee, dee,
By the next shot he maun dee.'

'O stand ye true my trusty bow,
An' stout steel never fail;
Avenge me noo on a' my foe,
Wha have my life i' bale, bale,
Wha have my life i' bale.'

Then Johnnie killed six forestèrs,
An' woundit the seventh sair;
Then drew a stroke at the silly auld man,
That word he ne'er spak' mair, mair,
That word he ne'er spak' mair.

His mother's parrot i' the window sat,
She whistled an' she sang,
An' aye the owerturn o' the note,
'Young Johnnie's biding lang, lang,
Young Johnnie's biding lang!'

When this reachit the king's ain ears,
It grieved him wondrous sair;
Says, 'I'd rather they'd hurt my subjects a'
Than Johnnie o' Cocklesmuir, muir,
Than Johnnie o' Cocklesmuir.

'But where are a' my wa'-wight men,
That I pay meat an' fee?
We'll gang the morn to Johnnie's castle,
See how the cause may be, be,
See how the cause may be.'

Then he's ca'd Johnnie up to court,
Treated him handsomlie;
An' noo to hunt i' the Bride's Braidmuir
For life he's licence free, free,
For life he's licence free.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT supposes that this ballad refers to events which took place in Scotland towards the close of the thirteenth century; and, under that impression, concludes that it is of high antiquity. The crown of Scotland, at the demise of Alexander III. in 1285, devolved upon his grand-daughter, Margaret, called the Maid of Norway, she being the only offspring of a marriage between a daughter of Alexander III. and Eric, king of Norway. The infant princess was brought over from Norway, a regency was appointed to govern Scotland during her minority, and a plan was projected by the king of England for uniting the two kingdoms by a marriage between the youthful queen and the Prince of Wales. This project, to which Eric is said to have been averse, was frustrated by the death of the Maid of Norway. Sir Walter Scott conjectures that the unfortunate voyage of Sir Patrick Spens may have taken place for the purpose of bringing home

the Princess from Norway to assume her sovereignty. But this conjecture is open to considerable doubt from certain facts stated by Sir Walter himself: that no such shipwreck is recorded in Scottish history, and that the commissioners appointed to escort the Princess were Sir David Wemyss and Michael Scott, popularly known as the Wizard. Mr. Motherwell, *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, thinks that the ballad refers to the marriage of Alexander's daughter with Eric; but this is irreconcileable with the designation of the lady as the daughter of the King of Norway. Mr. Finlay, *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, suggests, with greater probability, that it refers to the marriage of James III. with a Norwegian Princess. In another place, however, he quotes a passage from the *Scala Chronica*, translated by Leland, which, if it possess any historical authority, would seem to be decisive of the object of the voyage: 'One Master Weland, a Clerk of Scotland, sent into Norway for Margaret, died with her by tempest on the sea, coming out of Norway to Scotland in coasts of Boghan.'

Dr. Percy printed a copy of the ballad in his *Reliques;* but it was evidently imperfect. Scott published a much fuller version in the *Border Minstrelsy*, from which the following text is adopted. Yet even with these augmentations the piece must still be considered as a fragment.

The author and the date of the authorship are unknown. Mr. Finlay is inclined to think it is 'the most ancient ballad of which we are in possession;' but observes, that 'the mention of *hats* and *cork-heeled shoon*, would lead us to infer that some stanzas are interpolated, or that its composition is of a comparatively modern date.' Interpolations, however, and the introduction of contemporary costume, must be expected in a song transmitted by recitation, and are not, therefore, in themselves conclusive of its age. A version published by Buchan, in his *Ancient Ballads*, contains three additional stanzas preserved by oral tradition, and other verses from a similar source are given by Finlay. These are

here incorporated in the notes. It may be proper to add, that Mr. James Henry Dixon, in his volume of *Scotch Ballads*, published for the Percy Society, says that Lady Wardlaw 'is now known to be the author of *Sir Patrick Spens*, in addition to *Hardyknute*;' but he supplies on evidence in support of the assertion.]

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,*
To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spak' an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailòr,
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?†

* Skilful mariner.

† 'So great was the terror entertained of navigating the North Seas in winter, that ships were prohibited, by a Scottish Act of Parliament, from being freighted out of the kingdom with staple goods between St. Simon and Candlemas.'—SCOTT.

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'*

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wednèsday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:†

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queen's fee.'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

'For I brought as much white monie,
As gane‡ my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou§ of gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

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* The ballad published by Mr. Buchan reads:—

'But I maun sail the seas the morn,
And likewise sae maun you,
To Noroway wi' our King's daughter,
A chosen Queen she's now.'

According to this version, observes the last editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, Sir Patrick's errand was, not to bring the Maiden of Norway to Scotland, but to convey her mother, the daughter of Alexander III., to Norway.

† 'They hadna stayed into that place
A month but and a day,
Till he caused the flip in mugs gae roun',
And wine in cans sae gay.'

BUCHAN.

‡ As will avail, or suffice.

§ The eighth part of a peck.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'.
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the old moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, mastèr,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailòr,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,*
And the salt sea it cam in.†

* 'Sir Walter Scott supposes that a plank had started; but the more particular meaning seems to be that a bar, or bolt (Scoticè, *bout*) had loosened.'—FINLAY.

† 'He hadna gane to his topmast,
A step but barely three,
Ere through and through the bonny ship's side,
He saw the green haw-sea.'
BUCHAN.

'Gae, fetch a web of the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,*
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,
That flattered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see nae mair.

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* 'There are five-and-fifty feather beds
Well packèd in ae room,
And ye'll get as muckle gude canvass
As wrap the ship a' roun'.'
BUCHAN.

One of the versions communicated to Mr. FINLAY contained the following stanzas:—

'Then up an' cam' a mermaid,
Wi' a siller cup in her han':
'Sail on, sail on, my gude Scotch lords,
For ye sune will see dry lan'.'

'Awa', awa', ye wild woman,
An' let your fleechin be;
For, sen your face we've seen the day,
Dry lan' we'll never see.''

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair!

O forty miles off Aberdeen,*
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

LORD LOVEL.

[This popular ballad is believed to be ancient. Mr. J. H. Dixon informs me that he has seen a black-letter copy of it, of about the date of Charles II. Another version, taken down from recitation, is published in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. It was reprinted in London, in 1846, from an old broadside; and included in a collection of *Ancient Poems* published by the Percy Society in the same year. The hero was, in all probability, one of the Loveles or Delavalles of Northumberland, celebrated in *Chevy Chase;* and the ballad may be presumed to be of Border origin. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that it was written to the tune of *Johnnie o' Cocklesmuir.*]

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* There are different versions of this line. One reads:—

'At the back of auld St. Johnstonne Dyke;'

Buchan:—

'It's even ower frae Aberdour.'

Dr. Percy:—

'Have owre, half owre, to Aberdour.'

Mr. Finlay adopts this last reading, which he considers justified by the rhyme. Aberdour is a small seaport, about six miles from Dunfermline.

LORD Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

'Where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,
'Oh! where are you going?' said she;
'I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see.'

'When will you be back, Lord Lovel?' said she;
'Oh! when will you come back?' said she;
'In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy.'

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London-town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

'Oh! what is the matter?' Lord Lovel he said,
'Oh! what is the matter?' said he;
'A lord's lady is dead,' a woman replied,
'And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy.'

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.*

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple,
And then they could grow no higher; [too,
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

JAMIE DOUGLAS.

[Mr. Finlay supposes that the Jamie Douglas of this old ballad was Morton, the Regent of Scotland, who was notorious for his incontinence. His wife, who utters the lament, bore him many children, who all died young, and towards the close of her life she became insane.]

WHEN I fell sick, an' very sick,
An' very sick, just like to die,
A gentleman of good account,
He came on purpose to visit me;
But his blackie whispered in my lord's ear,
He was owre lang in the room wi' me.

* Thus in *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*:—
'Fair Margaret died for pure true love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.'

'Gae, little page, an' tell your lord,
Gin he will come and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair of gold,
And serve him on my bended knee.'

The little page gaed up the stair,—
'Lord Douglas dine wi' your ladie;
She'll set ye on a chair of gold,
And serve you on her bended knee.'

'When cockle shells turn silver bells,
When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll cum down an' dine wi' thee.'

But whan my father gat word o' this,
O what an angry man was he!
He sent fourscore o' his archers bauld
To bring me safe to his countrie.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

But slowly, slowly, rose he up,
And slowly, slowly, cam he down,
And when he saw me set on my horse,
He caused his drums and trumpets soun'.

'Now fare ye weel, my goodly palace,
And fare ye weel, my children three;
God grant your father grace to love you,
Far more than ever he lovèd me.'

He thocht that I was like himsel,
That had a woman in every hall;
But I would swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved man but himsel.

As on to Embro' town we cam,
My guid father he welcomed me;
He caused his minstrels meet to sound,—
It was no music at a' to me.

'Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear.
Leave off your weeping, let it be,
For Jamie's divorcement I'll send owre;
Far better lord I'll provide for thee.'

'O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And of such talking let me be;
For never a man shall come to my arms,
Since my lord has sae slighted me.'

O an I had ne'er crossed the Tweed,
Nor yet been owre the river Dee,
I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's gate,
Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.

The ladies they will cum to town,
And they will cum and visit me,
But I'll set me down now in the dark,
For ochanrie! who'll comfort me?

An' wae betide ye, black Fastnèss!
Ay, and an ill deid may ye die;
Ye was the first and foremost man
Wha parted my true lord and me.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

['THIS beautiful old ballad,' says Percy, 'most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Elizabeth.' In the west of England there was a tradition that the gentleman was a member of the Popham family, by whom the lady's picture, and the chain and bracelets, mentioned in the ballad, were said to have been

preserved. Another tradition identifies the hero in Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, who distinguished himself in the Spanish expeditions towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. The story, modified by different circumstances, but agreeing in the main incident, is common to many ballads, of which this (originally published by Thomas Deloney, in the *Garland of Good-will*, 1631) is, probably, the earliest, and certainly best worthy of preservation. It is pervaded by a sweetness and gentleness of spirit that greatly heighten the pathos of the narrative. The subject was dramatised by Thomas Hull, in a musical entertainment produced at Covent Garden in 1765.]

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adornèd,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, 'Full woe is me;
O, let me still sustain this kind captivity!

'Gallant captain show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness.
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.'

'How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow.'
'All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light!

'Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termèd,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your own.'

'Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store.'
'Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

'Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is pressed,
The wife of every Englishman is counted blessed.'

'It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence.'
'I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go.'

'I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place.'

'My chains and jewels every one shall be thine own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.'

'On the sea are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes.'
'Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

'Courteous lady, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds this strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.'

'O! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love, and true affection first commence.

'Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

'I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from any company:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!'
'The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady!'

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

[THIS is the Scotch version of the tradition preserved in the English ballad of *The Outlandish Knight*. The story is also common to Denmark and Germany, with variations of the catastrophe. The locality assigned to the tradition by Mr. Chambers is a wild part of the coast of Carrick. Carlton Castle is pointed out as the residence of the false knight, and Gamesloup, a high rock overlooking the sea, as the place where he was in the habit of drowning his wives. The heroine of the ballad is said to have been a member of the family of Kennedy of Colzean, now represented by the Earl of Cassilis. Mr. Dixon, from whose collection the text is taken, transfers the scene to Balwearie Castle, in Fifeshire.]

THERE cam' a bird out o' a bush,
On water for to dine;
An' siching sair, says the king's dochter,
'O wae's this heart o' mine.'

He's ta'en a harp into his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleip;
Except it was the king's dochter,
Wha ae wink coudna get.

He's loupen on his berry-brown steed,
Ta'en her behin' himsel;
Then baith rade doun to that water
That they ca' Wearie's Well.

'Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
No harm shall thee befall;
Oft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well.'

The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the knee;
And, sichin' says this ladye fair,
'This water's nae for me.'

'Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
No harm shall thee befall;
Oft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well.'

The next step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the middle;
O, sichin' says this ladye fair,
'I've wat my gowden girdle.'

'Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
No harm shall thee befall;
Oft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well.

The next step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the chin;
O, sichin says this ladye fair,
'They sud gar twa luves twin.'

'Seven king's dochters I've drounèd there,
I' the water o' Wearie's Well;
An' I'll mak' ye the eight o' them,
An' ring the common bell.'

'Sin' I am standin' here,' she says,
'This dowie death to dee;
One kiss o' your comelie mouth,
I'm sure wad comfort me.'

He louted him o'er his saddle bow,
To kiss her cheek an' chin;
She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
An' throun him headlong in.

'Sin' seven king's daughters ye've drounèd there,
I' the water o' Wearie's Well,
I'll mak' ye the bridegroom to them a',
An' ring the bell mysell.'

An' aye she warsled, and aye she swam,
An' she swam to dry lan';
An' thankit God most cheerfullie,
For the dangers she o'ercam.

LORD BEICHAN.

[THE subject of this ballad is found under different names in many Scotch and English versions, of which the best known is that entitled *Lord Bateman.* Jamieson thinks that Beichan is a corruption of Buchan, a common Border sirname.]

LORD Beichan was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
He longed strange countries for to see.

He sailèd east, and he sailèd west,
Until he came to proud Turkèy;
Where he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie.

For he viewed the fashions of that land;
Their way of worship viewèd he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So on each shoulder they've putten a bore,
In each bore they've putten a tye;
And they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair body.

They've casten him in a donjon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven long year they've kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to dee.

And in his prison a tree there grew,
So stout and strong there grew a tree,
And unto it was Beichan chained,
Until his life was most weary.

This Turk he had one only daughter—
Fairer creature did eyes ne'er see;
And every day, as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison passèd she.

And bonny, meek, and mild was she,
Tho' she was come of an ill kin;
And oft she sighed, she knew not why,
For him that lay the donjon in.

O! so it fell upon a day,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing;
And aye and ever in her ears,
The tones of hapless sorrow ring.

'My hounds they all go masterless;
My hawks they flee from tree to tree;
My younger brother will heir my land;
Fair England again I'll never see.'

And all night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on:
She's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has oped the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wondered he that maid to see!
He took her for some fair captive,—
'Fair Ladye, I pray of what countrie?'

'Have you got houses? have you got lands?
Or does Northumberland 'long to thee?
What would ye give to the fair young ladye
That out of prison would set you free?'

'I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland 'longs to me,
I'll give them all to the ladye fair
That out of prison will set me free.

'Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles, two or three;
I'll give them all to the ladye fair,
That out of prison will set me free.'

'Give me the troth of your right hand,
The troth of it give unto me;
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me.'

'I'll give thee the troth of my right hand,
The troth of it I'll freely gie;
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For kindness thou dost shew to me.'

And she has bribed the proud warder,
With golden store and white money;
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice cake,
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
And every health she drank unto him,—
'I wish, Lord Beichan, that you were mine.
And she's bidden him sometimes think on her,
That so kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her fingèr,
And to Beichan half of it gave she,—
'Keep it to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free.'

O! she took him to her father's harbour,
And a ship of fame to him gave she;
'Farewell, farewell, to you, Lord Beichan,
Shall I e'er again you see?

'Set your foot on the good ship board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie;
And before seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me.'

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And sore she longed her love to see;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, 'Beichan has broken his vow to thee!'
So she's set her foot on the good ship board,
And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sailèd east, she sailèd west,
Till to fair England's shore came she;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the lea.

'What news, what news, thou bonnie shephèrd?
What news hast thou to tell me?'
Such news, I hear, ladye,' he said,
'The like was never in this countrie.

'There is a weddin' in yonder hall,
Has lasted thirty days and three;
But young Lord Beichan won't bed with his bride,
For love of one that's ayond the sea.'

She's putten her hand in her pockèt,
Gi'en him the gold and white monèy;
'Here, tak' ye that, my bonnie boy,
For the good news thou tell'st to me.'

When she came to Lord Beichan's gate,
She tirlèd softly at the pin;
And ready was the proud wardèr
To open and let this ladye in.

When she came to Lord Beichan's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell;
'Who's there? who's there?' cried the proud portèr,
'Who's there? unto me come tell?'

'O! is this Lord Beichan's castle?
Or is that noble lord within?'
'Yea, he is in the hall among them all,
And this is the day of his weddin'.'

'And has he wed anither love?—
And has he clean forgotten me?'
And, sighing, said that ladye gay,
'I wish I was in my own countrie.'

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free,
'Gie him that, ye proud portèr,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.

'Tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a cup of blood-red wine,
And not to forget the fair young ladye
That did release him out of pine.'

Away, and away went the proud portèr,
Away, and away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Beichan's presence,
Down he fell on his bended knee.
'What aileth thee, my proud portèr,
Thou art so full of courtesie?'

'I've been porter at your gates,—
It's thirty long years now, and three,
But there stands a ladye at them now,
The like of her I ne'er did see.

'For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
And as much gay gold above her brow
As would an earldom buy to me;
And as much gay clothing round about her
As would buy all Northumberlea.'

It's out then spak' the bride's mothèr,—
Aye, and an angry woman was she,—
'Ye might have excepted the bonnie bride,
And two or three of our companie.'

'O! hold your tongue, ye silly frow,
Of all your folly let me be;
She's ten times fairer than the bride,
And all that's in your companie.

'She asks one sheave of my lord's white bread,
And a cup of his red, red wine;
And to remember the ladye's love
That kindly freed him out of pine.'

Lord Beichan then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three;
'O, well a day!' did Beichan say,
'That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but dear Saphia,
That's cross'd the deep for love of me!'

And quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonnie love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

'O! have ye taken another bride?
And have ye quite forgotten me?
And have ye quite forgotten one
That gave you life and libertie?'

She lookèd o'er her left shouldèr
To hide the tears stood in her ee;
'Now fare-thee-well, young Beichan,' she says,
'I'll try to think no more on thee.'

'O! never, never, my Saphia,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dreed so much for me.'

Then out and spak' the forenoon bride;
'My Lord, your love is changèd soon;
At morning I am made your bride,
And another's chose, ere it be noon!'

'O! sorrow not, thou forenoon bride
Our hearts could ne'er united be;
Ye must return to your own countrie,
A double dower I'll send with thee.'

And up and spak' the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,—
'And so you treat my only daughter,
Because Saphia has crossed the sea.'

'I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's ne'er a whit the worse for me,
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three.'

He's ta'en Saphia by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down;
And aye as he kist her rosy lips,
'Ye're welcome, dear one, to your own.'

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
Her name he's changèd from Saphia,
And he's called his bonnie love Lady Jane.

Lord Beichan prepared another marriage,
And sang with heart so full of glee,
'I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now since my love has crossed the sea.'

KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S CONQUEST.

[From *Ancient Poems, Ballads, &c.*, printed for the Percy Society. Mr. Dixon took down the copy from the singing of an eccentric character, known in the western dales of Yorkshire as 'The Skipton Minstrel.' A line quoted from it in a Medley, published about the close of the sixteenth, or early in the seventeenth century, seems to establish its date. The incident of the tennis balls is alluded to by Hume, but discredited by him. He says that some historians relate that the Dauphin, in derision of Henry's claims and character, sent him a box of tennis balls, as being better adapted to him than the implements of war; but he adds, that the story is incompatible with the great offers made by France, which showed that they fully appreciated Henry's character, and their own situation.]

AS our king lay musing on his bed,
He bethought himself upon a time,
Of a tribute that was due from France,
Had not been paid for so long a time.
Down, a down, a down, a down,
Down, a down, a down.

He callèd on his trusty page,
His trusty page then callèd he,
'Oh, you must go to the king of France,
Oh, you must go right speedilie.
Down, a down, &c.

'And tell him of my tribute due,
Ten ton of gold that's due to me;
That he must send my tribute home.
Or in French land he soon will me see.'
Down, a down, &c.

Oh, then away went the trusty page,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to the king of France,
Lo! he fell down on his bended knee,
Down, a down, &c.

'My master greets you, worthy sire,
Ten ton of gold there is due, says he,
You must send him his tribute home,
Or in French land you will soon him see.'
Down, a down, &c.

'Your master's young, and of tender years,
Not fit to come into my degree;
But I will send him three tennis balls,
That with them learn to play may he.'
Down, a down, &c.

Oh, then away came the trusty page,
Away, and away, and away came he,
Until he came to our gracious king,
Lo! he fell down on his bended knee.
Down, adown, &c.

'What news, what news, my trusty page,
What news, what news, hast thou brought to me?'
'I've brought such news from the king of France
That you and he will ne'er agree.
Down, a down, &c.

'He says you're young, and of tender years,
Not fit to come into his degré,
But he will send you three tennis balls,
That with them you may learn to play.'
Down, a down, &c.

Oh, then bespoke our noble king,
A solemn vow then vowèd he:
'I'll promise him such tennis balls,
As in French lands he ne'er did see.
Down, a down, &c.

'Go, call up Cheshire and Lancashìre,
And Derby hills, that are so free;
Not a married man, nor a widow's son,
For the widow's cry shall not go with me.'
Down, a down, &c.

They called up Cheshire and Lancashìre,
And Derby lads that were so free,
Not a married man, nor a widow's son,
Yet they were a jovial bold compânie.
Down, a down, &c.

Oh, then he sailed to fair French land,
With drums and trumpets so merrilie,
Oh, then bespoke the king of France,
'Yonder comes proud king Henrie.'
Down, a down, &c.

The first fire that the Frenchmen gave,
They killed our Englishmen so free;
We killed ten thousand of the French,
And the rest of them they were forced to flee.
Down, a down, &c.

And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrilie;
Oh, then bespoke the king of France,
'Lord! have mercy on my poor men and me!
Down, a down, &c.

'Go! tell him I'll send home his tribute due,
Ten ton of gold that is due from me;
And the fairest flower that is in our French land
To the Rose of England it shall go free.'
Down, a down, &c.

THE JOLLY HARPER.

[THERE are two other versions of this ballad; one published in *The Border Minstrelsy*, and the other in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. The following text, which possesses more humour, and relates the story more clearly than either, is taken from the collection edited by Mr. Dixon for the Percy Society. In the former copies the Harper is represented as a native of Lochmaben, and the scene of the theft is laid at Carlisle, which gives a greater air of probability to the incident, since, as Mr. Dixon observes, the distance between Scotland and London, and the state of the roads in times of old, would render the journey almost an impossible undertaking. But the early ballads abound in wonderful exploits, and the earliest generally make the largest demands on our credulity. This is certainly the best version of the three, and bears in its diction and versification the most decisive evidence of antiquity. In one particular, Scott's copy has the advantage, by letting the reader see, in the first instance, the device of the Harper. Before he sets out in his expedition to steal the king's Wanton Broun he consults his wife:—

'But first he gaed to his gude wife,
Wi' a' the haste that he could thole—
'This wark,' quo' he, 'wil ne'er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal.'

Quo' she, 'Thou hast a gude gray mare,
That can baith lance o'er laigh and hie;
Sae set thee on the gray mare's back,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me.'

We are thus prepared for the instinct which leads the gray mare to return home the moment she is let out of the king's stable.]

THERE was ane jolly harper man,
That harpit aye frae toun to toun;
A wager he made, wi' two knichts he laid,
To steal King Henrie's Wanton Broun.

Sir Roger he wagered five ploughs o' lan',
Sir Charles he wagered five thousand pound,
And John he's taen the deed i' han',
To steal King Henrie's Wanton Broun.

He's taen his harp into his han',
And he gaed harpin' thro' the toun;
And as the king i' his palace sat,
His ear was touchit wi' the soun'.

'Come in, come in, ye harper man,
Some o' your harpin' let me hear.'
'Indeed, my liege, an' by your grace,
I'd rather hae stablin' for my meare.'

'Ye'll gang to yon outer court,
That stands a little below the toun;
Ye'll find a stable snug and neat,
Where stands my statelie Wanton Broun.'

He's doun him to the outer court,
That stood a little below the toun;
There found a stable snug and neat,
For stately stuid the Wanton Broun.

Then he has fixt a guid strang cord,
Unto his gray mare's bridle rein;
And tied it unto that steed's tail,
Syne shut the stable door behin'.

Then he harpit on, an' he harpit on,
Till a' the lords were fast asleip;
Then doun thro' bouir and ha' he's gane,
Even on his hands and feet.

He's to yon stable snug and neat,
That lay a little below the toun;
For there he placed his ain gray meare,
Alang wi' King Henrie's Wanton Broun.

'Ye'll do you doun thro' mire an' moss,
Thro' mony a bog an' miery hole;
But never miss your Wanton slack,
Ye'll gang to Mayblane to your foal.'

As suin's the door he had unshut,
The meare gaed prancin' frae the toun;
An' at her bridle rein was tied
King Henrie's statelie Wanton Broun.

Then she did rin' thro' mire an' moss,
Thro' mony a bog an' miery hole;
But never missed her Wanton slack,
Till she reached Mayblane to her foal.

When the king awakit frae sleip;
He to the harper man did say,
'O! waken ye, waken ye, jolly John,
We've fairly slept till it is day.

'Win up, win up, ye harper man,
Some mair o' harpin' ye'll gie me.'
He said, 'My liege, wi' a' my heart,
But first my gude gray meare maun see.'

Then forth he ran, and in he cam',
Droppin' mony a feignèd tear;
'Some rogues hae broke the outer court,
An' stown awa' my gude gray meare.'

'Then by my sooth,' the king replied,
'If there's been rogues into the toun,
I fear as weel as your gray meare,
Awa's my stately Wanton Broun.'

'My loss is great,' the harper said,
'My loss is twice as great, I feare,
In Scotland I lost a gude gray steed,
An' here I've lost a gude gray meare.'

'Come on, come on, ye harper man,
Some o' your music lat me hear;
Weel paid ye'se be, John, for the same,
An' likewise for your gude gray meare.

When that John his money received,
Then he went harpin' frae the toun;
But little did King Henrie ken,
He'd stow'n awa' his Wanton Broun.

The knichts then lay ower castle wa,'
An' they beheld baith dale an' doun;
An' saw the jolly harper man,
Come harpin' on to Striveling toun.

'Then by my sooth,' Sir Roger said,
'Are ye returnèd back to toun?
I doubt, my lad, ye hae ill sped,
O' stealin' o' the Wanton Broun.'

'I hae been into fair England,
An' even into Lunan toun;
An' in King Henrie's outer court,
An' stow'n awa' the Wanton Broun.'

'Ye lee, ye lee,' Sir Charles he said,
'An' aye sae loud's I hear ye lee;
Twall armèd men in armour bricht,
They guard the stable nicht and day.

'But I did harp them a' asleip,
An' managed my business cunninglie;
If ye mak' licht o' what I say,
Come to the stable an' ye'll see.

'My music pleased the king sae weel,
Mair o' my harpin' he wished to hear,
An' for the same he paid me weel,
And also for my gude gray meare.'

Then he drew out a gude lang purse,
Well stored wi' gowd an' white monie;
And in a short time after this,
The Wanton Broun he lat them see.

Sir Roger produced his ploughs o' lan,
Sir Charles produced his thousand pound
Then back to Henrie, the English king,
Restored the statelie Wanton Broun.

MARY AMBREE.

[FREQUENT allusions are made by the Elizabethan dramatists to the Amazon who is the heroine of this ballad, and whose exploits obtained considerable celebrity in her own day. The siege of Ghent, in which she is supposed to have distinguished herself, took place in 1586, and as there is a direct allusion to the ballad in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques*, produced in 1626, its authorship may be assigned to the close of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century. Dr. Percy says that it is evident that Mary Ambree is the virago designated by Butler under the title of "English Moll;" but this is a mistake. The "English Moll" of Butler was the notorious Mary Carlton, sometimes called English Moll, or Kentish Moll, and commonly known as the German Princess. See Butler's *Poems*, Ann. Ed., I. 96.]

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherously,
Then vowed to revenge him, Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, be of her band;
To wait on her person came thousand and three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

'My soldiers,' she saith, 'so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be:'
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
'So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.'

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

'Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:'
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day;
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a score killèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent, [three;
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayèd for lucre of hire,
At length she was forcèd to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree:
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three;
O, what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

'Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.'
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

'Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?'
'A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be.'

'No captain of England; behold in your sight,
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight;
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.'

'But art thou a woman as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.'

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advanced for England's fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous maiden despised them all,
'I'll ne'er sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A maiden of England, sir, never will be
The whore of a monarch,' quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

THE DEATH OF PARCY REED.

[ORIGINALLY published in the *Local Historian's Table Book*, by Mr. Robert White, as taken down from the chanting of an old woman who resided at Fairloans, Roxburghshire. Mr. White gives the following account of the person whose death forms the subject of the ballad:—'Percival, or Parcy

Reed, was proprietor of Troughend, an elevated tract of land lying on the west side, and nearly in the centre of Redesdale, Northumberland. His office was to suppress and order the apprehension of thieves, and other breakers of the law; in the execution of which he incurred the displeasure of a family of brothers of the name of Hall, who were owners of Girsonsfield, a farm about two miles east from Troughend. He also drew upon himself the hostility of a band of moss-troopers, Crosier by name, some of whom he had been successful in bringing to justice.' Mr. Dixon, who republished the ballad, observes, that the catastrophe is said to have occurred in the sixteenth century; and that the murder of Reed, the circumstances of which are accurately detailed in the ballad, is an historical fact.]

GOD send the land deliverance
Frae every reaving, riding Scot:
We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,
We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.

The outlaws come frae Liddesdale,
They herry Redesdale far and near;
The rich man's gelding it maun gang,
They canna pass the puir man's meare.

Sure it were weel, had ilka thief
Around his neck a halter strang;
And curses heavy may they light
On traitors vile ourselves amang.

Now Parcy Reed has Crosier ta'en,
He has delivered him to the law;
But Crosier says he'll do waur than that,
He'll make the tower o' Troughend fa'.

And Crosier says he will do waur—
He will do waur if waur can be;
He'll make the bairns a' fatherless,
And then, the land it may lie lee.

'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,
'The morning sun is on the dew;
The cauler breeze frae off the fells
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.

'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,
And to the hunting he has gane;
And the three fause Ha's o' Girsonsfield
Alang wi' him he has them ta'en.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and birken shaw;
They raised a buck on Rooken Edge,
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They made the echoes ring amain;
With music sweet o' horn and hound,
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted up, they hunted down,
Until the day was past the prime,
And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,
When as the sun was sinking low,
Says Parcy then, 'Ca' off the dogs,
We'll bait our steeds and hameward go.'

They lighted high in Batinghope,
Atween the brown and benty ground;
They had but rested a little while,
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,
But him that risks to get a fa';
There's nane may in a traitor trust,
And traitors black were every Ha'.

They've stown the bridle off his steed,
And they've put water in his lang gun;
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.

'Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,
Or by your enemies be ta'en;
For yonder are the five Crosiers
A-coming owre the Hingin'-stane.'

'If they be five, and we be four,
Sae that ye stand alang wi' me,
Then every man ye will take one,
And only leave but two to me:
We will them meet as brave men ought,
And make them either fight or flee.'

'We mayna stand, we canna stand,
We daurna stand alang wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and we.

'O turn thee, turn thee, Johnie Ha',
O, turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
My gude black naig I will gie thee;
He cost full twenty pound o' gowd,
Atween my brother John and me.'

'I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill both thee and me.'

'O, turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha',
O, turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
A yoke o' owsen I'll gie thee.'

'I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

'O, turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha'—
O, turn now, man, and fight wi' me;
If ever we come to Troughend again,
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.'

'I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

'O, shame upon ye, traitors a'!
I wish your hames ye may never see;
Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
And I can neither fight nor flee.

'Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
And ye've put water i' my lang gun;
Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.'

He had but time to cross himsel'—
A prayer he hadna time to say,
Till round him came the Crosiers keen,
All riding graithed, and in array.

'Weel met, weel met now, Parcy Reed,
Thou art the very man we sought;
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,
Now will we pay ye as we ought.

'We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,
Where we shall hang thee like a hound.'
Brave Parcy raised his fankit sword
And felled the foremost to the ground.

Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed—
Alake he was an unarmed man:
Four weapons pierced him all at once,
As they assailed him there and than.

They fell upon him all at once,
They mangled him most cruellie;
The slightest wound might cause his deid,
And they hae gi'en him thirty-three.
They hackit off his hands and feet.
And left him lying on the lee.

'Now Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt,
Ye canna weel dispute the tale,'
The Crosiers said, and off they rade—
They rade the airt o' Liddesdale.

It was the hour o' gloamin' gray,
When herds came in frae fauld and pen;
A herd he saw a huntsman lie,
Says he, 'Can this be Laird Troughen?'

'There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And some will ca' me Laird Troughen';
It's little matter what they ca' me,
My faes hae made me ill to ken.

'There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And speak my praise in tower and town;
It's little matter what they do now,
My life-blood rudds the heather brown.

'There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And a' my virtues say and sing;
I would much rather have just now
A draught o' water frae the spring!'

The herd flang aff his clouted shoon,
And to the nearest fountain ran;
He made his bonnet serve a cup,
And wan the blessing o' the dying man.

'Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair—
Ye maun do mair, as I ye tell;
Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,
And bear likewise my last farewell.

'A farewell to my wedded wife,
A farewell to my brother John,
Wha sits into the Troughend tower,
Wi' heart as black as any stone.

'A farewell to my daughter Jean,
A farewell to my young sons five;
Had they been at their father's hand,
I had this night been man alive.

'A farewell to my followers a',
And a' my neighbours gude at need;
Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's
Betrayed the life o' Parcy Reed.

'The Laird o' Clennel bears my bow,
The Laird o' Brandon bears my brand;
Whene'er they ride i' the border side,
They'll mind the fate o' the Laird Troughend.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW.

[From a broadside in the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants,
With music and sound of drum,
For we have descried a rover
Upon the sea is come,

His name is Captain Ward,
Right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a rover
Found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto the king,
The sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
With all his company:
'And if your king will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom
Full thirty ton of gold.'

'O nay, O nay,' then said our king,
'O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a rover
Myself will not agree;
He hath deceived the Frenchman,
Likewise the King of Spain,
And how can he be true to me,
That hath been false to twain?'

With that our king provided
A ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow is she called,
If you would know her name;
Now the gallant Rainbow
She roves upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seamen
To bear her company.

The Dutchman and the Spaniard,
She made them for to flee,
Also the bonny Frenchman,
As she met him on the sea.
When as this gallant Rainbow
Did come where Ward did lie,
'Where is the captain of this ship?'
This gallant Rainbow did cry

'Oh that am I,' says Captain Ward,
'There's no man bids me lie;
And if thou art the king's fair ship,
Thou art welcome unto me.'
'I tell thee what,' says Rainbow,
'Our king is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lie upon the sea,
And play the arrant thief,

'And will not let our merchants' ships
Pass as they did before;
Such tidings to our king is come
Which grieves his heart full sore.'
With that this gallant Rainbow
She shot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
Chargèd on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters,
Prevailèd not a pin;
Though they were brass on the outside,
Brave Ward was steel within:
'Shoot on, shoot on,' says Captain Ward,
'Your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over,
Shall yield unto the sea.

'I never wronged an English ship,
But Turk, and King of Spain,
And the jovial Dutchman,
As I met on the main.
If I had known your king
But one two years before,
I would have saved brave Essex' life,
Whose death did grieve me sore.

'Go tell the King of England,
Go tell him thus from me,
If he reign king of all the land,
I will reign king at sea.'

With that the gallant Rainbow shot,
And shot, and shot in vain,
And left the rover's company,
And returned home again.

'Our royal king of England,
Your ship's returned again,
For Ward's ship is so strong
It never will be ta'en.'
'O Everlasting,' says our king,
'I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the seas,
And brought proud Ward to me!

'The first was Lord Clifford,
Earl of Cumberland;
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand;
The third was brave Essex,
From field would never flee,
Which would agone unto the seas,
And brought proud Ward to me.'

LADY GREENSLEEVES.

[From *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584. The full title is *A New Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Greensleeves.* Independently of its merits as a lyric, it is extremely curious as a picture of costume, embracing a complete description of the wardrobe of a lady in the time of Elizabeth. It was written to the popular tune of *Greensleeves*, alluded to by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5. The music of the air will be found in Mr. Chappell's *Ancient English Melodies.* This piece was reprinted by Mr. Fairholt, in his excellent collection of *Songs and Poems on Costume*, published by the Percy Society.]

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight:
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously:
And I have lovèd you so long,
Delighting in your company!
Greensleeves, &c.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both wagèd life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought three kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept them, both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously:
Thy petticoat of sendall* right;
And this I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedeckèd sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

* A thin silk.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,*
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye:
No better wore the burgess' wives:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by;
Which made thee be our harvest queen:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy garters fringèd with the gold,
And silver aglets† hanging by;
Which made thee blithe for to behold:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

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* 'Purses,' says Mr. Fairholt, 'have been worn, by ladies, at the girdle from the earliest times, and knives were added in the sixteenth century, and were contained in chased and jewelled cases of much value.' The custom of wearing pen-knives hanging from the waist is often alluded to. Thus in the old Scotch legend of *Glasgerion*:—

'Oh! then it was your lithe foot-page,
He hath beguilèd me;'
Then she pulled out a little pen-knife
That hangèd by her knee.'

See also *The Jew's Daughter*, *post*, p. 190. The custom was not confined to ladies. In the ballad of *Young Johnstone*, published by Finlay, we find the following passage:—

'But young Johnstone had a wee pen-knife,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he ritted it through his dear ladie,
And wounded her sae sair.'

Mr. Finlay explains the word gair as 'a piece of cloth inserted into a garment to widen it'—which would be equivalent to the English word gore. It was generally, however, used in the sense of gear, signifying the whole dress.

† A lace with tags.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever likèd thee;
No lady ever was so brave:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

My men were clothèd all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly,
To cheer thy stomach from all woes:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music, still to play and sing:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou didst spend when pleasèd thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainest to love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Well! I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

TRUTH'S INTEGRITY.

[THE full title of this charming ballad is *Truth's Integrity; or, a Curious Northern Ditty, called Love will find out the way.* Dr. Percy published a fragment of it, consisting of four stanzas of the first part, and an interpolated verse, from a modern and incorrect copy. The following is taken from a black-letter copy, reprinted in Evan's *Old Ballads*, iii. 282.]

FIRST PART.

OVER the mountains,
And under the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
But if Love come he will enter,
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child of his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse;

But if he whom Love doth honour,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind,
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind;
But if he were hidden,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if you so call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
Stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the east;
With fear the tiger's moved,
To give over their prey,
But never stop a lover,
He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
And nations thereabout,
Brave Guy, Earl of Warwick,
That champion so stout,
With his warlike behaviour,
Through the world he did stray.
To win his Phillis' favour,
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
Bevis so brave,
After adventures
And policy brave,
To see whom he desired,
His Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired,
Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot,
Which true lovers knit,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it;
Make use of your inventions,
Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions,
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar
Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may,
Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
And greatest emperors,
In any provinces,
Such is Love's power,
There is no resisting,
But him to obey;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare;
Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

SADDLE TO RAGS.

[PRINTED for the first time in the collection of *Ancient Poems, &c.*, published by the Percy Society. 'No ballad,' says Mr. Dixon, 'is better known in the dales of Yorkshire than *Saddle to Rags*. It has long enjoyed an extensive popularity. The copy here given was taken down from the singing of a 'genuine Yorkshire yeoman.' The plot is common in different forms to other ballads, but they are all inferior to this version.]

THIS story I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man
That was going to pay his rent.
With a till da dill, till a dill, dill,
Till a dill, dill a dill, dee,
Sing fal de dill, dill de dill, dill,
Fal de dill, dill de dill, dee.

As he was a-riding along,
Along all on the highway,
A gentleman-thief overtook him,
And thus unto him did say:

'O, well overtaken old man,
O, well overtaken,' said he.
'Thank you kindly, sir,' says the old man
'If you be for my companie.'

'How far are you going this way?'
It made the old man to smile;
'To tell you the truth, kind sir,
I'm just a going twa mile.

'I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

'But my landlord's not been at hame,—
I've not seen him twelve month or more;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore.'

'You should not have told any body,
For thieves there are ganging many:
If they were to light upon you
They would rob you of every penny.'

'O! never mind,' says the old man,
'Thieves I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride.'

As they were a-riding along,
And riding a-down a ghyll,
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many;
He flung his old saddle o'er t' hedge,
And said, 'Fetch it, if thou'lt have any.'

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride,
He set the thief's horse in a gallop,—
You need not bid th' old man ride!

'O, stay! O, stay!' says the thief,
'And thou half my share shalt have;'
'Nay, marry, not I,' quoth the old man,
'For once I've bitten a knave!'

This thief he was not content,
He thought there *must* be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man galloped and rode,
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

He opened this rogue's portmantle,
It was glorious for to behold;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

His landlord it made him to stare,
When he did the sight behold;
'Where did thou get the white money,
And where get the yellow gold?'

'I met a fond fool by the way,
I swapped horses, and gave him no boot;
But never mind,' says the old man,
'I got a fond fool by the foot.'

'But now you're grown cramped and old,
Nor fit for to travel about:'
'O, never mind,' says the old man,
'I can give these old bones a root!'

As he was a-riding hame,
And a-down a narrow lane,
He spied his mare tied to a tree,
And said, 'Tib, thou'lt now gae hame.'

And when that he got hame,
And told his old wife what he'd done;
She rose and she donned her clothes,
And about the house did run.

She sung, and she danced, and sung,
And she sung with a merry devotion,
'If ever our daughter gets wed,
It will help to enlarge her portion!'

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

[THIS most capital picture of contrasted manners was evidently written in the time of James I. The previous age of Elizabeth is compared with that of her successor, when the wealth, formerly expended in the maintenance of country hospitalities, came to be squandered upon town pleasures and new-fangled fashions. The allusion to the 'new titles of honor' probably refer to the creation of the order of baronets by James I. in 1611. This ballad was printed by Percy from a black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection, collated with another of the date of 1660.]

AN old song made by an agèd old pate, [estate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages,
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study filled with learnèd old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks;
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old [cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a man [dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel full of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but on his own grounds,

Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand good [pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the bountiful old mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours to be kind; [inclined;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor [stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping, or care,
Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's [hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney wherein burns neither coal nor wood, [ne'er stood;
And a new smooth shovel board whereon no victuals
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook to devise kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone, [John,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat, [neat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman whose dressing is very
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

THE BONNY HIND SQUIRE.

[The only place in which we have met with this ballad is Mr. Dixon's collection, where it is inserted as a fragment. The story is obscure, but the manner is quaint and poetical.]

ONCE there was a bonny hind squire
Appeared in a ladye's ha';
And aye she walkèd up and doun,
Lookin' o'er her castle wa'.

'What is your wills wi' me, kind sir?'
What is your wills wi' me?
'My wills are sma' wi' thee, ladye,
My wills are sma' wi' thee;

'For here I stan' a courtier,
And a courtier come to thee,
For if ye will not grant me your luve,
For thy sake I will dee.'

'If you dee for my sake,' she says,
'Few for you will make mane;
Many better's died for my sake,
Their graves are growin' green.

'You appear to be some fause young man,
You wear your hat so wide;
You appear to be some fause young man
You wear your boots so side.

'An askin', askin', sir,' she said,
'An askin' ye'll grant me;'
'Ask on, ask on, ladye,' he said,
'What may your askin' be?'

'What's the first thing in flower,' she said,
'That springs in muir or dale?
What's the neist bird that sings,' she says
'Unto the nightingale?
Or what is the finest thing,' she says,
'That king or queen can wile?'

'The primrose is the first in flower,
That springs in muir or dale;
The thristle-throat is the neist that sings
Unto the nightingale.
And yellow gowd is the finest thing
That king or queen can wile.

'You have asked many questions, ladye,
I've you as many told:
But how many pennies roun'
Mak' a hundred pound i' gold?

'How many sma' fishes
Do swim the salt seas roun'?
Or what's the seemliest sight you'll see
Into a May mornin'?'

* * * * *

'There's ale into the birken's cale,
Wine in the horn green;
There's gowd in the king's bannèr
When he is fightin' keen.'

'You may be my match, kind sir,' she said,
'You may be my match and more;
There ne'er was ane came such a length
Wi' my father's heir before.

'My father's lord o' nine castles,
Nae body heir but me.'
'Your father's lord o' nine castles,
Your mother's ladye o' three,

'Your father's heir o' nine castles,
An' ye are heir to three;
For I am William, thy ae brither,
That died ayont the sea.'

'If ye be William, my ae brither,
This nicht O weel is me;
If ye be William, my ae brither,
This nicht I'll gae wi' thee.'

'For no, for no, Jolly* Janet,' he says,
For no, that canna be;
Ye've o'er foul feet, and ill washen hands
To be in my compnaie.

* *Jolie.*—Fr.

'For the wee wee worms are my bed fellows,
And the clay-cauld is my sheet;
And the hicher that the wins do blaw
The souner I do sleip.

'Leave aff your pride, Jolly Janet,' he says,
'Use it not any more;
Or when ye come where I hae been
Ye will repent it sore.

'When ye gae in at yon church door,
The red gowd on your hair;
Mair will look at your yallow locks
Than look on the Lord's Prayer.

'When ye gae in at yon church door,
The red gowd on your croun;
When ye come where I hae been
Ye'll wear it laigher doun.'

The bonny hind squire he went away,
In the twinklin' o' an eye,
An' the ladye left sorrowfu' behin',
Wi' mony a bitter cry.

THE MERMAID.

[From Mr. Finlay's collection of *Scottish Ballads*, published in 1808. 'This beautiful piece of poetry,' says the editor, 'was recovered from the recitation of a lady, who heard it sung by the servants in her father's family, above fifty years ago.' It is believed, notwithstanding some modern expressions, to be very ancient, and was formerly popular on the Carrick coast of Ayrshire. There is another ballad of the same name, but very different in character, written by Dr. Leyden, and published by Sir Walter Scott in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.]

TO yon fause stream that, near the sea,
Hides mony an elf and plum,*
And rives wi' fearful din the stanes,
A witless knicht did come.

The day shines clear—far in he's gane
Whar shells are silver bright,
Fishes war loupin' a' aroun',
And sparklin' to the light.

Whan, as he laved, sounds cam sae sweet
Frae ilka rock an' tree;
The brief† was out, 'twas him it doomed
The mermaid's face to see.

Frae 'neath a rock, sune, sune she rose,
And stately on she swam,
Stopped i' the midst, and becked and sang
To him to stretch his han'.

Gowden glist the yellow links
That round her neck she'd twine;
Her een war o' the skyie blue,
Her lips did mock the wine;

The smile upon her bonnie cheek
Was sweeter than the bee;
Her voice excelled the birdie's sang
Upon the birchen tree.

Sae couthie, couthie did she look,
And meikle had she fleeched;‡
Out shot his hand—alas! alas!
Fast in the swirl he screeched.

---

* Mr. Finlay alters this line, which, he says, he does not understand, to—

'Hides many a shelve and plum.'

But in a stream where kelpies are introduced it does not seem to present any difficulty. Plum is a deep hole in a river.

† This word cannot, of course, be taken here in its literal sense—a writing. It means that the sentence, or doom, had gone forth.

‡ Flattered.

The mermaid leuch, her brief was gane,
And kelpie's blast was blawin',
Fu' low she duked, ne'er raise again,
For deep, deep was the fawin'.

Aboon the stream his wraith was seen,
Warlochs tirled lang at gloamin';
That e'en was coarse, the blast blew hoarse,
Ere lang the waves war foamin'.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

[THIS wild rhyme was first published in Herd's collection. It was reprinted by Ritson and Finlay, and is probably one of the most ancient of the Scottish legends. There is a Northumbrian poem on the same subject amongst the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum, entitled *Als y yod on ay Mounday*, ascribed to the time of Edward I. or II. by Ritson, who supposes it to be the original of this singular fragment. It is much longer, and more complete in structure, but wholly inferior in poetical interest.]

AS I was walking all alane
Between a water and a wa',
And there I spied a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's* length,
And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.

* Various etymologies have been proposed for this word. It has been explained a measure of six inches in length, or the fist with the thumb turned up. 'It appears to me,' observes Mr. Finlay, 'to be a relic of the Celtic language in the Lowlands, and still to exist, in a varied form, in one of its dialects; the Bretonne, *scalf*, at least, is thus explained by Pelletier:—' Separation de tout ce qui se devise en forme de fourche. *Scalf au dorn*, separation du pouce d'avec les autres doights, mot à mot, separation de la main.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang 't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften 't to my knee.

'O, wee wee man, but thou art strong!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?'
'My dwelling's down by yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see?'

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp* and sma';
But in the twinkling of an ee,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

[In the middle ages, many stories similar to that related in the following ballad were circulated against the Jews, who were, in consequence, exposed to heavy fines and persecutions.

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* Conveying the same meaning as jim, or jimmy—neat, slender, elegant.

The *Prioress's Tale* in Chaucer is founded upon one of these old legends. The ballad probably refers to the murder of a child at Lincoln in 1256, for which some Jews were tried and executed, and their goods confiscated. The details of the case are collected in Michel's *Hugues de Lincoln*, published in Paris in 1834. Mr. King suggests that the Mirry land toune of the ballad is probably a corruption of merry Lincoln. Percy conjectures that the story is built on an Italian legend; that Mirry land toune is a corruption of Milan town, and that Pa is the river Po, although the introduction of the Po in connection with Milan involves a geographical blunder. There is a tradition of the same kind on the Rhine.]

THE rain rins down through Mirry land toune,
Sae does it down the Pa;
Sae does the lads of Mirry land toune
When they play at the ba.

Then out and came the Jew's daughter
Said, 'Will ye come in and dine?'
'I winna come in, I canna come in
Without my play-feres nine.'

She pulled an apple red and white,
To entice the young thing in;
She pulled an apple white and red
And that the sweet bairn did win.

And she has ta'en out a little penknife
Hanging low down by her gair,*
She has twined the young thing of his life,
A word he never spake mair.

And out and came the thick thick bluid,
And out and came the thin;
And out and came the bonny heart's bluid—
There was nae life left in.

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* See *ante*, p. 172.

She laid him on a dressing board
And drest him like a swine—
And laughing said, 'Gae now and play
With your sweet play-feres nine.'

She rowed him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep—
She cast him in a deep draw-well
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung
And every lady went hame;
Then ilka lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She rowed her mantell her about,
And sair, sair, 'gan she weep—
And she ran into the Jew's castell,
When they were all asleep.

'My bonny Sir Hugh—my pretty Sir Hugh—
I pray thee to me speak'—
'Oh lady run to the deep draw-well
Gin ye your son wad seek.'

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
'My bonny Sir Hugh, an ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me.'

'The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deep—
A keen penknife sticks in my heart,
A word I downa speak.

'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Fetch me my winding sheet,
And at the back of Mirry land toune
It's there we twa shall meet.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

['THIS fragment,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, which was fatal to Johnnie Armstrong, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders.' Cockburne, says tradition, was surprised by the king while he was sitting at dinner. Some vestiges of the castle of Henderland still remain at the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the lake of St. Mary in Selkirkshire. A mountain torrent rushes impetuously through a rocky chasm, called the Dow-glen, and passes near the site of the tower. The wife of Cockburne is said to have fled to the recesses of the glen during the execution of her husband, hoping to drown the cries of the soldiery in the roar of the cataract. The solitary spot is still called the Lady's Seat. A large stone, broken in three parts, marks the place where both husband and wife were buried, in the old grave-yard of the chapel. The following inscription is visible on its surface: 'Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and his wyfe Marjory.']

MY love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' a lilye flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away,
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight

He slew my knight, to me so dear;
He slew my knight, and poined* his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

* Impounded.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat,
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod so green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
Think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY

[ACCORDING to local tradition, the scene of this ballad was the castle of Newark upon Yarrow, where Murray is said to have been killed by Buccleuch, or one of his clan, on a little mount, covered with fir-trees, in his own garden. The mount is still called the 'slain man's lee;' and human bones have been dug up there within the present century. Sir Walter Scott thinks this tradition improbable, as Newark was always a royal fortress. There is another version of the story, which removes the spot to a place beneath the castle, where Murray was standing when the fatal arrow was shot by Scott of Haining, from the ruins of a cottage on the opposite side of the river. A still more likely locality than either of these was the old tower of Hangingshaw, the seat of the Philiphaugh family, now demolished, which stood in a secluded situation on another part of the river, where a friend of Sir

Walter Scott's remembered having seen the insignia of the unicorns, mentioned in the ballad. 'When the mountains round Hangingshaw,' says Sir Walter, 'were covered with the wild copse which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure stronghold for an outlawed baron can scarcely be imagined.' The ballad is supposed to have been written some time in the reign of James V. It commemorates one of the many feuds which arose between the Crown and the holders of land in the royal demesne of the Forest of Ettrick, who frequently refused allegiance to the sovereign, and maintained their occupancy by force.]

ETTRICKE FORESTE is a feir foreste
In it grows manie a semelie trie;
There's hart and hynd, and dae and rae,
And of a' wilde bestis grete plentie.

There's a feir castelle, bigged wi' lyme and stane;
O! gin it stands not pleasauntlie!
In the fore front o' that castelle feir,
Twa unicorns are bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie.*

There an outlaw kepis five hundred men;
He keepis a royalle cumpanie!
His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Lincome grene sae gaye to see;
He and his ladye in purple clad,
O! gin they lived not royallie!

Word is gane to our nobil king,
In Edinburgh where that he lay,
That there was an outlaw in Ettricke Foreste,
Counted him nought, nor a' his courtrie gay.

* Brow.

'I make a vowe,' then the gude king said,
'Unto the man that deir bought me,
I'se either be king of Ettricke Foreste,
Or king of Scotlande that outlaw sall be!'

Then spake the lord hight Hamilton,
And to the nobil king said he,
'My sovereign prince, sum counsell take,
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

'I redd ye, send yon braw outlaw till,
And see gif your man cum will he:
Desyre him cum and be your man,
And hald of you yon Foreste frie.

'Gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he!
Or else, we'll throw his castell down,
And make a widowe o' his gaye ladye.'

The king then called a gentleman, [he;*)
James Boyd (the Earle of Arran his brother was
When James he cam before the king,
He knelit before him on his kne.

'Wellcum, James Boyd!' said our nobil king,
'A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun hye to Ettricke Foreste,
To yon outlaw, where bydeth he:

---

* Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran, was forfeited, with his father and uncle, in 1469, for an attempt on the person of James III. He had a son, James, who was restored, and in favour with James IV. about 1482. If this be the person here meant, we should read—

'The Earl of Arran his *son* was he.'

Glenriddel's copy reads—

'A Highland laird I'm sure was he.'

Reciters sometimes call the messenger the Laird of Skene.—S.

'Ask him of whom he haldis his landis,
Or man, wha may his master be,
And desyre him cum, and be my man
And hald of me yon Foreste frie.

'To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
His safe warrant I shall gie;
And gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he.

'Thou mayst vow I'll cast his castell down,
And mak a widowe o' his gaye ladye;
I'll hang his merryemen, payr by payr,
In ony frith where I may them see.'

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the nobil king,
To Ettricke Foreste feir cam he;
Down Birkendale Brae when that he cam,
He saw the feir Foreste wi' his ee.*

Baith dae and rae, and harte and hynde,
And of a' wilde bestis great plentie;
He heard the blows that bauldly ring,
And arrows whidderan' hym near bi.

Of that feir castell he got a sight;
The like he neir saw wi' his ee!
On the fore front o' that castell feir,
Twa unicorns were gaye to see;
The picture of a knight, and ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie.

Thereat he spyed five hundred men,
Shuting with bows on Newark Lee;
They were a' in ae livery clad,
O' the Lincome grene sae gaye to see.

* Birkendale Brae, now commonly called *Birkendailly*, is a steep descent on the south side of Minch-moor, which separates Tweeddale from Ettrick Forest; and from the top of which we have the first view of the woods of Hangingshaw, the Castle of Newark, and the romantic dale of Yarrow.—S.

His men were a' clad in the grene,
The knight was armèd capapie,
With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed;
And I wot they ranked right bonnilie.

Thereby Boyd kend he was master man,
And served him in his ain degre.
'God mot thee save, brave outlaw Murray!
Thy ladye, and all thy chyvalrie!'
'Marry, thou's wellcum, gentleman,
Some king's messenger thou seemis to be.'

'The king of Scotlonde sent me here,
And, gude outlaw, I am sent to thee;
I wad wot of whom ye hald your landis,
Or man, wha may thy master be?'

'Thir landis are MINE!' the outlaw said;
'I ken na king in Christentie;
Frae Soudrón I this Foreste wan,
When the king nor his knightis were not to see.'

'He desyres you'l cum to Edinburgh,
And hauld of him this Foreste fre;
And, gif ye refuse to do this,
He'll conquess baith thy landis and thee.
He hath vowed to cast thy castell down,
And mak a widowe o' thy gaye ladye;

'He'll hang thy merryemen, payr by payr,
In ony frith where he may them finde.'
'Ay, by my troth!' the outlaw said,
'Than waulde I thinke me far behinde.

'Ere the king my feir countrie get,
This land that's nativest to me!
Mony o' his nobilis sall be cauld,
Their ladyes sall be right wearie.'

Then spak his ladye, feir of face,
She seyd, 'Without consent of me,
That an outlaw suld come befor a king;
I am right rad* of treasonrie.
Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame,
For Edinburgh my lord sall nevir see.'

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the outlaw kene,
To Edinburgh boun is he;
When James he cam before the king,
He knelit lowlie on his kne.

'Wellcum, James Boyd!' seyd our nobil king;
'What foreste is Ettricke Foreste frie?'
'Ettricke Foreste is the feirest foreste
That evir man saw wi' his ee.

'There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,
And of a' wild bestis grete plentie;
There's a pretty castell of lyme and stane,
O! gif it standis not pleasauntlie!

'There's in the fore front o' that castell,
Twa unicorns, sae bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
Wi' the grene hollin abune their brie.

'There the outlaw keepis five hundred men,
He keepis a royalle cumpanie!
His merryemen in ae livery clad,
O' the Lincome grene sae gaye to see:
He and his ladye in purple clad;
O! gin they live not royallie!

'He says, yon Foreste is his awin;
He wan it frae the Southronie;
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,
Contrair all kingis in Christentie.'

---

* Afraid.

'Gar warn me Perthshire, and Angus baith;
Fife up and downe, and Louthians three,
And graith my horse!' said our nobil king,
'For to Ettricke Foreste hie will I me.'

Then word is gane the outlaw till,
In Ettricke Foreste, where dwelleth he,
That the king was cuming to his cuntrie,
To conquess baith his landis and he.

'I mak a vow,' the outlaw said,
'I mak a vow, and that trulie,
Were there but three men to tak my pairt
Yon king's cuming full deir suld be!'

Then messengers he callèd forth,
And bade them hie them speedilye—
'Ane of ye gae to Halliday,
The Laird of the Corehead is he.

'He certain is my sister's son;
Bid him cum quick and succour me!
The king cums on for Ettricke Foreste,
And landless men we a' will be.'

'What news? What news?' said Halliday
'Man, frae thy master unto me?'
'Not as ye wad; seeking your aide;
The king's his mortal enemie.'

'Ay, by my troth!' said Halliday,
'Even for that it repenteth me;
For gif he lose feir Ettricke Foreste,
He'll tak feir Moffatdale frae me.

'I'll meet him wi' five hundred men,
And surely mair, if mae may be;
And before he gets the Foreste feir,
We a' will die on Newark Lee!

The outlaw called a messenger,
And bid him hie him speedilye,
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool—
'That man's a deir cousin to me;
Desyre him cum, and make me aide,
With a' the power that he may be.

'It stands me hard,' Andrew Murray said,
'Judge gif it stand na hard wi' me;
To enter against a king wi' crown,
And set my landis in jeopardie!
Yet, if I cum not on the day,
Surely at night he sall me see.'

To Sir James Murray of Traquair,
A message came right speedilye—
'What news? What news?' James Murray said,
'Man, frae thy master unto me?'

'What neids I tell? for weel ye ken
The king's his mortal enemie;
And now he is cuming to Ettricke Foreste,
And landless men ye a' will be.'

'And, by my trothe,' James Murray said,
'Wi' that outlaw will I live and die;
The king has gifted my landis lang syne—
It cannot be nae warse wi' me.'

The King was cuming thro' Caddon Ford,*
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the derke Foreste them before,
They thought it awsome for to see.

Then spak the lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the nobil king said he,
'My sovereign liege, sum council tak,
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

* A ford on the Tweed, at the mouth of the Caddon Burn, near Yair.

'Desyre him mete thee at Permanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
Five erles sall gang yoursell befor,
Gude cause that you suld honoured be.

'And, gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he;
There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Hald land in Ettricke Foreste free.'

Then spak the kene Laird of Buckscleuth,
A stalworthe man, and sterne was he—
'For a king to gang an outlaw till,
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.

'The man that wons yon Foreste intill,
He lives by reif and felonie!
Wherefore, brayd on, my sovereign liege,
Wi' fire and sword we'll follow thee;
Or, gif your courtrie lords fa' back,
Our Borderers sall the onset gie.'

Then out and spak the nobil king,
And round him cast a wilie ee—
'Now, haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speak of reif nor felonie:
For, had every honest man his awin kye,
A right puir clan thy name wad be!'

The king then called a gentleman,
Royal banner-bearer there was he;
James Hoppringle of Torsonse, by name;
He cam and knelit upon his kne.

'Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
A message ye maun gang for me:
Ye maun gae to yon outlaw Murray,
Surely where bauldly bideth he.

'Bid him mete me at Permanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
Five erles sall cum wi' mysell,
Gude reason I suld honoured be,

'And gif he refuses to do that,
Bid him luke for nae good o' me!
There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Hald land in Ettricke Foreste free.'

James cam before the outlaw kene,
And served him in his ain degre—
'Węllcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
What message frae the king to me?'

'He bids ye meet him at Permanscore,*
And bring four in your cumpany;
Five erles sall gang himself befor,
Nae mair in number will he be.

'And gif ye refuse to do that,
(I freely here upgive wi' thee,)
He'll cast yon bonny castle down,
And make a widowe o' that gay ladye.

'He'll loose yon bluidhound Borderers,
Wi' fire and sword to follow thee;
There will nevir a Murray, after thysell,
Hald land in Ettricke Foreste free.'

It stands me hard,' the outlaw said;
'Judge if it stands na hard wi' me,
Wha reck not losing of mysell,
But a' my offspring after me.

My merryemen's lives, my widowe's teirs—
There lies the pang that pinches me;
When I am straught in bluidie eard,
Yon castell will be right dreirie.

* Permanscore is a very remarkable hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills, dividing the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, a little to the eastward of Minch-moor. It is the outermost point of the lands of Broadmeadows.—S

'Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye sall be twa to gang wi' me;
Andrew Murray, and Sir James Murray
We'll be nae mae in cumpanie.'—

When that they cam before the king,
They fell before him on their kne—
'Grant mercie, mercie, nobil king!
E'en for his sake that dyed on tree.

'Sicken like mercie sall ye have;
On gallows ye sall hangit be!'
'Over God's forbode,' quoth the outlaw then,
'I hope your grace will bettir be!
Else, ere you come to Edinburgh port,
I trow thin guarded sall ye be.'

'Thir landis of Ettricke Foreste fair,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kingis in Christentie.'

All the nobilis the king about,
Said pitie it were to see him dee—
'Yet grant me mercie, sovereign prince,
Extend your favour unto me!

'I'll give thee the keys of my castell,
Wi' the blessing o' my gay ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me sheriffe of this Foreste,
And a' my offspring after me.'

'Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,
Wi' the blessing of thy gaye ladye?
I'se make thee sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the tree;
If you be not traitour to the king,
Forfaulted sall thou nevir be.'

'But, Prince, what sall cum o' my men?
When I gae back, traitour they'll ca' me.
I had rather lose my life and land,
Ere my merryemen rebukèd me.'

'Will your merryemen amend their lives?
And a' their pardons I grant thee—
Now, name thy landis where'er they lie,
And here I RENDER them to thee.'

'Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,
And Lewinshope still mine shall be;
Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

'And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lee and Hanginshaw;*
I have mony steads in the Foreste schaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw.'

The keys of the castell he gave the king,
Wi' the blessing o' his feir ladye;
He was made sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the tree;
And if he was na traitour to the king,
Forfaulted he suld never be.

Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Sicken an outlaw in his degre,
Sic favour get befor a king, [free?
As did the OUTLAW MURRAY of the Foreste

---

* In this and the following verse, the ceremony of feudal investiture is supposed to be gone through, by the outlaw resigning his possessions into the hands of the king, and receiving them back, to be held of him as superior. The lands of Philiphaugh are still possessed by the outlaw's representative. Hangingshaw and Lewinshope were sold of late years. Newark, Foulshiels, and Tinnies have long belonged to the family of Buccleuch.—S.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

[THIS pathetic lament has been supposed to refer to the death in battle of an adherent of the house of Argyle; but it is more probable, from the description with which it opens, that it relates to the assassination of Campbell of Calder, arising out of a feud with Campbell of Ardinglas, in consequence of the former having been appointed guardian to the young Earl of Argyle. Ardinglas procured the services of a man to carry out his vengeance. 'The deed was committed with a hackbut, supplied by Ardinglas; and the fatal shot was fired at night, through one of the windows of the house of Knepoch in Lorn, at the unsuspecting Calder, who fell, pierced through the heart with three bullets.'—Gregory's *Western Highlands.*]

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled,
And gallant rade he;
Hame came his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,
And out cam his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom* hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

* Empty.

'My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn:
My barn is to big,*
And my babies unborn.'
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom home cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

THE CRUEL SISTER.

[The text of this ballad is taken from the *Border Minstrelsy*. It differs essentially from other versions, and was compiled by Sir Walter Scott from fragments obtained from Scotch and Irish sources. The burthen of this version is the most popular in Scotland; but there is another burthen which is not deficient in a certain lyrical wildness, peculiarly suited to the strange character of the story:—

'There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Edinborough, Edinborough;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Stirling for aye;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny St. Johnston stands upon Tay.'

The burthen of the Irish version, taken down from recitation by Miss Brooke, the editor of the *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, runs thus:—

'O sister, sister, reach thy hand!
Hey ho, my Nanny, O;
And you shall be heir of all my land,
While the swan swims bonny, O.']

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie,† O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

---

* Build. † Pronounced Binnòrie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
'Will ye go and see our father's ship come in?'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest came and pushed her in;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'O sister, sister, reach your hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And ye shall be heir of half my land;'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And I'll be heir of all your land;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
It's twined me, and my world's make.'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'O sister, reach me but your glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall be your love.'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall better be my love;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Garred me gang maiden evermore.'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Until she cam to the miller's dam;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan;'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drowned woman;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sighed and made a heavy moan;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie;

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'O yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie:
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William, sweet and true.'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was 'Woe to my sister, false Helèn!'
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

LORD RANDAL.

['THE hero of this ballad,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is more generally termed Lord Ronald; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy for calling him Randal; because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and Governor of Scotland.' The conjecture is a little strained. Thomas Randolph died at Musselburgh in 1332, and the Scottish historians assert that he was poisoned by the English. The hero of the ballad is described to have come by his death from the hand of his mistress.]

'O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O whre heae ye been, my handsome young man?'
'I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie doun.'

'Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?'
'I dined wi' my true love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie doun.'

'What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?'
'I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie doun.'

'What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?'
'O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie doun.'

'O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!'
'O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie doun.'

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

[FRAGMENTS of this ballad are known under other names, the most popular of which is that entitled *Love Gregory* The first complete text, from which the following is taken was published by Sir Walter Scott. Lochroyan is in Galloway. The enchanted castle of the ballad, situated on the sea, is probably one of those ancient structures whose ruins may yet be seen on the rocky coast of Ayrshire and Galloway.]

'O WHA will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

'O wha will kame my yellow hair,
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Lord Gregory come hame?'

'Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till Lord Gregory come to land.

'Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till Lord Gregory come hame.'

'But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me.'

Syne she's gar'd build a bonny boat,
To sail the salt, salt sea;
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows* o' taffety.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robbèr,
And a' his company.

'Now whether are ye the queen hersell,
(For so ye weel might be,)
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory?'

'O I am neither the queen,' she said,
'Nor sic I seem to be;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory.'

* Ropes.

'O see na thou yon bonny bower,
It's a' covered o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within.'

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing* wave,
Built on a rock of height;

Says—'Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land!
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt-sea strand.'

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud crièd she—
'Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free!'

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane:
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

'O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin.'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood.'

'I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan;
O open the door to me!'

* Dashing.

'Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she,)
Now tell me some o' the love tokèns
That past between thee and me.'

'O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingèrs,
And I can show thee thine?

'O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

'And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twined me o' my maidenheid
Right sair against my will?

'Now, open the door, Lord Gregory!
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day.'

'If thou be the Lass o' Lochroyan,
(As I kenna thou be,)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokèns
Past between me and thee.'

Fair Annie turned her round about—
'Weel! since that it be sae,
May never a woman that has borne a son,
Hae a heart sae fou o' wae!

'Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd!
Set up a mast o' tree!
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie.'

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

'Oh I hae dreamed a dream, mother
I wish it may prove true!
That the bonny Lass o' Lochroyan
Was at the gate e'en now.

'O I hae dreamed a dream, mother.
The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie o' Lochroyan
Lay cauld dead at my feet.'

'Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at your door,
But I true she wad na in.'

'O wae betide ye, ill woman!
An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me.'

O he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

'And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
O Annie, winna ye bide!'
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

'And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
Dear Annie, speak to me!'
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashed the boat on shore;
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And syne he kissed her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

'O wae betide my cruel mothèr!
An ill death may she die!
She turned my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

'O wae betide my cruel mothèr!
An ill death may she die!
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me.'

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOW.

[This ballad is taken from the Roxburghe collection in the British Museum. It was certainly popular early in the seventeenth century: see Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, iii. 3, where it is introduced by the Fiddler. A novel founded on it was published in Bristol, where it enjoyed great celebrity, and was frequently reprinted down to the end of the last century.]

THE FIRST PART.

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love, [town,
Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristow
Whose firm affection nothing could move;
This favour bears the lovely brown.

A gallant youth was dwelling by, [will;
Which many years had borne this lady great good
She lovèd him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expel
To view strange countries he intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his fair and constant Maudlin,
With music sweet that did excel
He plays under her window then.

'Farewell,' quoth he, 'mine own true love,
Farewell, my dear, and chiefest treasure of my heart!
Through fortune's spite, that false did prove,
I am inforced from thee to part

Into the land of Italy:
There will I wail, and weary out my days in woe;
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortal foe.

'Fair Bristow town, therefore, adieu,
For Padua shall be my habitation now;
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.'

With trickling tears this he did sing, [sore:
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full
He said, when he his hands did wring,
'Farewell, sweet love, for evermore!'

Fair Maudlin, from a window high,
Beholding her true love with music where he stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents' angry mood.

In tears she spent this doleful night,
Wishing, though naked, with her faithful friend:
She blames her friends, and fortune's spite,
That wrought their loves such luckless end.

And in her heart she made a vow
Clean to forsake her country and her kinsfolk all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early she did rise:
She gets her down in a lower room,
Where sundry seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all,
The master of a fair and goodly ship was he,
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speak with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand,
'Good sir,' said she, 'would you speak with any here?'
Quoth he, 'Fair maid, therefore I stand:'
'Then, gentle sir, I pray you to draw near.'

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moan.

She falls upon her tender knee:
'Good sir,' she said, 'now pity you a woman's woe,
And prove a faithful friend to me,
That I my grief to you may show.'

'Sith you repose your trust,' he said,
'To me that am unknown, and eke a stranger here,
Be you assured, most proper maid,
Most faithful still I will appear.'

'I have a brother, then,' quoth she,
'Whom as my life I love and favour tenderly:
In Padua, alas! is he,
Full sick, God wot, and like to die.

'And fain I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yield to let me go;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour show.

'Some ship-boy's garment bring to me,
That I disguised may go away from hence unknown;
And unto sea I'll go with thee,
If thus much favour may be shown.'

'Fair maid,' quoth he, 'take here my hand:
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require.'

She gave him then a tender kiss,
'And faith, your servant, gallant master, will I be,
And prove your faithful friend for this,
Sweet master, then, forget not me.'

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soon after, early, before the break of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herself array:

And ere her father did arise,
She meets her master as he walks in the hall:
She did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, 'Our daughter is gone away!'

The merchant, thus amazed in mind,
'Yonder vile wretch inticed away my child,' quoth he;
'But well, I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy.'

With that bespake the master brave:
'Worshipful master, thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would have,
He will perform it, and write the truth.'

'Sweet youth,' quoth he, 'if it be so,
Bear me a letter to the English merchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow:
My daughter's welfare I do fear.'

Her mother takes her by the hand; [daughter see,
'Fair youth,' quoth she, 'if there thou dost my
Let me thereof soon understand,
And there is twenty crowns for thee.'

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when she spake unto her child;
And after her master straightway she hies,
Taking her leave with countenance mild.

Thus to the sea fair Maudlin is gone [wind;
With her gentle master: God send them a merry
Where we awhile must let them alone,
Till you the second part do find.

PART THE SECOND.

'Welcome, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter storms and tempests do arise:
The pleasant banks of Italy
We may behold with mortal eyes.'

'Thanks, gentle master,' then quoth she:
'A faithful friend in sorrow hast thou been;
If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankful heart shall well be seen.

Blest be the land that feeds my love!
Blest be the place whereas his person doth abide!
No trial will I stick to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tried.

'Now will I walk with joyful heart,
To view the town whereas my darling doth remain,
And seek him out in every part,
Until I do his sight attain.'

'And I,' quoth he, 'will not forsake
Sweet Maudlin in her sorrow up and down:
In wealth and woe thy part I'll take,
And bring thee safe to Padua town.'

And after many weary steps
In Padua they safely do arrive at last:
For very joy her heart it leaps;
She thinks not of her sorrows past.

Condemned to die he was, alas!
Except he would from his religion turn;
But rather than he would to mass,
In fiery flames he vowed to burn.

Now doth Maudlin weep and wail:
Her joy is changed to weeping, sorrow, grief and care;
But nothing could her plaints prevail,
For death alone must be his share.

She walks under the prison walls,
Where her true love doth lie and languish in distress;
Most wofully for food he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppress.

He sighs and sobs and makes great moan: [more,
'Farewell,' he said, 'sweet England, now for ever-
And all my friends that have me known
In Bristow town with wealth and store.

'But most of all farewell,' quoth he, [behind;
My own true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left
For never more shall I see thee;
Woe to thy father most unkind!

'How well were I, if thou wert here,
With thy fair hands to close these wretched eyes;
My torments easy would appear;
My soul with joy should scale the skies.'

When Maudlin heard her lover's moan,
Her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow fillèd was:
To speak with him no means is known,
Such grievous doom on him did pass.

Then she cast off her lad's attire;
A maiden's weed upon her back she seemly set:
To the judge's house she did enquire,
And there she did a service get.

She did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did herself behave,
With her in love her master fell;
His servant's favour he doth crave.

'Maudlin,' quoth he, 'my heart's delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despite;
A faithful friend I will be tried.

'Grant me thy love, fair maid,' quoth he,
And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise.'

'I have a brother, sir,' she said,
'For his religion is now condemned to die:
In loathsome prison he is laid,
Oppressed with grief and misery.

'Grant me my brother's life,' she said,
'And to you my love and liking I will give.
'That may not be,' quoth he, 'fair maid;
Except he turn, he cannot live.'

'An English friar there is,' she said,
'Of learning great and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soon the strife.'

Her master hearing this request,
The mariner in friar's weed she did array,
And to her love, that lay distressed,
She did a letter straight convey.

When he had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravished with sudden joy;
Where now she was full well he knew:
The friar likewise was not coy;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the friar charge,
His love should straight depart the land.

'Here is no place for her,' he said,
'But woful death and danger of her harmless life:
Professing truth I was betrayed,
And fearful flames must end my strife.

'For, ere I will my faith deny,
And swear myself to follow damned Antichrist,
I'll yield my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest.'

'O sir!' the gentle friar said, [life.
'For your sweet love recant, and save your wished
'A woful match,' quoth he, 'is made
Where Christ is lost to win a wife.'

When she had wrought all means that might
To save her friend, and that she saw it would not be,
Then of the judge she claimed her right,
To die the death as well as he.

When no persuasion could prevail,
Nor change her mind in any thing that she had said,
She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made.

And arm in arm most joyfully
These lovers twain unto the fire did go:
The mariner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood
The faithful friendship did in them remain,
They saved their lives; and afterward
To England sent them home again.

Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
And faithful lovers had now their heart's desire:
Their pains so well they did employ,
God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
And in merry Bristow arrived at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some
That heard the dangers they had past.

Her gentle master she desired
To be her father, and at the church to give her then:
It was fulfilled as she required,
Unto the joy of all good men.

BALLADS AND SONGS

OF THE

PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

In 1846, the Percy Society issued to its members a volume entitled *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, edited by Mr. James Henry Dixon. The sources drawn upon by Mr. Dixon are intimated in the following extract from his preface:—

> He who, in travelling through the rural districts of England, has made the road-side inn his resting-place, who has visited the lowly dwellings of the villagers and yeomanry, and been present at their feasts and festivals, must have observed that there are certain old poems, ballads, and songs, which are favourites with the masses, and have been said and sung from generation to generation.

This traditional, and, for the most part, unprinted literature,—cherished in remote villages, resisting everywhere the invasion of modern namby-pamby verse and jaunty melody, and possessing, in an historical point of view, especial value as a faithful record of the feelings, usages, and modes of life of the rural population,—had been almost wholly passed over amongst the antiquarian revivals which constitute one of the distinguishing features of the present age. While attention was successfully drawn to other forms of our early poetry, this peasant minstrelsy was scarcely touched, and might be considered unexplored ground. There was great difficulty in collecting materials which lay scattered so widely, and which could be procured in their genuine simplicity only from the people amongst whom they originated, and with whom they are as 'familiar as household words.' It was even still more difficult to find an editor who combined genial literary taste with the local knowledge of character, customs, and dialect, indispensable to the collation of such reliques; and thus, although their national interest was universally recognised, they were silently permitted to fall into comparative oblivion. To supply this manifest *desideratum*, Mr. Dixon compiled his volume for the Percy Society; and its pages, embracing only a selection from the rich stores he had gathered, abundantly exemplified that gentleman's remarkable qualifications for the labour he had undertaken. After stating in his preface that contributions from various quarters had accumulated so largely on his hands as to compel him to

omit many pieces he was desirous of preserving, he thus describes generally the contents of the work :—

In what we have retained will be found every variety,

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

from the moral poem and the religious dialogue,—

'The scrolls that teach us to live and to die,'—

to the legendary, the historical, or the domestic ballad; from the strains that enliven the harvest-home and festival, to the love-ditties which the country lass warbles, or the comic song with which the rustic sets the village hostel in a roar. In our collection are several pieces exceedingly scarce, and hitherto to be met with only in broadsides and chap-books of the utmost rarity; in addition to which we have given several others never before in print, and obtained by the editor and his friends, either from the oral recitation of the peasantry, or from manuscripts in the possession of private individuals.

The novelty of the matter, and the copious resources disclosed by the editor, acquired for the volume a popularity extending far beyond the limited circle to which it was addressed; and although the edition was necessarily restricted to the members of the Percy Society, the book was quoted not only by English writers, but by some of the most distinguished archæologists on the continent.

It had always been my intention to form a collection of local songs, illustrative of popular festivals, customs, manners, and dialects. As the merit of having anticipated, and, in a great measure, accomplished this project belongs exclusively to Mr. Dixon, so to that gentleman I have now the pleasure of tendering my acknowledgments for the means of enriching the Annotated Edition of the English Poets with a volume which, in some respects, is the most curious and interesting of the series.

Subsequently to the publication of his collection by the Percy Society, Mr. Dixon had amassed additional materials of great value; and, conscious that the work admitted of considerable improvement, both in the way of omission and augmentation, he resolved upon the preparation of a new edition. His reasons for rejecting certain portions of the former volume are stated in the following extract from a communication with which he has obliged me, and which may be considered as his own introduction to the ensuing pages.

The editor had passed his earliest years in a romantic mountain-district in the North of England, where old customs and manners, and old songs and ballads still linger. Under the influence of these associations, he imbibed a passionate love for peasant rhymes; having little notion at that time that the simple minstrelsy which afforded

him so much delight could yield hardly less pleasure to those who cultivated more artificial modes of poetry, and who knew little of the life of the peasantry. His collection was not issued without diffidence; but the result dissipated all apprehension as to the estimate in which these essentially popular productions are held. The reception of the book, indeed, far exceeded its merits; for he is bound in candour to say that it was neither so complete nor so judiciously selected as it might have been. Like almost all books issued by societies, it was got up in haste, and hurried through the press. It contained some things which were out of place in such a work, but which were inserted upon solicitations that could not have been very easily refused; and even where the matter was unexceptionable, it sometimes happened that it was printed from comparatively modern broadsides, for want of time to consult earlier editions. In the interval which has since elapsed, all these defects and short-comings have been remedied. Several pieces, which had no legitimate claims to the places they occupied, have been removed; others have been collated with more ancient copies than the editor had had access to previously; and the whole work has been considerably enlarged. In its present form it is strictly what its title-page implies—a collection of poems, ballads, and songs preserved by tradition, and in actual circulation, amongst the peasantry.

Bex, Canton de Vaud,
Switzerland.

The present volume differs in many important particulars from the former, of the deficiencies of which Mr. Dixon makes so frank an avowal. It has not only undergone a careful revision, but has received additions to an extent which renders it almost a new work. Many of these accessions are taken from extremely rare originals, and others are here printed for the first time, including amongst the latter the ballad of *Earl Brand*, a traditional lyric of great antiquity, long familiar to the dales of the North of England; and the *Death of Queen Jane*, a relic of more than ordinary interest. Nearly forty songs, noted down from recitation, or gathered from sources not generally accessible, have been added to the former collection, illustrative, for the most part, of historical events, country pastimes, and local customs. Not the least suggestive feature in this department are the political songs it contains, which have long outlived the occasions that gave them birth, and which still retain their popularity, although their allusions are no longer understood. Amongst this class of songs may be specially indicated *Jack and Tom, Joan's Ale was New, George Ridler's Oven*, and *The Carrion Crow*. The songs of a strictly rural character, having reference to the occupations and intercourse of the people, possess an interest which cannot be adequately measured by their poetical pretensions. The very defects of art with which they are chargeable, constitute their highest claim to consideration as authentic specimens of country

lore. The songs in praise of the dairy, or the plough; or in celebration of the harvest-home, or the churn-supper; or descriptive of the pleasures of the milk-maid, or the courtship in the farm-house; or those that give us glimpses of the ways of life of the waggoner, the poacher, the horse-dealer, and the boon companion of the road-side hostelrie, are no less curious for their idiomatic and primitive forms of expression, than for their pictures of rustic modes and manners. Of special interest, too, are the songs which relate to festivals and customs; such as the *Sword Dancer's Song and Interlude*, the *Swearing-in Song, or Rhyme, at Highgate*, the *Cornish Midsummer Bonfire Song*, and the *Fairlop Fair Song*.

In the arrangement of so multifarious an anthology, gathered from nearly all parts of the kingdom, the observance of chronological order, for obvious reasons, has not been attempted; but pieces which possess any kind of affinity to each other have been kept together as nearly as other considerations would permit.

The value of this volume consists in the genuineness of its contents, and the healthiness of its tone. While fashionable life was masquerading in imaginary Arcadias, and deluging theatres and concert rooms with shams, the English peasant remained true to the realities of his own experience, and produced and sang songs which faithfully reflected the actual life around him. Whatever these songs describe is true to that life. There are no fictitious raptures in them. Love here never dresses its emotions in artificial images, nor disguises itself in the mask of a Strephon or a Daphne. It is in this particular aspect that the poetry of the country possesses a permanent and moral interest.

R. B.

ANCIENT POEMS, BALLADS,

AND

SONGS OF THE PEASANTRY.

Poems.

THE PLAIN-DEALING MAN.

[THE oldest copy of the *Plain-Dealing Man* with which we have been able to meet is in black letter, printed by T. Vere at the sign 'Of the Angel without Newgate.' Vere was living in 1609.]

A CROTCHET comes into my mind
Concerning a proverb of old,
Plain dealing's a jewel most rare,
And more precious than silver or gold:
And therefore with patience give ear,
And listen to what here is penned,
These verses were written on purpose
The honest man's cause to defend.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

Yet some are so impudent grown,
They'll domineer, vapour, and swagger,
And say that the plain-dealing man
Was born to die a beggar:

But men that are honestly given
Do such evil actions detest,
And every one that is well-minded
Will say that plain dealing is best.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

For my part I am a poor man,
And sometimes scarce muster a shilling,
Yet to live upright in the world,
Heaven knows I am wondrous willing.
Although that my clothes be threadbare,
And my calling be simple and poor,
Yet will I endeavour myself
To keep off the wolf from the door.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

And now, to be brief in discourse,
In plain terms I'll tell you my mind;
My qualities you shall all know,
And to what my humour's inclined:
I hate all dissembling base knaves
And pickthanks whoever they be,
And for painted-faced drabs, and such like,
They shall never get penny of me.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

Nor can I abide any tongues
That will prattle and prate against reason,
About that which doth not concern them;
Which thing is no better than treason.

Wherefore I'd wish all that do hear me
Not to meddle with matters of state,
Lest they be in question called for it,
And repent them when it is too late.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

O fie upon spiteful neighbours
Whose malicious humours are
And do practise and strive eve
To wrong the poor innocent.
By means of such persons as t
There hath many a good mother's son
Been utterly brought to decay,
Their wives and their children undone.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

O fie upon forsworn knaves,
That do no conscience make
To swear and forswear themselves
At every third word they do speak:
So they may get profit and gain,
They care not what lies they do tell;
Such cursèd dissemblers as they
Are worse than the devils of hell.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

O fie upon greedy bribe takers,
'Tis pity they ever drew breath,
For they, like to base caterpillars,
Devour up the fruits of the earth.

They're apt to take money with both hands,
On one side and also the other,
And care not what men they undo,
Though it be their own father or brother.
Therefore I will make it appear,
And show very good reasons I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

O fie upon cheaters and thieves,
That liveth by fraud and deceit;
The gallows do for such blades groan,
And the hangmen do for their clothes wait
Though poverty be a disgrace,
And want is a pitiful grief,
'Tis better to go like a beggar
Than to ride in a cart like a thief.
For this I will make it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

And now let all honest men judge,
If such men as I have here named
For their wicked and impudent dealings,
Deserveth not much to be blamed.
And now here, before I conclude,
One item to the world I will give,
Which may direct some the right way,
And teach them the better to live.
For now I have made it appear,
And many men witness it can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

I' th' first place I'd wish you beware
What company you come in,
For those that are wicked themselves
May quickly tempt others to sin.

2. If youths be indued with wealth,
And have plenty of silver and gold,
I'd wish them keep something in store,
To comfort them when they are old.

3. I have known many young prodigals,
Who have wasted their money so fast,
That they have been driven in want,
And were forced to beg at the last.

4. I'd wish all men bear a good conscience,
And in all their actions be just;
For he's a false varlet indeed
That will not be true to his trust.

And now to conclude my new song,
And draw to a perfect conclusion,
I have told you what is in my mind,
And what is my [firm] resolution.
For this I have made it appear,
And prove by experience I can,
'Tis the excellen'st thing in the world
To be a plain-dealing man.

THE VANITIES OF LIFE.

[The following verses were copied by John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, from a MS. on the fly-leaves of an old book in the possession of a poor man, entitled *The World's best Wealth; a Collection of choice Councils in Verse and Prose. Printed for A. Bettesworth, at the Red Lion in Paternoster-row*, 1720. They were written in a 'crabbed, quaint hand, and difficult to decipher.' Clare remitted the poem (along with the original MS.) to Montgomery, the author of *The World before the Flood*, &c. &c., by whom it was published in the *Sheffield Iris*. Montgomery's criticism is as follows:—'Long as the poem appears to the eye, it will abundantly repay the trouble of perusal, being full of condensed and admirable thought, as well as diversified with exuberant imagery, and embellished with peculiar felicity of language: the moral points in the closing couplets of the stanzas are often powerfully enforced.' Most readers will agree in the justice of these re-

marks. The poem was, probably, as Clare supposes, written about the commencement of the 18th century; and the unknown author appears to have been deeply imbued with the spirit of the popular devotional writers of the preceding century, as Herbert, Quarles, &c., but seems to have modelled his smoother and more elegant versification after that of the poetic school of his own times.]

'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'—SOLOMON.

WHAT are life's joys and gains?
What pleasures crowd its ways,
That man should take such pains
To seek them all his days?
Sift this untoward strife
On which thy mind is bent,
See if this chaff of life
Is worth the trouble spent.

Is pride thy heart's desire?
Is power thy climbing aim?
Is love thy folly's fire?
Is wealth thy restless game?
Pride, power, love, wealth and all,
Time's touchstone shall destroy
And, like base coin, prove all
Vain substitutes for joy.

Dost think that pride exalts
Thyself in other's eyes,
And hides thy folly's faults,
Which reason will despise?
Dost strut, and turn, and stride,
Like walking weathercocks?
The shadow by thy side
Becomes thy ape, and mocks.

Dost think that power's disguise
Can make thee mighty seem?
It may in folly's eyes,
But not in worth's esteem:

When all that thou canst ask,
And all that she can give,
Is but a paltry mask
Which tyrants wear and live.

Go, let thy fancies range
And ramble where they may;
View power in every change,
And what is the display?
—The country magistrate,
The lowest shade in power,
To rulers of the state,
The meteors of an hour:—

View all, and mark the end
Of every proud extreme,
Where flattery turns a friend,
And counterfeits esteem;
Where worth is aped in show,
That doth her name purloin,
Like toys of golden glow
That's sold for copper coin.

Ambition's haughty nod,
With fancies may deceive,
Nay, tell thee thou'rt a god,—
And wilt thou such believe?
Go, bid the seas be dry,
Go, hold earth like a ball,
Or throw her fancies by,
For God can do it all.

Dost thou possess the dower
Of laws to spare or kill?
Call it not heav'nly power
When but a tyrant's will;
Know what a God will do,
And know thyself a fool,
Nor tyrant-like pursue
Where He alone should rule.

Dost think, when wealth is won,
Thy heart has its desire?
Hold ice up to the sun,
And wax before the fire;
Nor triumph o'er the reign
Which they so soon resign;
In this world weigh the gain,
Insurance safe is thine.

Dost think life's peace secure
In houses and in land?
Go, read the fairy lure
To twist a cord of sand;
Lodge stones upon the sky,
Hold water in a sieve,
Nor give such tales the lie,
And still thine own believe.

Whoso with riches deals,
And thinks peace bought and sold,
Will find them slippery eels,
That slide the firmest hold:
Though sweet as sleep with health,
Thy lulling luck may be,
Pride may o'erstride thy wealth,
And check prosperity.

Dost think that beauty's power,
Life's sweetest pleasure gives?
Go, pluck the summer flower,
And see how long it lives:
Behold, the rays glide on,
Along the summer plain,
Ere thou canst say, they're gone,—
And measure beauty's reign.

Look on the brightest eye,
Nor teach it to be proud,
But view the clearest sky
And thou shalt find a cloud;

Nor call each face ye meet
An angel's, 'cause it's fair,
But look beneath your feet,
And think of what ye are.

Who thinks that love doth live
In beauty's tempting show,
Shall find his hopes ungive,
And melt in reason's thaw;
Who thinks that pleasure lies
In every fairy bower,
Shall oft, to his surprise,
Find poison in the flower.

Dost lawless pleasures grasp?
Judge not thou deal'st in joy;
Its flowers but hide the asp,
Thy revels to destroy:
Who trusts a harlot's smile,
And by her wiles is led,
Plays, with a sword the while
Hung dropping o'er his head.

Dost doubt my warning song?
Then doubt the sun gives light,
Doubt truth to teach thee wrong,
And wrong alone as right;
And live as lives the knave,
Intrigue's deceiving guest,
Be tyrant, or be slave,
As suits thy ends the best.

Or pause amid thy toils,
For visions won and lost,
And count the fancied spoils,
If e'er they quit the cost;
And if they still possess
Thy mind, as worthy things,
Pick straws with Bedlam Bess,
And call them diamond rings.

Thy folly's past advice,
  Thy heart's already won,
Thy fall's above all price,
  So go, and be undone;
For all who thus prefer
  The seeming great for small,
Shall make wine vinegar,
  And sweetest honey gall.

Wouldst heed the truths I sing,
  To profit wherewithal,
Clip folly's wanton wing,
  And keep her within call:
I've little else to give,
  What thou canst easy try,
The lesson how to live,
  Is but to learn to die.

THE LIFE AND AGE OF MAN.

[From one of Thackeray's Catalogues, preserved in the British Museum, it appears that *The Life and Age of Man* was one of the productions printed by him at the 'Angel in Duck Lane, London.' Thackeray's imprint is found attached to broadsides published between 1672 and 1688, and he probably commenced printing soon after the accession of Charles II. The present reprint, the correctness of which is very questionable, is taken from a modern broadside, the editor not having been fortunate enough to meet with any earlier edition. This old poem is said to have been a great favourite with the father of Robert Burns.]

IN prime of years, when I was young,
  I took delight in youthful ways,
Not knowing then what did belong
  Unto the pleasures of those days.
At seven years old I was a child,
And subject then to be beguiled.

At two times seven I went to learn
What discipline is taught at school:
When good from ill I could discern,
I thought myself no more a fool:
My parents were contriving than,
How I might live when I were man.

At three times seven I waxèd wild,
When manhood led me to be bold;
I thought myself no more a child,
My own conceit it so me told:
Then did I venture far and near,
To buy delight at price full dear.

At four times seven I take a wife,
And leave off all my wanton ways,
Thinking thereby perhaps to thrive,
And save myself from sad disgrace.
So farewell my companions all,
For other business doth me call.

At five times seven I must hard strive,
What I could gain by mighty skill;
But still against the stream I drive,
And bowl up stones against the hill;
The more I laboured might and main,
The more I strove against the stream.

At six times seven all covetise
Began to harbour in my breast;
My mind still then contriving was
How I might gain this worldly wealth;
To purchase lands and live on them,
So make my children mighty men.

At seven times seven all worldly thought
Began to harbour in my brain;
Then did I drink a heavy draught
Of water of experience plain;

There none so ready was as I,
To purchase bargains, sell, or buy.

At eight times seven I waxèd old,
And took myself unto my rest,
Neighbours then sought my counsel bol
And I was held in great request;
But age did so abate my strength,
That I was forced to yield at length.

At nine times seven take my leave
Of former vain delights must I;
It then full sorely did me grieve—
I fetchèd many a heavy sigh;
To rise up early, and sit up late,
My former life, I loathe and hate.

At ten times seven my glass is run,
And I poor silly man must die;
I lookèd up, and saw the sun
Had overcome the crystal sky;
So now I must this world forsake,
Another man my place must take.

Now you may see, as in a glass,
The whole estate of mortal men;
How they from seven to seven do pass,
Until they are threescore and ten;
And when their glass is fully run,
They must leave off as they begun.

THE YOUNG MAN'S WISH.

[From an old copy, without printer's name; probably one from the Aldermary Church-yard press. Poems in triplets were very popular during the reign of Charles I., and are frequently to be met with during the Interregnum, and the reign of Charles II.]

IF I could but attain my wish,
I'd have each day one wholesome dish,
Of plain meat, or fowl, or fish.

A glass of port, with good old beer.
In winter time a fire burnt clear,
Tobacco, pipes, an easy chair.

In some clean town a snug retreat,
A little garden 'fore my gate,
With thousand pounds a year estate.

After my house expense was clear,
Whatever I could have to spare,
The neighbouring poor should freely share.

To keep content and peace through life,
I'd have a prudent cleanly wife,
Stranger to noise, and eke to strife.

Then I, when blest with such estate,
With such a house, and such a mate,
Would envy not the worldly great.

Let them for noisy honours try,
Let them seek worldly praise, while I
Unnoticèd would live and die.

But since dame Fortune's not thought fit
To place me in affluence, yet
I'll be content with what *I* get.

He's happiest far whose humble mind,
Is unto Providence resigned,
And thinketh fortune always kind.

Then I will strive to bound my wish,
And take, instead of fowl and fish,
Whate'er is thrown into my dish.

Instead of wealth and fortune great,
Garden and house and loving mate,
I'll rest content in servile state.

I'll from each folly strive to fly,
Each virtue to attain I'll try,
And live as I would wish to die.

THE MIDNIGHT MESSENGER;

OR, A SUDDEN CALL FROM AN EARTHLY GLORY TO THE COLD GRAVE.

In a Dialogue between Death and a Rich Man; who, in the midst of all his Wealth, received the tidings of his Last Day, to his unspeakable and sorrowful Lamentation.

To the tune of *Aim not too high*,* &c.

[THE following poem, and the two that immediately follow, belong to a class of publications which have always been peculiar favourites with the peasantry, in whose cottages they may be frequently seen, neatly framed and glazed, and suspended from the white-washed walls. They belong to the school of Quarles, and can be traced to the time when that writer was in the height of his popularity. These religious dialogues are numerous, but the majority of them are very namby-pamby productions, and unworthy of a reprint. The modern editions preserve the old form of the broadside of the seventeenth century, and are adorned with rude woodcuts, probably copies of ruder originals—

> —— 'wooden cuts
> Strange, and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
> Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
> With long and ghostly shanks, forms which once seen,
> Can never be forgotten!'—WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*.]

DEATH.

THOU wealthy man of large possessions here,
Amounting to some thousand pounds a year,
Extorted by oppression from the poor,
The time is come that thou shalt be no more;
Thy house therefore in order set with speed,
And call to mind how you your life do lead.
Let true repentance be thy chiefest care,
And for another world now, *now* prepare.
For notwithstanding all your heaps of gold,
Your lands and lofty buildings manifold,
Take notice you must die this very day;
And therefore kiss your bags and come away.

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* This is the same tune as *Fortune my foe*.—See *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I., 162.

RICH MAN.

[He started straight and turned his head aside,
Where seeing pale-faced Death, aloud he cried],
Lean famished slave! why do you threaten so,
Whence come you, pray, and whither must I go?

DEATH.

I come from ranging round the universe,
Through courts and kingdoms far and near I pass,
Where rich and poor, distressèd, bond and free,
Fall soon or late a sacrifice to me.
From crownèd kings to captives bound in chains
My power reaches, sir; the longest reigns
That ever were, I put a period to;
And now I'm come in fine to conquer you.

RICH MAN.

I can't nor won't believe that you, pale Death,
Were sent this day to stop my vital breath,
By reason I in perfect health remain,
Free from diseases, sorrow, grief, and pain;
No heavy heart, nor fainting fits have I,
And do you say that I am drawing nigh
The latter minute? sure it cannot be;
Depart, therefore, you are not sent for me!

DEATH.

Yes, yes, I am, for did you never know,
The tender grass and pleasant flowers that grow
Perhaps one minute, are the next cut down?
And so is man, though famed with high renown.
Have you not heard the doleful passing bell
Ring out for those that were alive and well
The other day, in health and pleasure too,
And had as little thoughts of death as you?
For let me tell you, when my warrant's sealed,
The sweetest beauty that the earth doth yield
At my approach shall turn as pale as lead;
'Tis I that lay them on their dying bed.

I kill with dropsy, phthisic, stone, and gout;
But when my raging fevers fly about,
I strike the man, perhaps, but over-night,
Who hardly lives to see the morning light;
I'm sent each hour, like to a nimble page,
To infants, hoary heads, and middle age;
Time after time I sweep the world quite through;
Then it's in vain to think I'll favour you.

RICH MAN.

Proud Death, you see what awful sway I bear,
For when I frown none of my servants dare
Approach my presence, but in corners hide
Until I am appeased and pacified.
Nay, men of greater rank I keep in awe
Nor did I ever fear the force of law,
But ever did my enemies subdue,
And must I after all submit to you?

DEATH.

'Tis very true, for why, thy daring soul,
Which never could endure the least control,
I'll thrust thee from this earthly tenement,
And thou shalt to another world be sent.

RICH MAN.

What! must I die and leave a vast estate,
Which, with my gold, I purchased but of late?
Besides what I had many years ago?—
What! must my wealth and I be parted so?
If you your darts and arrows must let fly,
Go search the jails, where mourning debtors lie;
Release them from their sorrow, grief, and woe,
For I am rich and therefore loth to go.

DEATH.

I'll search no jails, but the right mark I'll hit;
And though you are unwilling to submit,
Yet die you must, no other friend can do,—
Prepare yourself to go, I'm come for you.

If you had all the world and ten times more,
Yet die you must,—there's millions gone before;
The greatest kings on earth yield and obey,
And at my feet their crowns and sceptres lay:
If crownèd heads and right renownèd peers
Die in the prime and blossoms of their years,
Can you suppose to gain a longer space?
No! I will send you to another place.

RICH MAN.

Oh! stay thy hand and be not so severe,
I have a hopeful son and daughter dear,
All that I beg is but to let me live
That I may them in lawful marriage give:
They being young when I am laid in the grave,
I fear they will be wronged of what they have:
Although of me you will no pity take,
Yet spare me for my little infants' sake.

DEATH.

If such a vain excuse as this might do,
It would be long ere mortals would go through
The shades of death; for every man would find
Something to say that he might stay behind.
Yet, if ten thousand arguments they'd use,
The destiny of dying to excuse,
They'll find it is in vain with me to strive,
For why, I part the dearest friends alive;
Poor parents die, and leave their children small
With nothing to support them here withal,
But the kind hand of gracious Providence,
Who is their father, friend, and sole defence.
Though I have held you long in disrepute,
Yet after all here with a sharp salute
I'll put a period to your days and years,
Causing your eyes to flow with dying tears.

RICH MAN.

[Then with a groan he made this sad complaint]:
My heart is dying, and my spirits faint;

To my close chamber let me be conveyed;
Farewell, false world, for thou hast me betrayed.
Would I had never wronged the fatherless,
Nor mourning widows when in sad distress;
Would I had ne'er been guilty of that sin,
Would I had never known what gold had been;
For by the same my heart was drawn away
To search for gold: but now this very day,
I find it is but like a slender reed,
Which fails me most when most I stand in need;
For, woe is me! the time is come at last,
Now I am on a bed of sorrow cast,
Where in lamenting tears I weeping lie,
Because my sins make me afraid to die:
Oh! Death, be pleased to spare me yet awhile,
That I to God myself may reconcile,
For true repentance some small time allow;
I never feared a future state till now!
My bags of gold and land I'd freely give,
For to obtain the favour here to live,
Until I have a sure foundation laid.
Let me not die before my peace be made!

DEATH.

Thou hast not many minutes here to stay,
Lift up your heart to God without delay,
Implore his pardon now for what is past,
Who knows but He may save your soul at last?

RICH MAN.

I'll water now with tears my dying bed,
Before the Lord my sad complaint I'll spread,
And if He will vouchsafe to pardon me,
To die and leave this world I could be free.
False world! false world, farewell! farewell! adieu!
I find, I find, there is no trust in you!
For when upon a dying bed we lie,
Your gilded baits are nought but misery.

My youthful son and loving daughter dear,
Take warning by your dying father here;
Let not the world deceive you at this rate,
For fear a sad repentance comes too late.
Sweet babes, I little thought the other day,
I should so suddenly be snatched away
By Death, and leave you weeping here behind;
But life's a most uncertain thing, I find.
When in the grave my head is lain full low,
Pray let not folly prove your overthrow;
Serve ye the Lord, obey his holy will,
That he may have a blessing for you still.
[Having saluted them, he turned aside,
These were the very words before he died]:
A painful life I ready am to leave,
Wherefore, in mercy, Lord, my soul receive.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT AN EXCISEMAN AND DEATH.

[TRANSCRIBED from a copy in the British Museum, printed in London by J. C [larke]., 1659. The idea of Death being employed to execute a writ, recalls an epitaph which we remember to have seen in a village church-yard at the foot of the Wrekin, in Shropshire, commencing thus:—

'The King of Heaven a warrant got,
And sealèd it without delay,
And he did give the same to Death,
For him to serve straightway,' &c.]

UPON a time when Titan's steeds were driven
To drench themselves beneath the western heaven;
And sable Morpheus had his curtains spread,
And silent night had laid the world to bed;
'Mongst other night-birds which did seek for prey,
A blunt exciseman, who abhorred the day,
Was rambling forth to seek himself a booty
'Mongst merchant's goods which had not paid the duty;
But walking all alone, Death chanced to meet him,
And in this manner did begin to greet him.

DEATH.

Stand, who comes here? what means this knave to peep
And skulk abroad, when honest men should sleep?
Speak, what's thy name? and quickly tell me this,
Whither thou goest, and what thy business is?

EXCISEMAN.

Whate'er my business is, thou foul-mouthed scold,
I'd have you know I scorn to be controlled
By any man that lives; much less by thou,
Who blurtest out thou know'st not what, nor how;
I go about my lawful business; and
I'll make you smart for bidding of me stand.

DEATH.

Imperious coxcomb! is your stomach vexed?
Pray slack your rage, and hearken what comes next:
I have a writ to take you up; therefore,
To chafe your blood, I bid you stand, once more.

EXCISEMAN.

A writ to take *me* up! excuse me, sir,
You do mistake, I am an officer
In public service, for my private wealth;
My business is, if any seek by stealth
To undermine the state, I do discover
Their falsehood; therefore hold your hand,—give over

DEATH.

Nay, fair and soft! 'tis not so quickly done
As you conceive it is: I am not gone
A jot the sooner for your hasty chat,
Nor bragging language; for I tell you flat
'Tis more than so, though fortune seem to thwart us,
Such easy terms I don't intend shall part us.
With this impartial arm I'll make you feel
My fingers first, and with this shaft of steel
I'll peck thy bones! *as thou alive wert hated,*
So dead, to dogs thou shalt be segregated.

EXCISEMAN.

I'd laugh at that; I would thou didst but dare
To lay thy fingers on me; I'd not spare
To hack thy carcass till my sword was broken,
I'd make thee eat the words which thou hast spoken;
All men should warning take by thy transgression,
How they molested men of my profession.
My service to the state is so well known,
That should I but complain, they'd quickly own
My public grievances; and give me right
To cut your ears, before to-morrow night.

DEATH.

Well said, indeed! but bootless all, for I
Am well acquainted with thy villany;
I know thy office, and thy trade is such,
Thy service little, and thy gains are much:
Thy brags are many; but 'tis vain to swagger,
And think to fight me with thy gilded dagger:
As I abhor thy person, place, and threat,
So now I'll bring thee to the judgment-seat.

EXCISEMAN.

The judgment-seat! I must confess that word
Doth cut my heart, like any sharpened sword:
What! come t' account! methinks the dreadful sound
Of every word doth make a mortal wound,
Which sticks not only in my outward skin,
But penetrates my very soul within.
'Twas least of all my thoughts that ever Death
Would once attempt to stop excisemen's breath.
But since 'tis so, that now I do perceive
You are in earnest, then I must relieve
Myself another way: come, we'll be friends;
If I have wronged thee, I'll make th' amends.
Let's join together; I'll pass my word this night
Shall yield us grub, before the morning light.
Or otherwise (to mitigate my sorrow),
Stay here, I'll bring you gold enough to-morrow.

DEATH.

To-morrow's gold I will not have; and thou
Shalt have no gold upon to-morrow: now
My final writ shall to th' execution have thee,
All earthly treasure cannot help or save thee.

EXCISEMAN.

Then woe is me! ah! how was I befooled!
I thought that gold (which answereth all things) could
Have stood my friend at any time to bail me!
But grief grows great, and now my trust doth fail me.
Oh! that my conscience were but clear within,
Which now is rackèd with my former sin;
With horror I behold my secret stealing,
My bribes, oppression, and my graceless dealing;
My office-sins, which I had clean forgotten,
Will gnaw my soul when all my bones are rotten:
I must confess it, very grief doth force me,
Dead or alive, both God and man doth curse me.
Let all Excisemen hereby warning take,
To shun their practice for their conscience sake.

THE MESSENGER OF MORTALITY;

OR LIFE AND DEATH CONTRASTED IN A DIALOGUE BETWIXT DEATH AND A LADY.

[ONE of Charles Lamb's most beautiful and plaintive poems was suggested by this old dialogue. The tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I., 167. In Carey's *Musical Century*, 1738, it is called the "Old tune of *Death and the Lady*." The four concluding lines of the present copy of *Death and the Lady* are found inscribed on tomb-stones in village church-yards in every part of England. They are not contained, however, in the broadside with which our reprint has been carefully collated.]

DEATH.

FAIR lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride;
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight,
I'm come to summon you away this night!

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? pray let me know
From whence you come, and whither I must go?
Must I, who am a lady, stoop or bow
To such a pale-faced visage? Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? well! I tell thee, then,
It's I that conquer all the sons of men;
No pitch of honour from my dart is free;
My name is Death! have you not heard of me?

LADY.

Yes! I have heard of thee time after time,
But being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you would have called so soon.
Why must my morning sun go down at noon?

DEATH.

Talk not of noon! you may as well be mute;
This is no time at all for to dispute:
Your riches, garments, gold, and jewels brave,
Houses and lands must all new owners have;
Though thy vain heart to riches was inclined,
Yet thou must die, and leave them all behind.

LADY.

My heart is cold; I tremble at the news;
There's bags of gold, if thou wilt me excuse,
And seize on them, and finish thou the strife
Of those that are aweary of their life.
Are there not many bound in prison strong,
In bitter grief of soul have languished long?
All such would find the grave a place of rest,
From all the grief in which they are oppressed.
Besides, there's many both with hoary head,
And palsied joints, from which all strength is fled;

Release thou those, whose sorrows are so great
But spare my life to have a longer date.

DEATH.

Though some by age be full of grief and pain,
Yet their appointed time they must remain:
I come to none before their warrant's sealed,
And when it is, they must submit and yield.
I take no bribe, believe me this is true;
Prepare yourself to go; I'm come for you.

LADY.

Death, be not so severe, let me obtain
A little longer time to live and reign!
Fain would I stay, if thou my life will spare;
I have a daughter beautiful and fair,
I'd live to see her wed whom I adore:
Grant me but this and I will ask no more.

DEATH.

This is a slender, frivolous excuse;
I have you fast, and will not let you loose,
Leave her to Providence, for you must go
Along with me, whether you will or no;
I, Death, command the King to leave his crown,
And at my feet he lays his sceptre down!
Then if to kings I don't this favour give,
But cut them off, can you expect to live
Beyond the limits of your time and space?
No! I must send you to another place.

LADY.

You learnèd doctors, now express your skill,
And let not Death of me obtain his will;
Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find,
My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Forbear to call, their skill will never do,
They are but mortals here as well as you:

I gave the fatal wound, my dart is sure,
And far beyond the doctor's skill to cure.
How freely can you let your riches fly
To purchase life, rather than yield to die!
But while you flourish here with all your store,
You will not give one penny to the poor;
Though in God's name their suit to you they make,
You would not spare one penny for His sake!
The Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,
And calls you hence to give account for this!

LADY.

Oh! heavy news! must I no longer stay?
How shall I stand in the great judgment-day?
[Down from her eyes the crystal tears did flow:
She said], None knows what I do undergo:
Upon my bed of sorrow here I lie;
My carnal life makes me afraid to die.
My sins, alas! are many, gross, and foul,
Oh, righteous Lord! have mercy on my soul!
And though I do deserve thy righteous frown,
Yet pardon, Lord, and pour a blessing down.
[Then with a dying sigh her heart did break,
And did the pleasures of this world forsake].

Thus may we see the high and mighty fall,
For cruel Death shows no respect at all
To any one of high or low degree,
Great men submit to Death as well as we.
Though they are gay, their life is but a span—
A lump of clay—so vile a creature's man.
Then happy those whom Christ has made his care,
Who die in the Lord, and ever blessèd are.
The grave's the market-place where all men meet,
Both rich and poor, as well as small and great.
If life were merchandise that gold could buy,
The rich would live, the poor alone would die.

ENGLAND'S ALARM;

OR THE PIOUS CHRISTIAN'S SPEEDY CALL TO REPENTANCE

For the many aggravating sins too much practised in our present mournful times: as Pride, Drunkenness, Blasphemous Swearing, together with the Profanation of the Sabbath; concluding with the sin of wantonness and disobedience; that upon our hearty sorrow and forsaking the same the Lord may save us for his mercy's sake.

[FROM the cluster of 'ornaments' alluded to in the ninth verse of the following poem, we are inclined to fix the date about 1653. The present reprint is from an old broadside, without printer's name or date, in possession of Mr. J. R. Smith.]

YOU sober-minded christians now draw near,
Labour to learn these pious lessons here;
For by the same you will be taught to know
What is the cause of all our grief and woe.

We have a God who sits enthroned above;
He sends us many tokens of his love:
Yet we, like disobedient children, still
Deny to yield submission to His will.

The just command which He upon us lays,
We must confess we have ten thousand ways
Transgressed; for see how men their sins pursue,
As if they did not fear what God could do.

Behold the wretched sinner void of shame,
He values not how he blasphemes the name
Of that good God who gave him life and breath,
And who can strike him with the darts of death!

The very little children which we meet,
Amongst the sports and pastimes in the street,
We very often hear them curse and swear,
Before they've learned a word of any prayer.

'Tis much to be lamented, for I fear
The same they learn from what they daily hear;
Be careful then, and don't instruct them so,
For fear you prove their dismal overthrow.

Both young and old, that dreadful sin forbear;
The tongue of man was never made to swear,
But to adore and praise the blessèd name,
By whom alone our dear salvation came.

Pride is another reigning sin likewise;
Let us behold in what a strange disguise
Young damsels do appear, both rich and poor;
The like was ne'er in any age before.

What artificial ornaments they wear,
Black patches, paint, and locks of powdered hair;
Likewise in lofty hoops they are arrayed,
As if they would correct what God had made.

Yet let 'em know, for all those youthful charms,
They must lie down in death's cold frozen arms!
Oh think on this, and raise your thoughts above
The sin of pride, which you so dearly love.

Likewise, the wilful sinners that transgress
The righteous laws of God by drunkenness,
They do abuse the creatures which were sent
Purely for man's refreshing nourishment.

Many diseases doth that sin attend,
But what is worst of all, the fatal end:
Let not the pleasures of a quaffing bowl
Destroy and stupify thy active soul.

Perhaps the jovial drunkard over night,
May seem to reap the pleasures of delight,
While for his wine he doth in plenty call;
But oh! the sting of conscience, after all,

Is like a gnawing worm upon the mind.
Then if you would the peace of conscience find,
A sober conversation learn with speed,
For that's the sweetest life that man can lead.

Be careful that thou art not drawn away,
By foolishness, to break the Sabbath-day;
Be constant at the pious house of prayer,
That thou mayst learn the christian duties there.

For tell me, wherefore should we carp and care
For what we eat and drink, and what we wear;
And the meanwhile our fainting souls exclude
From that refreshing sweet celestial food?

Yet so it is, we, by experience, find
Many young wanton gallants seldom mind
The church of God, but scornfully deride
That sacred word by which they must be tried.

A tavern, or an alehouse, they adore,
And will not come within the church before
They're brought to lodge under a silent tomb,
And then who knows how dismal is their doom!

Though for awhile, perhaps, they flourish here,
And seem to scorn the very thoughts of fear,
Yet when they're summoned to resign their breath
They can't outbrave the bitter stroke of death!

Consider this, young gallants, whilst you may,
Swift-wingèd time and tide for none will stay;
And therefore let it be your christian care,
To serve the Lord, and for your death prepare.

There is another crying sin likewise:
Behold young gallants cast their wanton eyes
On painted harlots, which they often meet
At every creek and corner of the street,

By whom they are like dismal captives led
To their destruction; grace and fear is fled,
Till at the length they find themselves betrayed,
And for that sin most sad examples made.

Then, then, perhaps, in bitter tears they'll cry,
With wringing hands, against their company,
Which did betray them to that dismal state!
Consider this before it is too late.

Likewise, sons and daughters, far and near,
Honour your loving friends, and parents dear
Let not your disobedience grieve them so,
Nor cause their agèd eyes with tears to flow.

What a heart-breaking sorrow it must be,
To dear indulgent parents, when they see
Their stubborn children wilfully run on
Against the wholesome laws of God and man!

Oh! let these things a deep impression make
Upon your hearts, with speed your sins forsake;
For, true it is, the Lord will never bless
Those children that do wilfully transgress.

Now, to conclude, both young and old I pray,
Reform your sinful lives this very day,
That God in mercy may his love extend,
And bring the nation's troubles to an end.

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

[THE following old poem was long ascribed, on apparently sufficient grounds, to the Rev. Ralph Erskine, or, as he designated himself, 'Ralph Erskine, V.D.M.' The peasantry throughout the north of England always call it 'Erskine's song,' and not only is his name given as the author in numerous chap-books, but in his own volume of *Gospel Sonnets*, from an early copy of which our version is transcribed. The discovery, however, by Mr. Collier, of the First Part in a MS. temp. Jac. I., with the initials G. W. affixed to it, has disposed of Erskine's claim to the honour of the entire authorship. G. W. is supposed to be George Withers; but this is purely conjectural; and it is not at all improbable that G. W. really stands for W. G., as it was a common practice amongst anonymous writers to reverse their initials. The history, then, of the poem, seems to be this: that the First Part, as it is now printed, originally constituted the whole production, being complete in itself; that the Second Part was afterwards added by the Rev. Ralph Erskine; and that both parts came subsequently to be ascribed to him, as his was the only name published in connexion with the song. The Rev. Ralph Erskine was born at Monilaws, Northumberland, on the 15th March, 1685. He was one of the thirty-three children of Ralph Erskine of Shieldfield, a family of repute descended from the ancient house of Marr. He was educated at the college in Edinburgh, obtained his licence to preach in June, 1709, and was ordained, on an unanimous invitation, over the church at Dun-

fermline in August, 1711. He was twice married: in 1714 to Margaret Dewar, daughter of the Laird of Lassodie, by whom he had five sons and five daughters, all of whom died in the prime of life; and in 1732 to Margaret, daughter of Mr. Simson of Edinburgh, by whom he had four sons, one of whom, with his wife, survived him. He died in November, 1752. Erskine was the author of a great number of *Sermons;* a *Paraphrase on the Canticles; Scripture Songs;* a *Treatise on Mental Images;* and *Gospel Sonnets.*

Smoking Spiritualized is, at the present day, a standard publication with modern ballad-printers, but their copies are exceedingly corrupt. Many versions and paraphrases of the song exist. Several are referred to in *Notes and Queries,* and, amongst them, a broadside of the date of 1670, and another dated 1672 (both printed before Erskine was born), presenting different readings of the First Part, or original poem. In both these the burthen, or refrain, differs from that of our copy by the employment of the expression '*drink* tobacco,' instead of '*smoke* tobacco.' The former was the ancient term for drawing in the smoke, swallowing it, and emitting it through the nostrils. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says, that the 'natives of India to this day use the phrase 'hooka peue,' to *drink* the hooka.']

PART I.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
Thou art e'en such,—
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of great renown,
Which Mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys,
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow,
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heavenly fire
Your heart inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers,
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries,
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

THE MASONIC HYMN.

[THIS is a very ancient production, though given from a modern copy; it has always been popular amongst the poor 'brethren of the mystic tie.' The late Henry O'Brien, A.B., quotes the seventh verse in his essay *On the Round Towers of Ireland.* He generally had a common copy of the hymn in his pocket, and on meeting with any of his antiquarian friends who were not Masons, was in the habit of thrusting it into their hands, and telling them that if they understood the mystic allusions it contained, they would be in possession of a key which would unlock the pyramids of Egypt! The tune to the hymn is peculiar to it, and is of a plaintive and solemn character.]

COME all you freemasons that dwell around the globe,
That wear the badge of innocence, I mean the royal robe,
Which Noah he did wear when in the ark he stood,
When the world was destroyed by a deluging flood.

Noah he was virtuous in the sight of the Lord,
He loved a freemason that kept the secret word;
For he built the ark, and he planted the first vine,
Now his soul in heaven like an angel doth shine.

Once I was blind, and could not see the light,
Then up to Jerusalem I took my flight,
I was led by the evangelist through a wilderness of care,
You may see by the sign and the badge that I wear.

On the 13th rose the ark, let us join hand in hand,
For the Lord spake to Moses by water and by land,
Unto the pleasant river where by Eden it did rin,
And Eve tempted Adam by the serpent of sin.

When I think of Moses it makes me to blush,
All on mount Horeb where I saw the burning bush;
My shoes I'll throw off, and my staff I'll cast away,
And I'll wander like a pilgrim unto my dying day.

When I think of Aaron it makes me to weep, [feet;
Likewise of the Virgin Mary who lay at our Saviour's

'Twas in the garden of Gethsemane where he had the
bloody sweat;
Repent, my dearest brethren, before it is too late.

I thought I saw twelve dazzling lights, which put me
in surprise,
And gazing all around me I heard a dismal noise;
The serpent passèd by me which fell unto the ground,
With great joy and comfort the secret word I found.

Some say it is lost, but surely it is found,
And so is our Saviour, it is known to all around;
Search all the Scriptures over, and there it will be shown;
The tree that will bear no fruit must be cut down.

Abraham was a man well belovèd by the Lord,
He was true to be found in great Jehovah's word,
He stretchèd forth his hand, and took a knife to slay
his son,
An angel appearing said, The Lord's will be done!

O, Abraham! O, Abraham! lay no hand upon the lad,
He sent him unto thee to make thy heart glad;
Thy seed shall increase like stars in the sky,
And thy soul into heaven like Gabriel shall fly.

O, never, O, never will I hear an orphan cry,
Nor yet a gentle virgin until the day I die;
You wandering Jews that travel the wide world round,
May knock at the door where truth is to be found.

Often against the Turks and Infidels we fight,
To let the wandering world know we're in the right,
For in heaven there's a lodge, and St. Peter keeps the
door,
And none can enter in but those that are pure.

St. Peter he opened, and so we entered in,
Into the holy seat secure, which is all free from sin;
St. Peter he opened, and so we entered there,
And the glory of the temple no man can compare.

GOD SPEED THE PLOW, AND BLESS THE CORN-MOW.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE HUSBANDMAN AND SERVINGMAN.

The tune is, *I am the Duke of Norfolk.*

[THIS ancient dialogue, though in a somewhat altered form (see the ensuing poem), has long been used at country merry-makings. It is transcribed from a black-letter copy in the third volume of the Roxburgh collection, apparently one of the imprints of Peter Brooksby, which would make the composition at least as old as the close of the fifteenth century. There are several dialogues of a similar character.]

ARGUMENT.

The servingman the plowman would invite
To leave his calling and to take delight;
But he to that by no means will agree,
Lest he thereby should come to beggary.
He makes it plain appear a country life
Doth far excel: and so they end the strife.

MY noble friends give ear, if mirth you love to hear,
I'll tell you as fast as I can,
A story very true, then mark what doth ensue,
Concerning of a husbandman.
A servingman did meet a husbandman in the street,
And thus unto him began:

SERVINGMAN.

I pray you tell to me of what calling you be,
Or if you be a servingman?

HUSBANDMAN.

Quoth he, my brother dear, the coast I mean to clear,
And the truth you shall understand:
I do no one disdain, but this I tell you plain,
I am an honest husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

If a husbandman you be, then come along with me,
I'll help you as soon as I can
Unto a gallant place, where in a little space,
You shall be a servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

Sir, for your diligence I give you many thanks,
These things I receive at your hand;
I pray you to me show, whereby that I might know,
What pleasures hath a servingman?

SERVINGMAN.

A servingman hath pleasure, which passeth time and measure,
When the hawk on his fist doth stand;
His hood, and his verrils brave, and other things, we have,
Which yield joy to a servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

My pleasure's more than that to see my oxen fat,
And to prosper well under my hand; team,
And therefore I do mean, with my horse, and with my team,
To keep myself a husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

O 'tis a gallant thing in the prime time of the spring,
To hear the huntsman now and than
His bugle for to blow, and the hounds run all a row:
This is pleasure for a servingman!
To hear the beagle cry, and to see the falcon fly,
And the hare trip over the plain, rebound:
And the huntsmen and the hound make hill and dale
This is pleasure for a servingman!

HUSBANDMAN.

'Tis pleasure, too, you know, to see the corn to grow,
And to grow so well on the land; mowing,
The plowing and the sowing, the reaping and the
Yield pleasure to the husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

At our table you may eat all sorts of dainty meat,
Pig, cony, goose, capon, and swan;
And with lords and ladies fine, you may drink beer,
ale, and wine!
This is pleasure for a servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

While you eat goose and capon, I'll feed on beef and bacon,
And piece of hard cheese now and than;
We pudding have, and souse, always ready in the house,
Which contents the honest husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

At the court you may have your garments fine and brave,
And cloak with gold lace laid upon,
A shirt as white as milk, and wrought with finest silk:
That's pleasure for a servingman!

HUSBANDMAN.

Such proud and costly gear is not for us to wear;
Amongst the briers and brambles many a one,
A good strong russet coat, and at your need a groat,
Will suffice the husbandman.
A proverb here I tell, which likes my humour well,
And remember it well I can:
If a courtier be too bold, he'll want when he is old.
Then farewell the servingman.

SERVINGMAN.

It needs must be confest that your calling is the best,
No longer discourse with you I can;
But henceforth I will pray, by night and by day,
Heaven bless the honest husbandman.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE SERVINGMAN.

[THIS traditional version of the preceding ancient dialogue has long been popular at country festivals. At a harvest-home feast at Selborne, in Hampshire, in 1836, we heard it recited by two countrymen, who gave it with considerable humour, and dramatic effect. It was delivered in a sort of chant, or recitative. Davies Gilbert published a very similar copy in his

Ancient Christmas Carols. In the modern printed editions, which are almost identical with ours, the term 'servantman' has been substituted for the more ancient designation.]

SERVINGMAN.

WELL met, my brother friend, all at this highway
So simple all alone, as you can, [end,
I pray you tell to me, what may your calling be,
Are you not a servingman?

HUSBANDMAN.

No, no, my brother dear, what makes you to inquire
Of any such a thing at my hand?
Indeed I shall not feign, but I will tell you plain,
I am a downright husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

If a husbandman you be, then go along with me,
And quickly you shall see out of hand,
How in a little space I will help you to a place,
Where you may be a servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

Kind sir! I 'turn you thanks for your intelligence,
These things I receive at your hand; [know
But something pray now show, that first I may plainly
The pleasures of a servingman.

SERVINGMAN.

Why a servingman has pleasure beyond all sort of measure,
With his hawk on his fist, as he does stand;
For the game that he does kill, and the meat that does
Are pleasures for the servingman. [him fill,

HUSBANDMAN.

And my pleasure's more than that, to see my oxen fat,
And a good stock of hay by them stand;
My plowing and my sowing, my reaping and my mowing,
Are pleasures for the husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

Why it is a gallant thing to ride out with a king,
With a lord, duke, or any such man; [in a row,
To hear the horns to blow, and see the hounds all
That is pleasure for the servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

But my pleasure's more I know, to see my corn to grow,
So thriving all over my land; [team,
And, therefore, I do mean, with my plowing with my
To keep myself a husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

Why the diet that we eat is the choicest of all meat,
Such as pig, goose, capon, and swan;
Our pastry is so fine, we drink sugar in our wine,
That is living for the servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

Talk not of goose nor capon, give me good beef or
And good bread and cheese, now at hand; [bacon,
With pudding, brawn, and souse, all in a farmer's
That is living for the husbandman. [house,

SERVINGMAN.

Why the clothing that we wear is delicate and rare,
With our coat, lace, buckles, and band; [are silk,
Our shirts are white as milk, and our stockings they
That is clothing for a servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

But I value not a hair your delicate fine wear,
Such as gold is laced upon;
Give me a good grey coat, and in my purse a groat,
That is clothing for the husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

Kind sir! it would be bad if none could be had
Those tables for to wait upon; [shire,
There is no lord, duke, nor squire, nor member for the
Can do without a servingman.

HUSBANDMAN.

But, Jack! it would be worse if there was none of us
To follow the plowing of the land; [the shire,
There is neither king, lord, nor squire, nor member for
Can do without the husbandman.

SERVINGMAN.

Kind sir! I must confess 't, and I humbly protest
I will give you the uppermost hand; [gainful,
Although your labour's painful, and mine it is so very
I wish I were a husbandman.

HUSBANDMAN.

So come now, let us all, both great as well as small,
Pray for the grain of our land;
And let us, whatsoever, do all our best endeavour,
For to maintain the good husbandman.

THE CATHOLICK.

[THE following ingenious production has been copied literally from a broadside posted against the 'parlour' wall of a country inn in Gloucestershire. The verses are susceptible of two interpretations, being Catholic if read in the columns, but Protestant if read across.]

I HOLD as faith	What *England's church* alows
What *Rome's* church saith	My conscience disavows
Where the *King's* head	That *church* can have no shame
The flock's misled	That holds the *Pope* supreame.
Where the *altar's* drest	There's service scarce divine
The people's blest	With table, bread, and wine.
He's but an asse	Who the *communion* flies
Who shuns the *masse*	Is *catholick* and wise.

London: printed for George Eversden, at the signe of the Maidenhead, in St. Powle's Church-yard, 1655. *Cum privilegio.*

Ballads.

THE THREE KNIGHTS.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[*The Three Knights* was first printed by the late Davies Gilbert, F.R.S., in the appendix to his work on *Christmas Carols*. Mr. Gilbert thought that some verses were wanting after the eighth stanza; but we entertain a different opinion. A conjectural emendation made in the ninth verse, viz., the substitution of *far* for *for*, seems to render the ballad perfect. The ballad is still popular amongst the peasantry in the West of England. The tune is given by Gilbert. The refrain, in the second and fourth lines, printed with the first verse, should be repeated in recitation in every verse.]

THERE did three Knights come from the west,
With the high and the lily oh!
And these three Knights courted one ladye,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

The first Knight came was all in white,
And asked of her if she'd be his delight.

The next Knight came was all in green,
And asked of her if she'd be his queen.

The third Knight came was all in red,
And asked of her if she would wed.

'Then have you asked of my father dear?
Likewise of her who did me bear?

'And have you asked of my brother John?
And also of my sister Anne?'

'Yes, I've asked of your father dear,
Likewise of her who did you bear.

'And I've asked of your sister Anne,
But I've not asked of your brother John.'

Far on the road as they rode along,
There did they meet with her brother John.

She stoopèd low to kiss him sweet,
He to her heart did a dagger meet.*

'Ride on, ride on,' cried the servingman,
'Methinks your bride she looks wondrous wan.'

'I wish I were on yonder stile,
For there I would sit and bleed awhile.

'I wish I were on yonder hill,
There I'd alight and make my will.'

'What would you give to your father dear?'
'The gallant steed which doth me bear.'

'What would you give to your mother dear?'
'My wedding shift which I do wear.

'But she must wash it very clean,
For my heart's blood sticks in every seam.'

'What would you give to your sister Anne?'
'My gay gold ring, and my feathered fan.'

'What would you give to your brother
'A rope, and a gallows to hang him on.'

'What would you give to your brother John's wife?'
'A widow's weeds, and a quiet life.'

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BEDNALL GREEN.

SHOWING HOW HIS DAUGHTER WAS MARRIED TO A KNIGHT, AND HAD THREE THOUSAND POUND TO HER PORTION.

[PERCY'S copy of *The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green* is known to be very incorrect: besides many alterations and improvements which it received at the hands of the Bishop, it contains no less than eight stanzas written by Robert Dodsley, the author of *The Economy of Human Life*. So far as poetry is concerned, there cannot be a question that the version in the *Reliques* is far superior to the original, which is still a popular favourite, and a correct copy of which is now given, as it appears in all the

* This word seems to be used here in the sense of the French verb *mettre*, to put, to place.

common broadside editions that have been printed from 1672 to the present time. Although the original copies have all perished, the ballad has been very satisfactorily proved by Percy to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth. The present reprint is from a modern copy, carefully collated with one in the Bagford Collection, entitled,

> The rarest ballad that ever was seen,
> Of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednal Green.'

The imprint to it is, 'Printed by and for W. Onley; and are to be sold by C. Bates, at the sign of the Sun and Bible, in Pye Corner.' The very antiquated orthography adopted in some editions does not rest on any authority. For two tunes to *The Blind Beggar*, see *Popular Music*, I., 158.]

PART I.

THIS song's of a beggar who long lost his sight,
And had a fair daughter, most pleasant and bright,
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
And none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of complexion most fair,
And seeing she was but a beggar his heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despisèd was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessee did say:
'Good father and mother, let me now go away,
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be.'
This suit then was granted to pretty Bessee.

This Bessee, that was of a beauty most bright,
They clad in grey russet; and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who sighèd and sobbèd for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-at-Bow,
Then she knew not whither or which way to go,
With tears she lamented her sad destiny;
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford, along the highway;
And at the King's Arms entertainèd was she,
So fair and well favoured was pretty Bessee.

She had not been there one month at an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love they extolled:
Her beauty was blazèd in every degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,
She showed herself courteous, but never too coy,
And at their commandment still she would be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go,
They cravèd her favour, but still she said no;
'I would not have gentlemen marry with me!'
Yet ever they honourèd pretty Bessee.

Now one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night;
The second, a gentleman of high degree,
Who wooèd and suèd for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withal;
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

'If that thou wilt marry with me,' quoth the knight,
'I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight;
My heart is enthrallèd in thy fair beauty,
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee.'

The gentleman said, 'Come marry with me,
In silks and in velvet my Bessee shall be;
My heart lies distracted, oh! hear me,' quoth he,
'And grant me thy love, my dear pretty Bessee.'

'Let me be thy husband,' the merchant did say,
'Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay,
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.'

Then Bessee she sighèd and thus she did say:
'My father and mother I mean to obey;
First get their good will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your dear pretty Bessee.'

To every one of them that answer she made,
Therefore unto her they joyfully said:
'This thing to fulfil we all now agree,
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?'

'My father,' quoth she, 'is soon to be seen:
The silly blind beggar of Bednall Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the kind father of pretty Bessee.

'His marks and his token are knowen full well,
He always is led by a dog and a bell;
A poor silly old man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he's the true father of pretty Bessee.'

'Nay, nay,' quoth the merchant, 'thou art not for me.
'She,' quoth the innholder, 'my wife shall not be.'
'I loathe,' said the gentleman, 'a beggar's degree,
Therefore, now farewell, my pretty Bessee.'

'Why then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree,
Then welcome to me, my dear pretty Bessee.

'With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.'
'Nay, forbear,' quoth his kinsman, 'it must not be so:
A poor beggar's daughter a lady shan't be;
Then take thy adieu of thy pretty Bessee.'

As soon then as it was break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee away;
The young men of Rumford, so sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bednall Green,
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slain;
The fray being ended, they straightway did see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then bespoke the blind beggar, 'Although I be poor,
Rail not against my child at my own door,
Though she be not deckèd in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with thee for my girl;

'And then if my gold should better her birth,
And equal the gold you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail you, nor grudge you to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

'But first, I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop it shall be all your own.'
With that they replièd, 'Contented we be!'
'Then here's,' quoth the beggar, 'for pretty Bessee!'

With that an angel he dropped on the ground,
And droppèd, in angels, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it proved most plain,
For the gentleman's one, the beggar dropped twain;

So that the whole place wherein they did sit,
With gold was coverèd every whit.
The gentleman having dropped all his store,
Said, 'Beggar! your hand hold, for I have no more.'

'Thou hast fulfillèd thy promise aright,
Then marry my girl,' quoth he to the knight;
'And then,' quoth he, 'I will throw you down,
An hundred pound more to buy her a gown.'

The gentlemen all, who his treasure had seen,
Admirèd the beggar of Bednall Green;
And those that had been her suitors before,
Their tender flesh for anger they tore.

Thus was the fair Bessee matched to a knight,
And made a lady in other's despite.
A fairer lady there never was seen
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall Green.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what fine lords and ladies there prest,
The second part shall set forth to yoūr sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished-for delight.

Of a blind beggar's daughter so bright,
That late was betrothed to a young knight,
All the whole discourse therefore you may see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

PART II.

It was in a gallant palace most brave,
Adornèd with all the cost they could have,
This wedding it was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the love of pretty Bessee.

And all kind of dainties and delicates sweet,
Was brought to their banquet, as it was thought meet,
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

The wedding through England was spread by report.
So that a great number thereto did resort,
Of nobles and gentles of every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then away went this gallant young knight,
His bride followed after, an angel most bright,
With troops of ladies, the like was ne'er seen,
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednall Green.

This wedding being solemnized then,
With music performèd by skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentlemen down at the side,
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun,
And of the blind beggar's daughter most bright;
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spoke the nobles, 'Much marvel have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot yet see!'

'My lords,' quoth the bride, 'my father so base
Is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.'
'The praise of a woman in question to bring,
Before her own face is a flattering thing;
But we think thy father's baseness,' quoth they,
'Might by thy beauty be clean put away.'
They no sooner this pleasant word spoke,
But in comes the beggar in a silken cloak,
A velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician, forsooth, he would be.
And being led in from catching of harm,
He had a dainty lute under his arm,
Said, 'Please you to hear any music of me,
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessee.'
With that his lute he twangèd straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play,
And after a lesson was played two or three,
He strained out this song most delicately:—
'A beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her beauty may well be a queen,
A blithe bonny lass, and dainty was she,
And many one callèd her pretty Bessee.
'Her father he had no goods nor no lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands,
And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
Yet still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.
'And here if any one do her disdain,
Her father is ready with might and with main
To prove she is come of noble degree,
Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessee.'
With that the lords and the company round
With a hearty laughter were ready to swound;
At last said the lords, 'Full well we may see,
The bride and the bridegroom's beholden to thee.'
With that the fair bride all blushing did rise,
With crystal water all in her bright eyes,

'Pardon my father, brave nobles,' quoth she,
'That through blind affection thus doats upon me.'

'If this be thy father,' the nobles did say,
'Well may he be proud of this happy day,
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth with his fortune could never agree;

'And therefore, blind beggar, we pray thee bewray,
And look to us then the truth thou dost say,
Thy birth and thy parentage what it may be,
E'en for the love thou bearest pretty Bessee.'

'Then give me leave, ye gentles each one,
A song more to sing and then I 'll begone,
And if that I do not win good report,
Then do not give me one groat for my sport:—

'When first our king his fame did advance,
And sought his title in delicate France,
In many places great perils passed he;
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

'And at those wars went over to fight,
Many a brave duke, a lord, and a knight,
And with them young Monford of courage so free;
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

'And there did young Monford with a blow on the face
Lose both his eyes in a very short space;
His life had been gone away with his sight,
Had not a young woman gone forth in the night.

'Among the said men, her fancy did move,
To search and to seek for her own true love,
Who seeing young Monford there gasping to die,
She savèd his life through her charity.

'And then all our victuals in beggar's attire,
At the hands of good people we then did require.
At last into England, as now it is seen,
We came, and remainèd in Bednall Green.

'And thus we have livèd in Fortune's despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight,

And in my old years, a comfort to me,
God sent me a daughter called pretty Bessee.
'And thus, ye nobles, my song I do end,
Hoping by the same no man to offend;
Full forty long winters thus I have been,
A silly blind beggar of Bednall Green.'
Now when the company every one,
Did hear the strange tale he told in his song,
They were amazèd, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessee.
With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying, 'You are come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of high degree,
And thou art right worthy a lady to be.'
Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight,
A happy bridegroom was made the young knight,
Who lived in great joy and felicity,
With his fair lady dear pretty Bessee.

THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD.

[This ballad is of considerable antiquity, and no doubt much older than some of those inserted in the common Garlands. It appears to have escaped the notice of Ritson, Percy, and other collectors of Robin Hood ballads. The tune is given in *Popular Music*. An aged woman in Bermondsey, Surrey, from whose oral recitation the present version was taken down, said that she had often heard her grandmother sing it, and that it was never in print; but we have since met with several common stall copies. The subject is the same as that of the old ballad called *Robin Hood newly revived; or, the Meeting and Fighting with his Cousin Scarlett.*]

THERE chanced to be a pedlar bold,
A pedlar bold he chanced to be;
He rolled his pack all on his back,
And he came tripping o'er the lee.
Down, a down, a down, a down,
Down, a down, a down.

By chance he met two troublesome blades,
Two troublesome blades they chanced to be;
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
And the other was Little John, so free.

'Oh! pedlar, pedlar, what is in thy pack,
Come speedilie and tell to me?'
'I've several suits of the gay green silks,
And silken bowstrings two or three.'

'If you have several suits of the gay green silk,
And silken bowstrings two or three,
Then it's by my body,' cries Little John,
'One half your pack shall belong to me.'

'Oh! nay, oh! nay,' says the pedlar bold,
'Oh! nay, oh! nay, that never can be,
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham
Can take one half my pack from me.'

Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack,
And put it a little below his knee,
Saying, 'If you do move me one perch from this,
My pack and all shall gang with thee.'

Then Little John he drew his sword;
The pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried, 'Pedlar, pray hold your hand!'

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartilie,
Saying, 'I could find a man of a smaller scale,
Could thrash the pedlar, and also thee.'

'Go, you try, master,' says Little John,
'Go, you try, master, most speedilie,
Or by my body,' says Little John,
'I am sure this night you will not know me.'

Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
And the pedlar by his pack did stand,
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried, 'Pedlar, pray hold your hand!

'Pedlar, pedlar! what is thy name?
Come speedilie and tell to me.'
'My name! my name, I ne'er will tell,
Till both your names you have told to me.'
'The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
And the other Little John, so free.'
'Now,' says the pedlar, 'it lays to my good will,
Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.
'I am Gamble Gold* of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea;
For killing a man in my father's land,
From my country I was forced to flee.'
'If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea,
You are my mother's own sister's son;
What nearer cousins then can we be?'
They sheathed their swords with friendly words,
So merrily they did agree;
They went to a tavern and there they dined,
And bottles cracked most merrilie.

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

[THIS is the common English stall copy of a ballad of which there are a variety of versions, for an account of which, and of the presumed origin of the story, the reader is referred to the notes on the *Water o' Wearie's Well*, in the *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, published by the Percy Society. By the term 'outlandish' is signified an inhabitant of that portion of the border which was formerly known by the name of 'the Debateable Land,' a district which, though claimed by both England and Scotland, could not be said to belong to either country. The people on each side of the border applied the term 'outlandish' to the Debateable residents. The tune to *The Outlandish Knight* has never been printed; it is peculiar to the ballad, and, from its popularity, is well known.]

* The stall copies read 'Gamble bold.'

AN Outlandish knight came from the North lands,
And he came a wooing to me;
He told me he'd take me unto the North lands,
And there he would marry me.

'Come, fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stand thirty and three.'

She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted her on her milk-white steed,
He on the dapple grey;
They rode till they came unto the sea side,
Three hours before it was day.

'Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,
And deliver it unto me;
Six pretty maids have I drownèd here,
And thou the seventh shall be.

'Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,
And deliver it unto me,
Methinks it looks too rich and too gay
To rot in the salt sea.

'Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,
And deliver them unto me;
Methinks they are too fine and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

'Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock,'
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and gay,
To rot in the salt sea.'

'If I must pull off my Holland smock,
Pray turn thy back unto me,
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see.'

He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green;
She catched him round the middle so small,
And tumbled him into the stream.

He droppèd high, and he droppèd low
Until he came to the side,—
'Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,
And I will make you my bride.'

'Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
Six pretty maids have you drownèd here,
And the seventh has drownèd thee.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple grey,
She rode till she came to her own father's hall,
Three hours before it was day.

The parrot being in the window so high,
Hearing the lady, did say,
'I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
That you have tarried so long away.'

'Don't prittle nor prattle, my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Although it is made of a tree.'

The king being in the chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot, did say,
'What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day?'

'It's no laughing matter,' the parrot did say,
'But so loudly I call unto thee;
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I'm afraid they will have me.'

'Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
Well turned, well turned for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory.'*

LORD DELAWARE.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[THIS interesting traditional ballad was first published by Mr. Thomas Lyle in his *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, London, 1827. 'We have not as yet,' says Mr. Lyle, 'been able to trace out the historical incident upon which this ballad appears to have been founded; yet those curious in such matters may consult, if they list, *Proceedings and Debates in the House of Commons, for* 1621 *and* 1662, where they will find that some stormy debating in these several years had been agitated in parliament regarding the corn laws, which bear pretty close upon the leading features of the ballad.' Does not the ballad, however, belong to a much earlier period? The description of the combat, the presence of heralds, the wearing of armour, &c., justify the conjecture. For De la Ware, ought we not to read De la Mare? and is not Sir Thomas De la Mare the hero? the De la Mare who in the reign of Edward III., A.D. 1377, was Speaker of the House of Com-

* In the Roxburgh Collection is a copy of this ballad, in which the catastrophe is brought about in a different manner. When the young lady finds that she is to be drowned, she very leisurely makes a particular examination of the place of her intended destruction, and raises an objection to some nettles which are growing on the banks of the stream; these she requires to be removed, in the following poetical stanza:—

'Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle,
That grows so near the brim;
For fear it should tangle my golden locks,
Or freckle my milk-white skin.'

A request so elegantly made is gallantly complied with by the treacherous knight, who, while engaged in 'cropping' the nettles, is pushed into the stream.

mons. All historians are agreed in representing him as a person using 'great freedom of speach,' and which, indeed, he carried to such an extent as to endanger his personal liberty. As bearing somewhat upon the subject of the ballad, it may be observed that De la Mare was a great advocate of popular rights, and particularly protested against the inhabitants of England being subject to 'purveyance,' asserting that 'if the royal revenue was faithfully administered, there could be no necessity for laying burdens on the people.' In the subsequent reign of Richard II., De la Mare was a prominent character, and though history is silent on the subject, it is not improbable that such a man might, even in the royal presence, have defended the rights of the poor, and spoken in extenuation of the agrarian insurrectionary movements which were then so prevalent and so alarming. On the hypothesis of De la Mare being the hero, there are other incidents in the tale which cannot be reconciled with history, such as the title given to De la Mare, who certainly was never ennobled; nor can we ascertain that he was ever mixed up in any duel; nor does it appear clear who can be meant by the 'Welsh Lord, the brave Duke of Devonshire,' that dukedom not having been created till 1694. and no nobleman having derived any title whatever from Devonshire previously to 1618, when Baron Cavendish, of Hardwick, was created the first *Earl* of Devonshire. We may therefore presume that for 'Devonshire' ought to be inserted the name of some other county or place. Strict historical accuracy is, however, hardly to be expected in any ballad, particularly in one which, like the present, has evidently been corrupted in floating down the stream of time. There is only one quarrel recorded at the supposed period of our tale as having taken place betwixt two noblemen, and which resulted in a hostile meeting, viz., that wherein the belligerent parties were the Duke of Hereford (who might by a 'ballad-monger' be deemed a *Welsh* lord) and the Duke of Norfolk. This was in the reign of Richard II. No fight, however, took place, owing to the interference of the king. Our minstrel author may have had rather confused historical ideas, and so mixed up certain passages in De la Mare's history with this squabble; and we are strongly inclined to suspect that such is the case, and that it will be found the real clue to the story. Vide Hume's *History of England*, chap. XVII. A.D. 1398. Lyle acknowledges that he has taken some liberties with the oral version, but does not state what they were, beyond that they consisted merely in 'smoothing down.' Would that he had left it 'in the *rough!*' The last verse has every appearance of being

apocryphal; it looks like one of those benedictory verses with which minstrels were, and still are, in the habit of concluding their songs. Lyle says the tune 'is pleasing, and peculiar to the ballad.' A homely version, presenting only trivial variations from that of Mr. Lyle, is still printed and sung.]

IN the Parliament House, a great rout has been there,
Betwixt our good King and the Lord Delaware:
Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,
'Will it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon?'

'What's your boon,' says the King, 'now let me understand?'
'It's, give me all the poor men we've starving in this land;
And without delay, I'll hie me to Lincolnshire,
To sow hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang them all there.

'For with hempen cord it's better to stop each poor man's breath,
Than with famine you should see your subjects starve to death.'
Up starts a Dutch Lord, who to Delaware did say,
'Thou deserves to be stabbed!' then he turned himself away;

'Thou deserves to be stabbed, and the dogs have thine ears,
For insulting our King in this Parliament of peers.'
Up sprang a Welsh Lord, the brave Duke of Devonshire,
'In young Delaware's defence, I'll fight this Dutch Lord, my sire;

'For he is in the right, and I'll make it so appear:
Him I dare to single combat, for insulting Delaware.'
A stage was soon erected, and to combat they went,
For to kill, or to be killed, it was either's full intent.

But the very first flourish, when the heralds gave command,
The sword of brave Devonshire bent backward on his hand;
In suspense he paused awhile, scanned his foe before he strake,
Then against the King's armour, his bent sword he brake.

Then he sprang from the stage, to a soldier in the ring,
Saying, 'Lend your sword, that to an end this tragedy we bring:
Though he's fighting me in armour, while I am fighting bare,
Even more than this I'd venture for young Lord Delaware.'

Leaping back on the stage, sword to buckler now resounds,
Till he left the Dutch Lord a bleeding in his wounds:
This seeing, cries the King to his guards without delay,
'Call Devonshire down,—take the dead man away!'

'No,' says brave Devonshire, 'I've fought him as a man,
Since he's dead, I will keep the trophies I have won;
For he fought me in your armour, while I fought him bare,
And the same you must win back, my liege, if ever you them wear.'

God bless the Church of England, may it prosper on each hand,
And also every poor man now starving in this land;
And while I pray success may crown our King upon his throne,
I'll wish that every poor man may long enjoy his own.

LORD BATEMAN.

[This is a ludicrously corrupt abridgment of the ballad of *Lord Beichan*, a copy of which will be found inserted amongst the *Early Ballads*, An. Ed. p. 144. The following grotesque version was published several years ago by Tilt, London, and also, according to the title-page, by Mustapha Syried, Constantinople! under the title of *The loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*. It is, however, the only ancient form in which the ballad has existed in print, and is one of the publications mentioned in Thackeray's Catalogue, see *ante*, p. 240. The air printed in Tilt's edition is the one to which the ballad is sung in the South of England, but it is totally different to the Northern tune, which has never been published.]

LORD BATEMAN he was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would go see.

He sailèd east, and he sailèd west,
Until he came to proud Turkèy;
Where he was taken, and put to prison,
Until his life was almost weary.

And in this prison there grew a tree,
It grew so stout, and grew so strong;
Where he was chainèd by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

This Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest creature my eyes did see;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Bateman she would set free.

'Have you got houses? have you got lands?
Or does Northumberland belong to thee?
What would you give to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set you free?'

'I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me
I'll give it all to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set me free.'

O! then she took him to her father's hall,
And gave to him the best of wine;
And every health she drank unto him,
'I wish, Lord Bateman, that you were mine!

'Now in seven years I'll make a vow,
And seven years I'll keep it strong,
If you'll wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man.'

O! then she took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame;
'Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again.'

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And fourteen days, well known to thee;
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

But when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell;
'Who's there? who's there?' cried the proud portèr,
'Who's there? unto me come tell.'

'O! is this Lord Bateman's castle?
Or is his Lordship here within?'
'O, yes! O, yes!' cried the young portèr,
'He's just now taken his new bride in.'

'O! tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine;
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release him when close confine.'

Away, away went this proud young porter,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Down on his bended knees fell he.

'What news, what news, my proud young porter?
What news hast thou brought unto me?'
'There is the fairest of all young creatures
That ever my two eyes did see!

'She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she has got three,
And as much gay clothing round her middle
As would buy all Northumberlea.

'She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine;
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release you when close confin

Lord Bateman he then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three
Saying, 'I will give all my father's riche
If Sophia has crossed the sea.'

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,
'You'll not forget my only daughter,
If Sophia has crossed the sea.'

'I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's neither the better nor worse for me;
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three.'

Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
And sang, with heart so full of glee,
'I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now since Sophia has crossed the sea.'

THE GOLDEN GLOVE;

OR, THE SQUIRE OF TAMWORTH.

[THIS is a very popular ballad, and sung in every part of England. It is traditionally reported to be founded on an incident which occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. It has been published in the broadside form from the commencement of the eighteenth century, but is no doubt much older. It does not appear to have been previously inserted in any collection.]

A WEALTHY young squire of Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding-day,
A young farmer chosen to give her away;
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamèd her heart; 'O, my heart!' she did cry.

She turned from the squire, but nothing she said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed;
The thought of the farmer soon run in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full well:

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the field;
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

'I thought you had been at the wedding,' she cried,
'To wait on the squire, and give him his bride.'
'No, sir,' said the farmer, 'if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well.'

'Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the squire your rival will prove.'
'Why, then,' says the farmer, 'I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her when she shall command.'

It pleasèd the lady to find him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a hunting with her dog and gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove;
And said, 'Who has found it, and brings it to me,
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be.'

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes:
'Dear, honoured lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love.'

'It's already granted, I will be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer,' she cried.
'I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plough.'

And when she was married she told of her fun,
How she went a hunting with her dog and gun:
'And now I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare!'

KING JAMES I. AND THE TINKLER.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[THE ballad of *King James I. and the Tinkler* was probably written either in, or shortly after, the reign of the monarch who is the hero. The incident recorded is said to be a fact, though the locality is doubtful. By some the scene is laid at Norwood, in Surrey; by others in some part of the English border. The ballad is alluded to by Percy, but is not inserted either in the *Reliques*, or in any other popular collection. It is to be found only in a few broadsides and chap-books of modern date. The present version is a traditional one, taken down, as here given, from the recital of the late Francis King.† It is much superior to the

* A tinker is still called a *tinkler* in the north of England.

† This poor minstrel was born at the village of Rylstone, in Craven, the scene of Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*. King was always called 'the Skipton Minstrel;' and he merited that name, for he was not a mere player of jigs and country dances, but a singer of heroic ballads, carrying his hearers back to the days of chivalry and royal adventure, when the King of England called up Cheshire and Lancashire to fight the King of France, and monarchs sought the greenwood tree, and hob-a-nobbed with tinkers, knighting these Johns of the Dale as a matter of poetical justice and high sovereign prerogative. Francis King was a character. His physiognomy was striking and peculiar; and, although there was nothing of the rogue in its expression, for an honester fellow never breathed, he might have sat for Wordsworth's 'Peter Bell.' He combined in a rare degree the qualities of the mime and the minstrel, and his old jokes, and older ballads and songs, always ensured him a hearty welcome. He was lame, in consequence of one

common broadside edition with which it has been collated, and from which the thirteenth and fifteenth verses were obtained. The ballad is very popular on the Border, and in the dales of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Craven. The late Robert Anderson, the Cumbrian bard, represents Deavie, in his song of the *Clay Daubin*, as singing *The King and the Tinkler*.]

AND now, to be brief, let's pass over the rest,
Who seldom or never were given to jest,
And come to King Jamie, the first of our throne,
A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

As he was a hunting the swift fallow-deer,
He dropped all his nobles; and when he got clear,
In hope of some pastime away he did ride,
Till he came to an alehouse, hard by a wood-side.

And there with a tinkler he happened to meet,
And him in kind sort he so freely did greet:
'Pray thee, good fellow, what hast in thy jug,
Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?'

'By the mass!' quoth the tinkler, 'it's nappy brown ale,
And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not fail;
For although thy jacket looks gallant and fine,
I think that my twopence as good is as thine.'

'By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke,'
And straight he sat down with the tinkler to joke;
They drank to the King, and they pledged to each other;
Who'd seen'em had thought they were brother and brother.

---

leg being shorter than the other, and his limping gait used to give occasion to the remark that 'few Kings had had more ups and downs in the world.' He met his death by drowning on the night of December 13, 1844. He had been at a 'merry-making' at Gargrave, in Craven, and it is supposed that, owing to the darkness of the night, he mistook the road, and walked into the river. As a musician his talents were creditable; and his name will long survive in the village records. The minstrel's grave is in the quiet churchyard of Gargrave. Further particulars of Francis King may be seen in Dixon's *Stories of the Craven Dales*, published by Tasker and Son, of Skipton.

As they were a-drinking the King pleased to say,
'What news, honest fellow? come tell me, I pray?'
'There's nothing of news, beyond that I hear
The King's on the border a-chasing the deer.

'And truly I wish I so happy may be
Whilst he is a hunting the King I might see;
For although I've travelled the land many ways
I never have yet seen a King in my days.'

The King, with a hearty brisk laughter, replied,
'I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring
To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King.'

'But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,
And how shall we tell him from them, sir, I pray?'
'Thou'lt easily ken him when once thou art there;
The King will be covered, his nobles all bare.'

He got up behind him and likewise his sack,
His budget of leather, and tools at his back;
They rode till they came to the merry greenwood,
His nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

The tinkler then seeing so many appear,
He slily did whisper the King in his ear:
Saying, 'They're all clothed so gloriously gay,
But which amongst them is the King, sir, I pray?'

The King did with hearty good laughter, reply,
'By my soul! my good fellow, it's thou or it's I!
The rest are bareheaded, uncovered all round.'—
With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground,

Like one that was frightened quite out of his wits,
Then on his knees he instantly gets,
Beseeching for mercy; the King to him said,
'Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

'Come, tell thy name?' 'I am John of the Dale,
A mender of kettles, a lover of ale.'
'Rise up, Sir John, I will honour thee here,—
I make thee a knight of three thousand a year!'

This was a good thing for the tinkler indeed;
Then unto the court he was sent for with speed,
Where great store of pleasure and pastime was seen,
In the royal presence of King and of Queen.

Sir John of the Dale he has land, he has fee,
At the court of the king who so happy as he?
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinkler's old sack,
And the budget of tools which he bore at his back.

THE KEACH I' THE CREEL.

[THIS old and very humorous ballad has long been a favourite on both sides of the Border, but had never appeared in print till about 1845, when a Northumbrian gentleman printed a few copies for private circulation, from one of which the following is taken. In the present impression some trifling typographical mistakes are corrected, and the phraseology has been rendered uniform throughout. *Keach i' the Creel* means the catch in the basket.]

A FAIR young May went up the street,
Some white fish for to buy;
And a bonny clerk's fa'n i' luve wi' her,
And he's followed her by and by, by,
And he's followed her by and by.

'O! where live ye my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me;
For gin the nicht were ever sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee, thee;
I wad come and visit thee.'

'O! my father he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key;
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,
Ye canna win in to me, me;
Ye canna win in to me.'

But the clerk he had ae true brother,
And a wily wicht was he;
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three, three;
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a creel—
A creel but and a pin;
And he's away to the chimley-top,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in, in;
And he's letten the bonny clerk in.

The auld wife, being not asleep,
Tho' late, late was the hour;
'I'll lay my life,' quo' the silly auld wife,
'There's a man i' our dochter's bower, bower;
There's a man i' our dochter's bower.'

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But she 's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue, blue;
And covered him owre wi' blue.

'O! where are ye gaun now, father?' she says,
'And where are ye gaun sae late?
Ye've disturbed me in my evening prayers,
And O! but they were sweit, sweit;
And O! but they were sweit.'

'O! ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee;
She has the muckle buik in her arms,
And she's prayin' for you and me, me;
And she's prayin' for you and me.'

The auld wife being not asleep,
Then something mair was said;
'I'll lay my life,' quo' the silly auld wife,
'There's a man by our dochter's bed, bed;
There's a man by our dochter's bed.'

The auld wife she gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But what the wrack took the auld wife's fit?
For into the creel she flew, flew;
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,
And fast to him he drew, drew:
And fast to him he drew.

'O, help! O, help! O, hinny, noo, help!
O, help! O, hinny, do!
For *him* that ye aye wished me at,
He's carryin' me off just noo, noo;
He's carryin' me off just noo.'

'O! if the foul thief 's gotten ye,
I wish he may keep his haud;
For a' the lee lang winter nicht,
Ye 'll never lie in your bed, bed;
Ye'll never lie in your bed.'

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's towed her through an' through;
'O, Gude! assist,' quo' the silly auld wife,
'For I'm just departin' noo, noo;
For I'm just departin' noo.'

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gien her a richt down fa',
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side,
Played nick nack on the wa', wa';
Played nick nack on the wa'.

O! the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,
And I wish the blue may do weel;
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her dochter,
May she get a good keach i' the creel, creel;
May she get a good keach i' the creel!

THE MERRY BROOMFIELD;

OR, THE WEST COUNTRY WAGER.

[THIS old West-country ballad was one of the broadsides printed at the Aldermary press. We have not met with any older im-

pression, though we have been assured that there are black-letter copies. In Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* is a ballad called the *Broomfield Hill;* it is a mere fragment, but is evidently taken from the present ballad, and can be considered only as one of the many modern antiques to be found in that work.]

A NOBLE young squire that lived in the West,
He courted a young lady gay;
And as he was merry he put forth a jest,
A wager with her he would lay.

'A wager with me,' the young lady replied,
'I pray about what must it be?
If I like the humour you shan't be denied,
I love to be merry and free.'

Quoth he, 'I will lay you a hundred pounds,
A hundred pounds, aye, and ten,
That a maid if you go to the merry Broomfield,
That a maid you return not again.'

'I'll lay you that wager,' the lady she said,
Then the money she flung down amain;
'To the merry Broomfield I'll go a pure maid,
The same I'll return home again.'

He covered her bet in the midst of the hall,
With a hundred and ten jolly pounds;
And then to his servant he straightway did call,
For to bring forth his hawk and his hounds.

A ready obedience the servant did yield,
And all was made ready o'er night;
Next morning he went to the merry Broomfield,
To meet with his love and delight.

Now when he came there, having waited a while,
Among the green broom down he lies;
The lady came to him, and could not but smile,
For sleep then had closèd his eyes.

Upon his right hand a gold ring she secured,
Drawn from her own fingers so fair;
That when he awakèd he might be assured
His lady and love had been there.

She left him a posie of pleasant perfume,
Then stepped from the place where he lay,
Then hid herself close in the besom of broom,
To hear what her true love did say.

He wakened and found the gold ring on his hand,
Then sorrow of heart he was in:
'My love has been here, I do well understand,
And this wager I now shall not win.

'Oh! where was you, my goodly goshawk,
The which I have purchased so dear,
Why did you not waken me out of my sleep,
When the lady, my love, was here?'

'O! with my bells did I ring, master,
And eke with my feet did I run;
And still did I cry, pray awake! master,
She's here now, and soon will be gone.'

'O! where was you, my gallant greyhound,
Whose collar is flourished with gold;
Why hadst thou not wakened me out of my sleep,
When thou didst my lady behold?'

'Dear master, I barked with my mouth when she came,
And likewise my collar I shook;
And told you that here was the beautiful dame,
But no notice of me then you took.'

'O! where wast thou, my servingman,
Whom I have clothèd so fine?
If you had waked me when she was here,
The wager then had been mine.'

'In the night you should have slept, master,
And kept awake in the day;
Had you not been sleeping when hither she came,
Then a maid she had not gone away.'

Then home he returned when the wager was lost,
With sorrow of heart, I may say;
The lady she laughed to find her love crost,—
This was upon midsummer-day.

'O, squire! I laid in the bushes concealed,
And heard you, when you did complain;
And thus I have been to the merry Broomfield
And a maid returned back again.

'Be cheerful! be cheerful! and do not repine,
For now 'tis as clear as the sun,
The money, the money, the money is mine,
The wager I fairly have won.'

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

[THE West-country ballad of *Sir John Barleycorn* is very ancient, and being the only version that has ever been sung at English merry-makings and country feasts, can certainly set up a better claim to antiquity than any of the three ballads on the same subject to be found in Evans's collection; viz., *John Barleycorn*, *The Little Barleycorn*, and *Mas Mault*. Our west-country version bears the greatest resemblance to *The Little Barleycorn*, but it is very dissimilar to any of the three. Burns altered the old ditty, but on referring to his version it will be seen that his corrections and additions want the simplicity of the original, and certainly cannot be considered improvements. The common ballad does not appear to have been inserted in any of our popular collections. *Sir John Barleycorn* is very appropriately sung to the tune of *Stingo*. See *Popular Music*, I., 305.]

THERE came three men out of the West,
Their victory to try;
And they have taken a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him in,
And harrowed clods on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn was dead.

There he lay sleeping in the ground,
Till rain from the sky did fall:
Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
And so amazed them all.

There he remained till Midsummer,
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
And so became a man.

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor little Barleycorn,
They served him barbarously.

Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
To pierce him through the heart;
And like a dreadful tragedy,
They bound him to a cart.

And then they brought him to a barn,
A prisoner to endure;
And so they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor.

Then they set men with holly clubs,
To beat the flesh from his bones;
But the miller he served him worse than that,
For he ground him betwixt two stones.

O! Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That ever was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.

It will make a boy into a man,
And a man into an ass;
It will change your gold into silver,
And your silver into brass.

It will make the huntsman hunt the fox,
That never wound his horn;
It will bring the tinker to the stocks,
That people may him scorn.

It will put sack into a glass,
And claret in the can;
And it will cause a man to drink
Till he neither can go nor stand.

BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO!

[THIS Northumbrian ballad is of great antiquity, and bears considerable resemblance to *The Baffled Knight; or, Lady's Policy*, inserted in Percy's *Reliques*. It is not in any popular collection. In the broadside from which it is here printed, the title and chorus are given, *Blow the Winds, I-O*, a form common to many ballads and songs, but only to those of great antiquity. Chappell, in his *Popular Music*, has an example in a song as old as 1698:—

'Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
I-ho! I-ho! I-ho!'

and in another well-known old catch the same form appears:—

'A pye sat on a pear-tree,
I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.'

'Io!' or, as we find it given in these lyrics, 'I-ho!' was an ancient form of acclamation or triumph on joyful occasions and anniversaries. It is common, with slight variations, to different languages. In the Gothic, for example, Iola signifies to make merry. It has been supposed by some etymologists that the word 'yule' is a corruption of 'Io!']

THERE was a shepherd's son,
He kept sheep on yonder hill;
He laid his pipe and his crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.
And blow the winds, I-ho!
Sing, blow the winds, I-ho!
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow the winds, I-ho!

He lookèd east, and he lookèd west,
He took another look,
And there he spied a lady gay,
Was dipping in a brook.

She said, 'Sir, don't touch my mantle,
Come, let my clothes alone;
I will give you as much monèy
As you can carry home.'

'I will not touch your mantle,
I'll let your clothes alone;
I'll take you out of the water clear,
My dear, to be my own.'

He did not touch her mantle,
He let her clothes alone;
But he took her from the clear water,
And all to be his own.

He set her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another;
And there they rode along the road,
Like sister, and like brother.

And as they rode along the road,
He spied some cocks of hay;
'Yonder,' he says, 'is a lovely place
For men and maids to play!'

And when they came to her father's gate,
She pullèd at a ring;
And ready was the proud portèr
For to let the lady in.

And when the gatès were open,
This lady jumpèd in;
She says, 'You are a fool without,
And I'm a maid within.

'Good morrow to you, modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
If you had been what you should have been,
I would not have left you there.

'There is a horse in my father's stable,
He stands beyond the thorn;
He shakes his head above the trough,
But dares not prie the corn.

'There is a bird in my father's flock,
A double comb he wears;
He flaps his wings, and crows full loud,
But a capon's crest he bears.

'There is a flower in my father's garden,
They call it marygold;
The fool that will not when he may,
He shall not when he wold.'

Said the shepherd's son, as he doft his shoon,
'My feet they shall run bare,
And if ever I meet another maid,
I rede that maid beware.'

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY OF KENT;

OR, THE SEAMAN OF DOVER.

[We have met with two copies of this genuine English ballad; the older one is without printer's name, but from the appearance of the type and the paper, it must have been published about the middle of the last century. It is certainly not one of the original impressions, for the other copy, though of recent date, has evidently been taken from some still older and better edition. In the modern broadside the ballad is in four parts, whereas, in our older one, there is no such expressed division, but a word at the commencement of each part is printed in capital letters.]

PART I.

A SEAMAN of Dover, whose excellent parts,
For wisdom and learning, had conquered the hearts
Of many young damsels, of beauty so bright,
Of him this new ditty in brief I shall write;

And show of his turnings, and windings of fate,
His passions and sorrows, so many and great:
And how he was blessed with true love at last,
When all the rough storms of his troubles were past.

Now, to be brief, I shall tell you the truth:
A beautiful lady, whose name it was Ruth,
A squire's young daughter, near Sandwich, in Kent,
Proves all his heart's treasure, his joy and content.

Unknown to their parents in private they meet,
Where many love lessons they'd often repeat,
With kisses, and many embraces likewise,
She granted him love, and thus gainèd the prize.

She said, 'I consent to be thy sweet bride,
Whatever becomes of my fortune,' she cried.
'The frowns of my father I never will fear,
But freely will go through the world with my dear.'

A jewel he gave her, in token of love,
And vowed, by the sacred powers above,
To wed the next morning; but they were betrayed,
And all by the means of a treacherous maid.

She told her parents that they were agreed:
With that they fell into a passion with speed,
And said, ere a seaman their daughter should have,
They rather would follow her corpse to the grave.

The lady was straight to her chamber confined,
Here long she continued in sorrow of mind,
And so did her love, for the loss of his dear,—
No sorrow was ever so sharp and severe.

When long he had mourned for his love and delight,
Close under the window he came in the night,
And sung forth this ditty:—'My dearest, farewell!
Behold, in this nation no longer I dwell.

'I am going from hence to the kingdom of Spain,
Because I am willing that you should obtain
Your freedom once more; for my heart it will break
If longer thou liest confined for my sake.'

The words which he uttered, they caused her to weep;
Yet, nevertheless, she was forcèd to keep
Deep silence that minute, that minute for fear
Her honourèd father and mother should hear.

PART II.

Soon after, bold Henry he entered on board,
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford,
And brought him with speed to the kingdom of Spain,
There he with a merchant some time did remain;

Who, finding that he was both faithful and just,
Preferred him to places of honour and trust;

He made him as great as his heart could request,
Yet, wanting his Ruth, he with grief was oppressed.

So great was his grief it could not be concealed,
Both honour and riches no pleasure could yield;
In private he often would weep and lament,
For Ruth, the fair, beautiful lady of Kent.

Now, while he lamented the loss of his dear,
A lady of Spain did before him appear,
Bedecked with rich jewels both costly and gay,
Who earnestly sought for his favour that day.

Said she, 'Gentle swain, I am wounded with love,
And you are the person I honour above
The greatest of nobles that ever was born;—
Then pity my tears, and my sorrowful mourn!'

'I pity thy sorrowful tears,' he replied,
'And wish I were worthy to make thee my bride;
But, lady, thy grandeur is greater than mine,
Therefore, I am fearful my heart to resign.'

'O! never be doubtful of what will ensue,
No manner of danger will happen to you;
At my own disposal I am, I declare,
Receive me with love, or destroy me with care.'

'Dear madam, don't fix your affection on me,
You are fit for some lord of a noble degree,
That is able to keep up your honour and fame;
I am but a poor sailor, from England who came.

'A man of mean fortune, whose substance is small,
I have not wherewith to maintain you withal,
Sweet lady, according to honour and state;
Now this is the truth, which I freely relate.'

The lady she lovingly squeezèd his hand,
And said with a smile, 'Ever blessed be the land
That bred such a noble, brave seaman as thee;
I value no honours, thou'rt welcome to me;

'My parents are dead, I have jewels untold,
Besides in possession a million of gold;
And thou shalt be lord of whatever I have,
Grant me but thy love, which I earnestly crave.'

Then, turning aside, to himself he replied,
'I am courted with riches and beauty beside;
This love I may have, but my Ruth is denied.'
Wherefore he consented to make her his bride.

The lady she clothèd him costly and great;
His noble deportment, both proper and straight,
So charmèd the innocent eye of his dove,
And added a second new flame to her love.

Then married they were without longer delay;
Now here we will leave them both glorious and gay,
To speak of fair Ruth, who in sorrow was left
At home with her parents, of comfort bereft.

PART III.

When under the window with an aching heart,
He told his fair Ruth he so soon must depart,
Her parents they heard, and well pleasèd they were,
But Ruth was afflicted with sorrow and care.

Now, after her lover had quitted the shore,
They kept her confined a full twelvemonth or more,
And then they were pleasèd to set her at large,
With laying upon her a wonderful charge:

To fly from a seaman as she would from death;
She promised she would, with a faltering breath;
Yet, nevertheless, the truth you shall hear,
She found out a way for to follow her dear.

Then, taking her gold and her silver alsò,
In seaman's apparel away she did go,
And found out a master, with whom she agreed,
To carry her over the ocean with speed.

Now, when she arrived at the kingdom of Spain,
From city to city she travelled amain,

Enquiring about everywhere for her love,
Who now had been gone seven years and above.

In Cadiz, as she walked along in the street,
Her love and his lady she happened to meet,
But in such a garb as she never had seen,—
She looked like an angel, or beautiful queen.

With sorrowful tears she turned her aside:
'My jewel is gone, I shall ne'er be his bride;
But, nevertheless, though my hopes are in vain,
I'll never return to old England again.

'But here, in this place, I will now be confined;
It will be a comfort and joy to my mind,
To see him sometimes, though he thinks not of me,
Since he has a lady of noble degree.'

Now, while in the city fair Ruth did reside,
Of a sudden this beautiful lady she died,
And, though he was in the possession of all,
Yet tears from his eyes in abundance did fall.

As he was expressing his piteous moan,
Fair Ruth came unto him, and made herself known;
He started to see her, but seemèd not coy,
Said he, 'Now my sorrows are mingled with joy!'

The time of the mourning he kept it in Spain,
And then he came back to old England again,
With thousands, and thousands, which he did possess;
Then glorious and gay was sweet Ruth in her dress.

PART IV.

When over the seas to fair Sandwich he came,
With Ruth, and a number of persons of fame,
Then all did appear most splendid and gay,
As if it had been a great festival day.

Now, when that they took up their lodgings, behold!
He stripped off his coat of embroiderèd gold,
And presently borrows a mariner's suit,
That he with her parents might have some dispute,

Before they were sensible he was so great;
And when he came in and knocked at the gate,
He soon saw her father, and mother likewise,
Expressing their sorrow with tears in their eyes.

To them, with obeisance, he modestly said,
'Pray where is my jewel, that innocent maid,
Whose sweet lovely beauty doth thousands excel?
I fear, by your weeping, that all is not well!'

'No, no! she is gone, she is utterly lost;
We have not heard of her a twelvemonth at most!
Which makes us distracted with sorrow and care,
And drowns us in tears at the point of despair.'

'I'm grievèd to hear these sad tidings,' he cried.
'Alas! honest young man,' her father replied,
'I heartily wish she'd been wedded to you,
For then we this sorrow had never gone through.'

Sweet Henry he made them this answer again;
'I am newly come home from the kingdom of Spain,
From whence I have brought me a beautiful bride,
And am to be married to-morrow,' he criéd;

'And if you will go to my wedding,' said he,
'Both you and your lady right welcome shall be.'
They promised they would, and accordingly came,
Not thinking to meet with such persons of fame.

All decked with their jewels of rubies and pearls,
As equal companions of lords and of earls,
Fair Ruth, with her love, was as gay as the rest,
So they in their marriage were happily blessed.

Now, as they returned from the church to an inn,
The father and mother of Ruth did begin
Their daughter to know, by a mole they behold,
Although she was clothed in a garment of gold.

With transports of joy they flew to the bride,
'O! where hast thou been, sweetest daughter?' they cried,
'Thy tedious absence has grievèd us sore,
As fearing, alas! we should see thee no more.'

'Dear parents,' said she, 'many hazards I run,
To fetch home my love, and your dutiful son;
Receive him with joy, for 'tis very well known,
He seeks not your wealth, he's enough of his own!'
Her father replied, and he merrily smiled, [child;
'He's brought home enough, as he's brought home my
A thousand times welcome you are, I declare,
Whose presence disperses both sorrow and care.

Full seven long days in feasting they spent;
The bells in the steeple they merrily went,
And many fair pounds were bestowed on the poor;—
The like of this wedding was never before!

THE BERKSHIRE LADY'S GARLAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.

To the tune of *The Royal Forester.*

[WHEN we first met with this very pleasing English ballad, we deemed the story to be wholly fictitious, but 'strange' as the 'relation' may appear, the incidents narrated are 'true' or at least founded on fact. The scene of the ballad is Whitley Park, near Reading, in Berkshire, and not, as some suppose, Calcot House, which was not built till 1759. Whitley is mentioned by Leland as 'the Abbot's Park, being at the entrance of Redding town.' At the Dissolution the estate passed to the crown, and the mansion seems, from time to time, to have been used as a royal 'palace' till the reign of Elizabeth, by whom it was granted, along with the estate, to Sir Francis Knollys; it became afterwards, by purchase, the property of the Kendricks, an ancient race, descended from the Saxon kings. William Kendrick, of Whitley, armr. was created a baronet in 1679, and died in 1685, leaving issue one son, Sir William Kendrick, of Whitley, Bart., who married Miss Mary House, of Reading, and died in 1699, without issue male, leaving an only daughter. It was this rich heiress, who possessed 'store of wealth and beauty bright,' that is the heroine of the ballad. She married Benjamin Child, Esq., a young and handsome, but very poor attorney of Reading, and the marriage is traditionally reported to have been brought about exactly as related in the ballad. We have not been able to ascertain the exact date of the marriage, which was celebrated in St. Mary's

Church, Reading, the bride wearing a thick veil; but the ceremony must have taken place some time about 1705. In 1714, Mr. Child was high sheriff of Berkshire. As he was an humble and obscure personage previously to his espousing the heiress of Whitley, and, in fact, owed all his wealth and influence to his marriage, it cannot be supposed that *immediately* after his union he would be elevated to so important and dignified a post as the high-shrievalty of the very aristocratical county of Berks. We may, therefore, consider nine or ten years to have elapsed betwixt his marriage and his holding the office of high sheriff, which he filled when he was about thirty-two years of age. The author of the ballad is unknown: supposing him to have composed it shortly after the events which he records, we cannot be far wrong in fixing its date about 1706. The earliest broadside we have seen contains a rudely executed, but by no means bad likeness of Queen Anne, the reigning monarch at that period.]

PART I.

SHOWING CUPID'S CONQUEST OVER A COY LADY OF FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR.

BACHELORS of every station,
Mark this strange and true relation
Which in brief to you I bring,—
Never was a stranger thing!
You shall find it worth the hearing;
Loyal love is most endearing,
When it takes the deepest root,
Yielding charms and gold to boot.

Some will wed for love of treasure;
But the sweetest joy and pleasure
Is in faithful love, you'll find,
Graced with a noble mind.

Such a noble disposition
Had this lady, with submission,
Of whom I this sonnet write,
Store of wealth, and beauty bright.

She had left, by a good grannum,
Full five thousand pounds per annum,
Which she held without control;
Thus she did in riches roll.

Though she had vast store of riches,
Which some persons much bewitches,
Yet she bore a virtuous mind,
Not the least to pride inclined.

Many noble persons courted
This young lady, 'tis reported;
But their labour proved in vain,
They could not her favour gain.

Though she made a strong resistance,
Yet by Cupid's true assistance,
She was conquered after all;
How it was declare I shall.

Being at a noble wedding,
Near the famous town of Redding,
A young gentleman she saw,
Who belongèd to the law.

As she viewed his sweet behaviour,
Every courteous carriage gave her
New addition to her grief;
Forced she was to seek relief.

Privately she then enquired
About him, so much admired;
Both his name, and where he dwelt,
Such was the hot flame she felt.

Then, at night, this youthful lady
Called her coach, which being ready,
Homewards straight she did return;
But her heart with flames did burn.

PART II.

SHOWING THE LADY'S LETTER OF A CHALLENGE TO FIGHT HIM UPON HIS REFUSING TO WED HER IN A MASK, WITHOUT KNOWING WHO SHE WAS.

Night and morning, for a season,
In her closet would she reason

* This is the ancient way of spelling the name of Reading. In Percy's version of *Barbara Allen*, that ballad commences 'In Scarlet town,' which, in the common stall copies, is rendered 'In Redding town.' The former is apparently a pun upon the old orthography—*Red*ding.

With herself, and often said,
'Why has love my heart betrayed!

'I, that have so many slighted,
Am at length so well requited;
For my griefs are not a few!
Now I find what love can do.

'He that has my heart in keeping,
Though I for his sake be weeping,
Little knows what grief I feel;
But I'll try it out with steel.

'For I will a challenge send him,
And appoint where I'll attend him,
In a grove, without delay,
By the dawning of the day.

'He shall not the least discover
That I am a virgin lover,
By the challenge which I send;
But for justice I contend.

'He has caused sad distraction,
And I come for satisfaction,
Which if he denies to give,
One of us shall cease to live.'

Having thus her mind revealed,
She her letter closed and sealed;
Which, when it came to his hand,
The young man was at a stand.

In her letter she conjured him
For to meet, and well assured him,
Recompence he must afford,
Or dispute it with the sword.

Having read this strange relation,
He was in a consternation;
But, advising with his friend,
He persuades him to attend.

'Be of courage, and make ready,
Faint heart never won fair lady;
In regard it must be so,
I along with you must go.'

PART III.

SHOWING HOW THEY MET BY APPOINTMENT IN A GROVE, WHERE SHE OBLIGED HIM TO FIGHT OR WED HER.

Early on a summer's morning,
When bright Phœbus was adorning
Every bower with his beams,
The fair lady came, it seems.

At the bottom of a mountain,
Near a pleasant crystal fountain,
There she left her gilded coach,
While the grove she did approach.

Covered with her mask, and walking,
There she met her lover talking
With a friend that he had brought;
So she asked him whom he sought.

'I am challenged by a gallant,
Who resolves to try my talent;
Who he is I cannot say,
But I hope to show him play.'

'It is I that did invite you,
You shall wed me, or I'll fight you,
Underneath those spreading trees;
Therefore, choose you which you please.

'You shall find I do not vapour,
I have brought my trusty rapier;
Therefore, take your choice,' said she,
'Either fight or marry me.'

Said he, 'Madam, pray what mean you?
In my life I've never seen you;
Pray unmask, your visage show,
Then I'll tell you aye or no.'

'I will not my face uncover
Till the marriage ties are over;
Therefore, choose you which you will,
Wed me, sir, or try your skill.

'Step within that pleasant bower,
With your friend one single hour;
Strive your thoughts to reconcile,
And I'll wander here the while.'

While this beauteous lady waited,
The young bachelors debated
What was best for to be done:
Quoth his friend, 'The hazard run.

'If my judgment can be trusted,
Wed her first, you can't be worsted;
If she's rich, you'll rise to fame,
If she's poor, why! you're the same.'

He consented to be married;
All three in a coach were carried
To a church without delay,
Where he weds the lady gay.

Though sweet pretty Cupids hovered
Round her eyes, her face was covered
With a mask,—he took her thus,
Just for better or for worse.

With a courteous kind behaviour,
She presents his friend a favour,
And withal dismissed him straight,
That he might no longer wait.

PART IV.

SHOWING HOW THEY RODE TOGETHER IN HER GILDED COACH TO HER NOBLE SEAT, OR CASTLE, ETC.

As the gilded coach stood ready,
The young lawyer and his lady
Rode together, till they came
To her house of state and fame;

Which appeared like a castle,
Where you might behold a parcel
Of young cedars, tall and straight,
Just before her palace gate.

Hand in hand they walked together,
To a hall, or parlour, rather,
Which was beautiful and fair,—
All alone she left him there.

Two long hours there he waited
Her return;—at length he fretted,
And began to grieve at last,
For he had not broke his fast.

Still he sat like one amazed,
Round a spacious room he gazed,
Which was richly beautified;
But, alas! he lost his bride.

There was peeping, laughing, sneering,
All within the lawyer's hearing;
But his bride he could not see;
'Would I were at home!' thought he.

While his heart was melancholy,
Said the steward, brisk and jolly,
'Tell me, friend, how came you here?
You've some bad design, I fear.'

He replied, 'Dear loving master,
You shall meet with no disaster
Through my means, in any case,—
Madam brought me to this place.'

Then the steward did retire,
Saying, that he would enquire
Whether it was true or no:
Ne'er was lover hampered so.

Now the lady who had filled him
With those fears, full well beheld him
From a window, as she dressed,
Pleasèd at the merry jest.

When she had herself attired
In rich robes, to be admired,
She appearèd in his sight,
Like a moving angel bright.

'Sir! my servants have related,
How some hours you have waited
In my parlour,—tell me who
In my house you ever knew?'

'Madam! if I have offended,
It is more than I intended;
A young lady brought me here:'—
'That is true,' said she, 'my dear.

'I can be no longer cruel
To my joy, and only jewel;
Thou art mine, and I am thine,
Hand and heart I do resign!

'Once I was a wounded lover,
Now these fears are fairly over;
By receiving what I gave,
Thou art lord of what I have.'

Beauty, honour, love, and treasure.
A rich golden stream of pleasure,
With his lady he enjoys;
Thanks to Cupid's kind decoys.

Now he's clothed in rich attire,
Not inferior to a squire;
Beauty, honour, riches' store,
What can man desire more?

THE NOBLEMAN'S GENEROUS KINDNESS.

Giving an account of a nobleman, who, taking notice of a poor man's industrious care and pains for the maintaining of his charge of seven small children, met him upon a day, and discoursing with him, invited him, and his wife and his children, home to his house, and bestowed upon them a farm of thirty acres of land, to be continued to him and his heirs for ever.

To the tune of *The Two English Travellers.*

[THIS still popular ballad is entitled in the modern copies, *The Nobleman and Thrasher; or, the Generous Gift.* There is a copy preserved in the Roxburgh Collection, with which our version has been collated. It is taken from a broadside printed by Robert Marchbank, in the Custom-house Entry, Newcastle.]

A NOBLEMAN lived in a village of late, [great;
Hard by a poor thrasher, whose charge it was
For he had seven children, and most of them small,
And nought but his labour to support them withal.

He never was given to idle and lurk,
For this nobleman saw him go daily to work,
With his flail and his bag, and his bottle of beer,
As cheerful as those that have hundreds a year.

Thus careful, and constant, each morning he went,
Unto his daily labour with joy and content;
So jocular and jolly he'd whistle and sing,
As blithe and as brisk as the birds in the spring.

One morning, this nobleman taking a walk,
He met this poor man, and he freely did talk;
He asked him [at first] many questions at large,
And then began talking concerning his charge.

'Thou hast many children, I very well know,
Thy labour is hard, and thy wages are low,
And yet thou art cheerful; I pray tell me true,
How can you maintain them as well as you do?'

'I carefully carry home what I do earn,
My daily expenses by this I do learn;
And find it is possible, though we be poor,
To still keep the ravenous wolf from the door.

'I reap and I mow, and I harrow and sow,
Sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
No work comes amiss, for I thrash, and I plough,
Thus my bread I do earn by the sweat of my brow.

'My wife she is willing to pull in a yoke,
We live like two lambs, nor each other provoke;
We both of us strive, like the labouring ant,
And do our endeavours to keep us from want.

'And when I come home from my labour at night,
To my wife and my children, in whom I delight;
To see them come round me with prattling noise,—
Now these are the riches a poor man enjoys.

'Though I am as weary as weary may be,
The youngest I commonly dance on my knee;
I find that content is a moderate feast,
I never repine at my lot in the least.'

Now the nobleman hearing what he did say,
Was pleased, and invited him home the next day;
His wife and his children he charged him to bring;
In token of favour he gave him a ring.

He thanked his honour, and taking his leave,
He went to his wife, who would hardly believe
But this same story himself he might raise;
Yet seeing the ring she was [lost] in amaze.

Betimes in the morning the good wife she arose,
And made them all fine, in the best of their clothes;
The good man with his good wife, and children small,
They all went to dine at the nobleman's hall.

But when they came there, as truth does report,
All things were prepared in a plentiful sort;
And they at the nobleman's table did dine,
With all kinds of dainties, and plenty of wine.

The feast being over, he soon let them know,
That he then intended on them to bestow
A farm-house, with thirty good acres of land;
And gave them the writings then, with his own hand.

Because thou art careful, and good to thy wife,
I'll make thy days happy the rest of thy life;
It shall be for ever, for thee and thy heirs,
Because I beheld thy industrious cares.'

No tongue then is able in full to express
The depth of their joy, and true thankfulness;
With many a curtsey, and bow to the ground,—
Such noblemen there are but few to be found.

THE DRUNKARD'S LEGACY.

IN THREE PARTS.

First, giving an account of a gentleman's having a wild son, and who, foreseeing he would come to poverty, had a cottage built with one door to it, always kept fast; and how, on his dying bed, he charged him not to open it till he was poor and slighted, which the young man promised he would perform. Secondly, of the young man's pawning his estate to a vintner, who, when poor, kicked him out of doors; when thinking it time to see his legacy, he broke open the cottage door, where instead of money he found a gibbet and halter, which he put round his neck, and jumping off the stool, the gibbet broke, and a thousand pounds came down upon his head, which lay hid in the ceiling. Thirdly, of his redeeming his estate, and fooling the vintner out of two hundred pounds; who, for being jeered by his neighbours, cut his own throat. And lastly, of the young man's reformation. Very proper to be read by all who are given to drunkenness.

[PERCY, in the introductory remarks to the ballad of *The Heir of Linne*, says, 'the original of this ballad [*The Heir of Linne*] is found in the editor's folio MS.; the breaches and defects of which rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as, indeed, the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.' The ballad thus alluded to by Percy is *The Drunkard's Legacy*, which, it may be remarked, although styled by him a *modern* ballad, is only so comparatively speaking; for it must have been written long anterior to Percy's time, and, by his own admission, must be older than the latter portion of the *Heir of Linne*. Our copy is taken from an old chap-book, without date or printer's name, and which is decorated with three rudely executed wood-cuts.]

YOUNG people all, I pray draw near,
And listen to my ditty here;
Which subject shows that drunkenness
Brings many mortals to distress.

As, for example, now I can
Tell you of one, a gentleman,
Who had a very good estate,
His earthly travails they were great.

We understand he had one son
Who a lewd wicked race did run;
He daily spent his father's store,
When moneyless, he came for more.

The father oftentimes with tears,
Would this alarm sound in his ears;
'Son! thou dost all my comfort blast,
And thou wilt come to want at last.'

The son these words did little mind,
To cards and dice he was inclined;
Feeding his drunken appetite
In taverns, which was his delight.

The father, ere it was too late,
He had a project in his pate,
Before his aged days were run,
To make provision for his son.

Near to his house, we understand,
He had a waste plat of land,
Which did but little profit yield,
On which he did a cottage build.

The *Wise Man's Project* was its name;
There were few windows in the same;
Only one door, substantial thing,
Shut by a lock, went by a spring.

Soon after he had played this trick,
It was his lot for to fall sick;
As on his bed he did lament,
Then for his drunken son he sent.

He shortly came to his bedside;
Seeing his son, he thus replied:
'I have sent for you to make my will,
Which you must faithfully fulfil.

'In such a cottage is one door,
Ne'er open it, do thou be sure,
Until thou art so poor, that all
Do then despise you, great and small.

'For, to my grief, I do perceive,
When I am dead, this life you live
Will soon melt all thou hast away;
Do not forget these words, I pray.

'When thou hast made thy friends thy foes,
Pawned all thy lands, and sold thy clothes;
Break ope the door, and there depend
To find something thy griefs to end.'

This being spoke, the son did say,
'Your dying words I will obey.'
Soon after this his father dear
Did die, and buried was, we hear.

PART II.

Now, pray observe the second part,
And you shall hear his sottish heart;
He did the tavern so frequent,
Till he three hundred pounds had spent

This being done, we understand
He pawned the deeds of all his land
Unto a tavern-keeper, who,
When poor, did him no favour show.

For, to fulfil his father's will,
He did command this cottage still:
At length great sorrow was his share,
Quite moneyless, with garments bare.

Being not able for to work,
He in the tavern there did lurk;
From box to box, among rich men,
Who oftentimes reviled him then.

To see him sneak so up and down,
The vintner on him he did frown;

And one night kicked him out of door,
Charging him to come there no more.
He in a stall did lie all night,
In this most sad and wretched plight;
Then thought it was high time to see
His father's promised legacy.

Next morning, then, oppressed with woe.
This young man got an iron crow;
And, as in tears he did lament,
Unto this little cottage went.

When he the door had open got,
This poor, distressèd, drunken sot,
Who did for store of money hope,
He saw a gibbet and a rope.

Under this rope was placed a stool,
Which made him look just like a fool
Crying, 'Alas! what shall I do?
Destruction now appears in view!

'As my father foresaw this thing,
What sottishness to me would bring;
As moneyless, and free of grace,
His legacy I will embrace.'

So then, oppressed with discontent,
Upon the stool he sighing went;
And then, his precious life to check,
Did place the rope about his neck.

Crying, 'Thou, God, who sitt'st on high,
And on my sorrow casts an eye;
Thou knowest that I've not done well,—
Preserve my precious soul from hell.

' 'Tis true the slighting of thy grace,
Has brought me to this wretched case;
And as through folly I'm undone,
I'll now eclipse my morning sun.'

When he with sighs these words had spoke,
Jumped off, and down the gibbet broke;

In falling, as it plain appears,
Dropped down about this young man's ears,

In shining gold, a thousand pound!
Which made the blood his ears surround:
Though in amaze, he cried, 'I'm sure
This golden salve the sore will cure!

'Blessed be my father, then,' he cried,
'Who did this part for me so hide;
And while I do alive remain,
I never will get drunk again.'

PART III.

Now, by the third part you will hear
This young man, as it doth appear,
With care he then secured his chink,
And to the vintner's went to drink.

When the proud vintner did him see,
He frowned on him immediately,
And said, 'Begone! or else with speed,
I'll kick thee out of doors, indeed.'

Smiling, the young man he did say,
'Thou cruel knave! tell me, I pray,
As I have here consumed my store,
How durst thee kick me out of door?

'To me thou hast been too severe;
The deeds of eightscore pounds a-year,
I pawned them for three hundred pounds,
That I spent here;—what makes such frowns?

The vintner said unto him, 'Sirrah!
Bring me one hundred pounds to-morrow
By nine o'clock,—take them again;
So get you out of doors till then.'

He answered, 'If this chink I bring,
I fear thou wilt do no such thing.'
He said, 'I'll give under my hand,
A note, that I to this will stand.'

Having the note, away he goes,
And straightway went to one of those
That made him drink when moneyless,
And did the truth to him confess.

They both went to this heap of gold,
And in a bag he fairly told
A thousand pounds, in yellow-boys,
And to the tavern went their ways.

This bag they on the table set,
Making the vintner for to fret;
He said, 'Young man! this will not do,
For I was but in jest with you.'

So then bespoke the young man's friend:
'Vintner! thou mayest sure depend,
In law this note it will you cast,
And he must have his land at last.'

This made the vintner to comply,—
He fetched the deeds immediately;
He had one hundred pounds, and then
The young man got his deeds again.

At length the vintner 'gan to think
How he was fooled out of his chink;
Said, 'When 'tis found how I came off,
My neighbours will me game and scoff.'

So to prevent their noise and clatter
The vintner he, to mend the matter,
In two days after, it doth appear,
Did cut his throat from ear to ear.

Thus he untimely left the world,
That to this young man proved a churl.
Now he who followed drunkenness,
Lives sober, and doth lands possess.

Instead of wasting of his store,
As formerly, resolves no more
To act the same, but does indeed
Relieve all those that are in need.

Let all young men now, for my sake,
Take care how they such havoc make;
For drunkenness, you plain may see,
Had like his ruin for to be.

THE BOWES TRAGEDY.

Being a true relation of the Lives and Characters of ROGER WRIGHTSON and MARTHA RAILTON, of the Town of Bowes, in the County of York, who died for love of each other, in March, 171¼.

Tune of *Queen Dido.*

[*The Bowes Tragedy* is the original of Mallet's *Edwin and Emma.* In these verses are preserved the village record of the incident which suggested that poem. When Mallet published his ballad he subjoined an attestation of the facts, which may be found in Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 237. Edit. 1784. Mallet alludes to the statement in the parish registry of Bowes, that 'they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave,' &c. The following is an exact copy of the entry, as transcribed by Mr. Denham, 17*th* April, 1847. The words which we have printed in brackets are found interlined in another and a later hand by some person who had inspected the register:—

'Rodger Wrightson, Jun., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, Buried in one grave: He *Died in a Fever*, and upon tolling his passing Bell, she cry'd out My heart is broke, and in a *Few* hours expir'd, purely [*as supposed*] thro' Love, March *15*, 171¼, aged about 20 years each.'

Mr. Denham says:—

'*The Bowes Tragedy* was, I understand, written immediately after the death of the lovers, by the then master of Bowes Grammar School. His name I never heard. My father, who died a few years ago (aged nearly 80), knew a younger sister of Martha Railton's, who used to sing it to strangers passing through Bowes. She was a poor woman, advanced in years, and it brought her in many a piece of money.']

LET Carthage Queen be now no more
The subject of our mournful song;
Nor such old tales which, heretofore,
Did so amuse the teeming throng;
Since the sad story which I'll tell,
All other tragedies excel.

Remote in Yorkshire, near to Bowes,
Of late did Roger Wrightson dwell;
He courted Martha Railton, whose
Repute for virtue did excel;
Yet Roger's friends would not agree,
That he to her should married be.

Their love continued one whole year,
Full sore against their parents' will;
And when he found them so severe,
His loyal heart began to chill:
And last Shrove Tuesday, took his bed,
With grief and woe encompassèd.

Thus he continued twelve days' space,
In anguish and in grief of mind;
And no sweet peace in any case,
This ardent lover's heart could find;
But languished in a train of grief,
Which pierced his heart beyond relief.

Now anxious Martha sore distressed,
A private message did him send,
Lamenting that she could not rest,
Till she had seen her loving friend:
His answer was, 'Nay, nay, my dear,
Our folks will angry be I fear.'

Full fraught with grief, she took no rest,
But spent her time in pain and fear,
Till a few days before his death
She sent an orange to her dear;
But 's cruel mother in disdain,
Did send the orange back again.

Three days before her lover died,
Poor Martha with a bleeding heart,
To see her dying lover hied,
In hopes to ease him of his smart;
Where she's conducted to the bed,
In which this faithful young man laid.

Where she with doleful cries beheld,
Her fainting lover in despair;
At which her heart with sorrow filled,
Small was the comfort she had there;
Though's mother showed her great respect,
His sister did her much reject.

She stayed two hours with her dear,
In hopes for to declare her mind;
But Hannah Wrightson* stood so near,
No time to do it she could find:
So that being almost dead with grief,
Away she went without relief.

Tears from her eyes did flow amain,
And she full oft would sighing say,
'My constant love, alas! is slain,
And to pale death become a prey:
Oh, Hannah, Hannah, thou art base;
Thy pride will turn to foul disgrace!'

She spent her time in godly prayers,
And quiet rest did from her fly;
She to her friends full oft declares,
She could not live if he did die:
Thus she continued till the bell,
Began to sound his fatal knell.

And when she heard the dismal sound,
Her godly book she cast away,
With bitter cries would pierce the ground,
Her fainting heart 'gan to decay;
She to her pensive mother said,
'I cannot live now he is dead.'

Then after three short minutes' space,
As she in sorrow groaning lay,
A gentleman† did her embrace,
And mildly unto her did say,

* The sister of Roger.
† This gentleman was Mr. Thomas Petty.

'Dear melting soul be not so sad,
But let your passion be allayed.'

Her answer was, 'My heart is burst,
My span of life is near an end;
My love from me by death is forced,
My grief no soul can comprehend.'
Then her poor heart it waxèd faint,
When she had endèd her complaint.

For three hours' space, as in a trance,
This broken-hearted creature lay,
Her mother wailing her mischance,
To pacify her did essay:
But all in vain, for strength being past,
She seemingly did breathe her last.

Her mother, thinking she was dead,
Began to shriek and cry amain;
And heavy lamentations made,
Which called her spirit back again;
To be an object of hard fate,
And give to grief a longer date.

Distorted with convulsions, she,
In dreadful manner gasping lay,
Of twelve long hours no moment free,
Her bitter groans did her dismay:
Then her poor heart being sadly broke,
Submitted to the fatal stroke.

When things were to this issue brought,
Both in one grave were to be laid:
But flinty-hearted Hannah thought,
By stubborn means for to persuade,
Their friends and neighbours from the same,
For which she surely was to blame.

And being asked the reason why,
Such base objections she did make,
She answerèd thus scornfully,
In words not fit for Billingsgate:

'She might have taken fairer on—
Or else be hanged:' Oh heart of stone!

What hell-born fury had possessed,
Thy vile inhuman spirit thus?
What swelling rage was in thy breast,
That could occasion this disgust,
And make thee show such spleen and rage,
Which life can't cure nor death assuage?

Sure some of Satan's minor imps,
Ordainèd were to be thy guide;
To act the part of sordid pimps,
And fill thy heart with haughty pride;
But take this caveat once for all,
Such devilish pride must have a fall.

But when to church the corpse was brought,
And both of them met at the gate;
What mournful tears by friends were shed,
When that alas it was too late,—
When they in silent grave were laid,
Instead of pleasing marriage-bed.

You parents all both far and near,
By this sad story warning take;
Nor to your children be severe,
When they their choice in love do make;
Let not the love of cursèd gold,
True lovers from their love withhold.

THE CRAFTY LOVER;

OR, THE LAWYER OUTWITTED.

Tune of *I love thee more and more.*

[THIS excellent old ballad is transcribed from a copy printed in Aldermary church-yard. It still continues to be published in the old broadside form.]

OF a rich counsellor I write,
Who had one only daughter,

Who was of youthful beauty bright;
Now mark what follows after.*
Her uncle left her, I declare,
A sumptuous large possession
Her father he was to take care
Of her at his discretion.

She had ten thousand pounds
And gold and silver ready,
And courted was by many a peer,
Yet none could gain this lady.
At length a squire's youngest son
In private came a-wooing,
And when he had her favour won,
He feared his utter ruin.

The youthful lady straightway cried,
'I must confess I love thee,
Though lords and knights I have denied,
Yet none I prize above thee:
Thou art a jewel in my eye,
But here,' said she, 'the care is,—
I fear you will be doomed to die
For stealing of an heiress.'

The young man he replied to her
Like a true politician;
'Thy father is a counsellor,
I'll tell him my condition.
Ten guineas they shall be his fee,
He'll think it is some stranger;
Thus for the gold he'll counsel me,
And keep me safe from danger.'

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* We here, and in a subsequent verse, find 'daughter' made to rhyme with 'after;' but we must not therefore conclude that the rhyme is of cockney origin. In many parts of England, the word 'daughter' is pronounced 'dafter' by the peasantry, who, upon the same principle, pronounce 'slaughter' as if it were spelt 'slafter.'

Unto her father he did go,
The very next day after;
But did not let the lawyer know
The lady was his daughter.
Now when the lawyer saw the gold
That he should be the gainer,
A pleasant trick to him he told
With safety to obtain her.

'Let her provide a horse,' he cried,
'And take you up behind her;
Then with you to some parson ride
Before her parents find her:
That she steals you, you may complain,
And so avoid their fury.
Now this is law I will maintain
Before or judge or jury.

'Now take my writing and my seal,
Which I cannot deny thee,
And if you any trouble feel,
In court I will stand by thee.'
'I give you thanks,' the young man cried,
'By you I am befriended,
And to your house I'll bring my bride
After the work is ended.'

Next morning, ere the day did break,
This news to her he carried;
She did her father's counsel take,
And they were fairly married.
And now they felt but ill at ease,
And, doubts and fears expressing,
They home returned, and on their knees
They asked their father's blessing.

But when he had beheld them both,
He seemed like one distracted,
And vowed to be revenged on oath
For what they now had acted.

With that bespoke his new-made son—
'There can be no deceiving,
That this is law which we have done
Here is your hand and sealing!'

The counsellor did then reply,
Was ever man so fitted;
'My hand and seal I can't deny,
By you I am outwitted.
'Ten thousand pounds a-year in store
'She was left by my brother,
And when I die there will be more,
For child I have no other.

'She might have had a lord or knight,
From royal loins descended;
But, since thou art her heart's delight,
I will not be offended;
'If I the gordian knot should part,
'Twere cruel out of measure;
Enjoy thy love, with all my heart,
In plenty, peace, and pleasure.'

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[We have seen an old printed copy of this ballad, which was written probably about the date of the event it records, 1537. Our version was taken down from the singing of a young gipsy girl, to whom it had descended orally through two generations. She could not recollect the whole of it. In Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, we find the following passage: 'An English ballad is extant, which, dwelling on the elaborate mourning of Queen Jane's ladies, informs the world, in a line of pure bathos,

In black were her ladies, and black were their faces.'

Miss Strickland does not appear to have seen the ballad to which she refers; and as we are not aware of the existence of any other ballad on the subject, we presume that her line of 'pure bathos' is merely a corruption of one of the ensuing verses.]

QUEEN JANE was in travail
For six weeks or more,
Till the women grew tired,
And fain would give o'er.
'O women! O women!
Good wives if ye be,
Go, send for King Henrie,
And bring him to me.'

King Henrie was sent for,
He came with all speed,
In a gownd of green velvet
From heel to the head.
'King Henrie! King Henrie!
If kind Henrie you be,
Send for a surgeon,
And bring him to me.'

The surgeon was sent for,
He came with all speed,
In a gownd of black velvet
From heel to the head.
He gave her rich caudle,
But the death-sleep slept she.
Then her right side was opened,
And the babe was set free.

The babe it was christened,
And put out and nursed,
While the royal Queen Jane
She lay cold in the dust.

* * * * *

So black was the mourning,
And white were the wands,
Yellow, yellow the torches,
They bore in their hands.

The bells they were muffled,
And mournful did play,
While the royal Queen Jane
She lay cold in the clay.

Six knights and six lords
Bore her corpse through the grounds;
Six dukes followed after,
In black mourning gowns.
The flower of Old England
Was laid in cold clay,
Whilst the royal King Henrie
Came weeping away.

THE WANDERING YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN;

OR, CATSKIN.

[The following version of this ancient English ballad has been collated with three copies. In some editions it is called *Catskin's Garland; or, the Wandering Young Gentlewoman.* The story has a close similarity to that of *Cinderella*, and is supposed to be of oriental origin. Several versions of it are current in Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, Poland, and Wales. For some account of it see *Pictorial Book of Ballads*, ii. 153, edited by Mr. J. S. Moore.]

PART I.

YOU fathers and mothers, and children also,
Draw near unto me, and soon you shall know
The sense of my ditty, and I dare to say,
The like's not been heard of this many a day.

The subject which to you I am to relate,
It is of a young squire of vast estate;
The first dear infant his wife did him bear,
It was a young daughter of beauty most rare.

He said to his wife, 'Had this child been a boy,
'Twould have pleased me better, and increased my joy,
If the next be the same sort, I declare,
Of what I'm possessèd it shall have no share.'

In twelve months' time after, this woman, we hear,
Had another daughter of beauty most clear;
And when that he knew it was but a female,
Into a bitter passion he presently fell,

Saying, 'Since this is of the same sort as the first,
In my habitation she shall not be nursed;
Pray let her be sent into the countrie,
For where I am, truly, this child shall not be.'

With tears his dear wife unto him did say,
'Husband, be contented, I'll send her away.'
Then to the countrie with speed her did send,
For to be brought up by one was her friend.

Although that her father he hated her so,
He a good education on her did bestow;
And with a gold locket, and robes of the best,
This slighted young damsel was commonly dressed.

And when unto stature this damsel was grown,
And found from her father she had no love shown,
She cried, 'Before I will lay under his frown,
I'm resolvèd to travel the country around.'

PART II.

But now mark, good people, the cream of the jest,
In what sort of manner this creature was dressed;
With cat-skins she made her a robe, I declare,
The which for her covering she daily did wear.

Her own rich attire, and jewels beside,
Then up in a bundle by her they were tied,
And to seek her fortune she wandered away;
And when she had travelled a cold winter's day,

In the evening-tide she came to a town,
Where at a knight's door she sat herself down,
For to rest herself, who was tirèd sore;—
This noble knight's lady then came to the door.

This fair creature seeing in such sort of dress,
The lady unto her these words did express:

'Whence camest thou, girl, and what wouldst thou have?'
She said, 'A night's rest in your stable I crave.'

The lady said to her, 'I'll grant thy desire,
Come into the kitchen, and stand by the fire.'
Then she thankèd the lady, and went in with haste;
And there she was gazed on from highest to least.

And, being well warmed, her hunger was great,
They gave her a plate of good food for to eat,
And then to an outhouse this creature was led,
Where with fresh straw she soon made her a bed.

And when in the morning the daylight she saw,
Her riches and jewels she hid in the straw;
And, being very cold, she then did retire
Into the kitchen, and stood by the fire.

The cook said, 'My lady hath promised that thee
Shall be as a scullion to wait upon me;
What say'st thou girl, art thou willing to bide?'
'With all my heart truly,' to him she replied.

To work at her needle she could very well,
And for raising of paste few could her excel;
She being so handy, the cook's heart did win,
And then she was called by the name of Catskin.

PART III.

The lady a son had both comely and tall,
Who oftentimes usèd to be at a ball
A mile out of town; and one evening-tide,
To dance at this ball away he did ride.

Catskin said to his mother, 'Pray, madam, let me
Go after your son now, this ball for to see.'
With that in a passion this lady she grew,
And struck her with the ladle, and broke it in two.

On being thus servèd she quick got away,
And in her rich garments herself did array;
And then to this ball she with speed did retire,
Where she dancèd so bravely that all did admire.

The sport being done, the young squire did say,
'Young lady, where do you live? tell me, I pray.'
Her answer was to him, 'Sir, that I will tell,—
At the sign of the broken ladle I dwell.'

She being very nimble, got home first, 'tis said,
And in her catskin robes she soon was arrayed;
And into the kitchen again she did go,
But where she had been they did none of them know.

Next night this young squire, to give him content,
To dance at this ball again forth he went.
She said, 'Pray let me go this ball for to view.'
Then she struck with the skimmer, and broke it in two.

Then out of the doors she ran full of heaviness,
And in her rich garments herself soon did dress;
And to this ball ran away with all speed,
Where to see her dancing all wondered indeed.

The ball being ended, the young squire said,
'Where is it you live?' She again answerèd,
'Sir, because you ask me, account I will give,
At the sign of the broken skimmer I live.'

Being dark when she left him, she homeward did hie,
And in her catskin robes she was dressed presently,
And into the kitchen amongst them she went,
But where she had been they were all innocent.

When the squire came home, and found Catskin there,
He was in amaze and began for to swear;
'For two nights at the ball has been a lady,
The sweetest of beauties that ever I did see.

'She was the best dancer in all the whole place,
And very much like our Catskin in the face;
Had she not been dressed in that costly degree,
I should have swore it was Catskin's body.

Next night to the ball he did go once more,
And she askèd his mother to go as before,
Who, having a basin of water in hand,
She threw it at Catskin, as I understand.

Shaking her wet ears, out of doors she did run,
And dressèd herself when this thing she had done.
To the ball once more she then went her ways;
To see her fine dancing they all gave her praise.

And having concluded, the young squire said he,
'From whence might you come, pray, lady, tell me?'
Her answer was, 'Sir, you shall soon know the same,
From the sign of the basin of water I came.'

Then homeward she hurried, as fast as could be;
This young squire then was resolvèd to see
Whereto she belonged, and, following Catskin,
Into an old straw house he saw her creep in.

He said, 'O brave Catskin, I find it is thee,
Who these three nights together has so charmèd me;
Thou'rt the sweetest of creatures my eyes e'er beheld,
With joy and content my heart now is filled.

'Thou art our cook's scullion, but as I have life,
Grant me but thy love, and I'll make thee my wife,
And thou shalt have maids for to be at thy call.'
'Sir, that cannot be, I've no portion at all.'

'Thy beauty's a portion, my joy and my dear,
I prize it far better than thousands a year,
And to have my friends' consent I have got a trick,
I'll go to my bed, and feign myself sick.

'There no one shall tend me but thee I profess;
So one day or another in thy richest dress,
Thou shalt be clad, and if my parents come nigh,
I'll tell them 'tis for thee that sick I do lie.'

PART IV.

Thus having consulted, this couple parted.
Next day this young squire he took to his bed;
And when his dear parents this thing both perceived,
For fear of his death they were right sorely grieved.

To tend him they send for a nurse speedily,
He said, 'None but Catskin my nurse now shall be.'

His parents said, 'No, son.' He said, 'But she shall
Or else I'll have none for to nurse me at all.'

His parents both wondered to hear him say thus,
That no one but Catskin must be his nurse;
So then his dear parents their son to content,
Up into his chamber poor Catskin they sent.

Sweet cordials and other rich things were prepared,
Which between this young couple were equally shared;
And when all alone they in each other's arms,
Enjoyed one another in love's pleasant charms.

And at length on a time poor Catskin, 'tis said,
In her rich attire again was arrayed,
And when that his mother to the chamber drew near,
Then much like a goddess did Catskin appear;

Which caused her to stare, and thus for to say,
'What young lady is this, come tell me, I pray?'
He said, 'It is Catskin for whom sick I lie,
And except I do have her with speed I shall die.'

His mother then hastened to call up the knight,
Who ran up to see this amazing great sight;
He said, 'Is this Catskin we held in such scorn?
I ne'er saw a finer dame since I was born.'

The old knight he said to her, 'I prithee tell me,
From whence thou didst come and of what family?'
Then who were her parents she gave them to know,
And what was the cause of her wandering so.

The young squire he cried, 'If you will save my life,
Pray grant this young creature she may be my wife.
His father replied, 'Thy life for to save,
If you have agreed, my consent you may have.'

Next day, with great triumph and joy as we hear,
There were many coaches came far and near;
Then much like a goddess dressed in rich array,
Catskin was married to the squire that day.

For several days this wedding did last,
Where was many a topping and gallant repast,

And for joy the bells rung out all over the town,
And bottles of canary rolled merrily round.

When Catskin was married, her fame for to raise,
Who saw her modest carriage they all gave her praise;
Thus her charming beauty the squire did win;
And who lives so great now as he and Catskin.

PART V.

Now in the fifth part I'll endeavour to show,
How things with her parents and sister did go;
Her mother and sister of life are bereft,
And now all alone the old squire is left.

Who hearing his daughter was married so brave,
He said, 'In my noddle a fancy I have;
Dressed like a poor man now a journey I'll make,
And see if she on me some pity will take.'

Then dressed like a beggar he went to her gate,
Where stood his daughter, who looked very great;
He cried, 'Noble lady, a poor man I be,
And am now forced to crave charity.'

With a blush she asked him from whence that he came;
And with that he told her, and likewise his name.
She cried 'I'm your daughter, whom you slighted so,
Yet, nevertheless, to you kindness I'll show.

'Through mercy the Lord hath provided for me;
Pray, father, come in and sit down then,' said she.
Then the best provisions the house could afford,
For to make him welcome was set on the board.

She said, 'You are welcome, feed hearty, I pray,
And, if you are willing, with me you shall stay,
So long as you live.' Then he made this reply:
'I only am come now thy love for to try.

'Through mercy, my dear child, I'm rich and not poor,
I have gold and silver enough now in store;
And for this love which at thy hands I have found,
For thy portion I'll give thee ten thousand pound.'

So in a few days after, as I understand,
This man he went home, and sold off all his land,
And ten thousand pounds to his daughter did give,
And now altogether in love they do live.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[THIS ballad, which resembles the Danish ballad of *Ribolt*, was taken down from the recitation of an old fiddler in Northumberland: in one verse there is an *hiatus*, owing to the failure of the reciter's memory. The refrain should be repeated in every verse.]

O DID you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;
He's courted the king's daughter o' fair England,
I' the brave nights so early!

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
When sae boldly she came to his bed-side.

'O, Earl Brand, how fain wad I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea.'

'O, lady fair, I have no steed but one,
But thou shalt ride and I will run.'

'O, Earl Brand, but my father has two,
And thou shalt have the best of tho'.'

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,
And they have met neither rich nor poor;

Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
He's aye for ill, and never for good.

'Now Earl Brand, an ye love me,
Slay this old Carl and gar him dee.'

'O, lady fair, but that would be sair,
To slay an auld Carl that wears grey hair

'My own lady fair, I'll not do that,
I'll pay him his fee . . . . . .'

'O, where have ye ridden this lee lang day,
And where have ye stown this fair lady away?'

'I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stown this lady away;

'For she is, I trow, my sick sister,
Whom I have been bringing fra' Winchester.'

'If she's been sick, and nigh to dead,
What makes her wear the ribbon so red?

'If she's been sick, and like to die,
What makes her wear the gold sae high?'

When came the Carl to the lady's yett,
He rudely, rudely rapped thereat.

'Now where is the lady of this hall?'
'She's out with her maids a playing at the ball.'

'Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en,
Ye may count your maidens owre again.

'I met her far beyond the lea
With the young Earl Brand his leman to be.'

Her father of his best men armed fifteen,
And they're ridden after them bidene.

The lady looked owre her left shoulder then,
Says, 'O Earl Brand we are both of us ta'en.'

'If they come on me one by one,
You may stand by till the fights be done;

'But if they come on me one and all,
You may stand by and see me fall.'

They came upon him one by one,
Till fourteen battles he has won;

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Each after each upon the plain.

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound.

Though he was wounded to the deid,
He set his lady on her steed.

They rode till they came to the river Doune,
And there they lighted to wash his wound.

'O, Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood!'
'It's nothing but the glent and my scarlet hood.'
They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
So faint and feebly he rapped thereat.
'O, my son's slain, he is falling to swoon,
And it's all for the sake of an English loon.'
'O, say not so, my dearest mother,
But marry her to my youngest brother—
'To a maiden true he'll give his hand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie.
To the king's daughter o' fair England,
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's brand,
I' the brave nights so early!'

THE JOVIAL HUNTER OF BROMSGROVE;

OR, THE OLD MAN AND HIS THREE SONS.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[THE following ballad has long been popular in Worcestershire and some of the adjoining counties. It was printed for the first time by Mr. Allies of Worcester, under the title of *The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove;* but amongst the peasantry of that county, and the adjoining county of Warwick, it has always been called *The Old Man and his Three Sons*—the name given to a fragment of the ballad still used as a nursery song in the north of England, the chorus of which slightly varies from that of the ballad. See post, p. 470. The title of *The Old Man and his Three Sons* is derived from the usage of calling a ballad after the first line—a practice that has descended to the present day. In Shakspeare's comedy of *As You Like It* there appears to be an allusion to this ballad. Le Beau says,—

> There comes an old man and his three sons,

to which Celia replies,

> I could match this beginning with an old tale.—i. 2.

Whether *The Jovial Hunter* belongs to either Worcestershire or Warwickshire is rather questionable. The probability is that it is a north country ballad connected with the family of Bolton, of Bolton, in Wensleydale. A tomb, said to be that of Sir Ryalas Bolton, the *Jovial Hunter*, is shown in Bromsgrove church, Worcestershire;

but there is no evidence beyond tradition to connect it with the name or deeds of any 'Bolton;' indeed it is well known that the tomb belongs to a family of another name. In the following version are preserved some of the peculiarities of the Worcestershire dialect.]

OLD Sir Robert Bolton had three sons,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And one of them was Sir Ryalas,
For he was a jovial hunter.

He ranged all round down by the wood side,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter,
Till in a tree-top a gay lady he spied,
For he was a jovial hunter.

'Oh, what dost thee mean, fair lady,' said he,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter; [gored,
'The wild boar's killed my lord, and has thirty men
And thou beest a jovial hunter.'

'Oh, what shall I do this wild boar for to see?'
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
'Oh, thee blow a blast and he'll come unto thee,
As thou beest a jovial hunter.'

Then he blowed a blast, full north, east, west, and
Wind well thy horn, good hunter; [south,
And the wild boar then heard him full in his den,
As he was a jovial hunter.

Then he made the best of his speed unto him,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter; [gore],*
[Swift flew the boar, with his tusks smeared with
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Then the wild boar, being so stout and so strong,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Thrashed down the trees as he ramped him along,
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

'Oh, what dost thee want of me?' wild boar, said he,†
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;

* Added to complete the sense.
† That is, 'said he, the wild boar.'

'Oh, I think in my heart I can do enough for thee,
For I am the jovial hunter.'

Then they fought four hours in a long summer day,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till the wild boar fain would have got him away
From Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Then Sir Ryalas drawed his broad sword with might,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And he fairly cut the boar's head off quite,
For he was a jovial hunter.

Then out of the wood the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
'Oh, my pretty spotted pig thou hast slew,
For thou beest a jovial hunter.

'There are three things, I demand them of thee,'
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
'It's thy horn, and thy hound, and thy gay lady,
As thou beest a jovial hunter.'

'If these three things thou dost ask of me,'
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
'It's just as my sword and thy neck can agree,
For I am a jovial hunter.'

Then into his long locks the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till she thought in her heart to tear him through,
Though he was a jovial hunter.

Then Sir Ryalas drawed his broad sword again,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter,
And he fairly split her head into twain,
For he was a jovial hunter.

In Bromsgrove church, the knight he doth lie,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And the wild boar's head is pictured thereby,
Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

LADY ALICE.

[This old ballad is regularly published by the stall printers. The termination resembles that of *Lord Lovel* and other ballads. See *Early Ballads*, Ann. Ed. p. 134. An imperfect traditional copy was printed in *Notes and Queries*.]

LADY ALICE was sitting in her bower window,
At midnight mending her quoif;
And there she saw as fine a corpse
As ever she saw in her life.

'What bear ye, what bear ye, ye six men tall?
What bear ye on your shouldèrs?'
'We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
An old and true lover of yours.'

'O, lay him down gently, ye six men tall,
All on the grass so green,
And to-morrow when the sun goes down,
Lady Alice a corpse shall be seen.

'And bury me in Saint Mary's Church,
All for my love so true;
And make me a garland of marjoram,
And of lemon thyme, and rue.'

Giles Collins was buried all in the east,
Lady Alice all in the west;
And the roses that grew on Giles Collins's grave,
They reached Lady Alice's breast.

The priest of the parish he chancèd to pass,
And he severed those roses in twain.
Sure never were seen such true lovers before,
Nor e'er will there be again.

THE FELON SEWE OF ROKEBY AND THE FREERES OF RICHMOND.

[This very curious ballad, or, more properly, metrical romance, was originally published by the late Doctor Whitaker in his *History of Craven*, from an ancient MS., which was supposed to be unique. Whitaker's version was transferred to Evans's *Old*

Ballads, the editor of which work introduced some judicious conjectural emendations. In reference to this republication, Dr. Whitaker inserted the following note in the second edition of his *History* :—

> This tale, saith my MS., was known of old to a few families only, and by them held so precious, that it was never intrusted to the memory of the son till the father was on his death-bed. But times are altered, for since the first edition of this work, a certain bookseller [the late Mr. Evans] has printed it verbatim, with little acknowledgment to the first editor. He might have recollected that *The Felon Sewe* had been already reclaimed *property vested*. However, as he is an ingenious and deserving man, this hint shall suffice.—*History of Craven*, second edition, London, 1812.

When Sir Walter Scott published his poem of Rokeby, Doctor Whitaker discovered that *The Felon Sewe* was not of such 'exceeding rarity' as he had been led to suppose; for he was then made acquainted with the fact that another MS. of the 'unique' ballad was preserved in the archives of the Rokeby family. This version was published by Scott, who considered it superior to that printed by Whitaker; and it must undoubtedly be admitted to be more complete, and, in general, more correct. It has also the advantage of being authenticated by the traditions of an ancient family; while of Dr. Whitaker's version we know nothing more than that it was 'printed from a MS. in his possession.' The readings of the Rokeby MS., however, are not always to be preferred; and in order to produce as full and accurate a version as the materials would yield, the following text has been founded upon a careful collation of both MSS. A few alterations have been adopted, but only when the necessity for them appeared to be self-evident; and the orthography has been rendered tolerably uniform, for there is no good reason why we should have 'sewe,' 'scho,' and 'sike,' in some places, and the more modern forms of 'sow,' 'she,' and 'such,' in others. If the MSS. were correctly transcribed, which we have no ground for doubting, they must both be referred to a much later period than the era when the author flourished. The language of the poem is that of Craven, in Yorkshire; and, although the composition is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the reign of Henry VII., the provincialisms of that most interesting mountain district have been so little affected by the spread of education, that the *Felon Sewe* is at the present day perfectly comprehensible to any Craven peasant, and to such a reader neither note nor glossary is necessary. Dr. Whitaker's explanations are, therefore, few and brief, for he was thoroughly acquainted with the language and the district. Scott, on the contrary, who knew nothing of the

dialect, and confounded its pure Saxon with his Lowland Scotch, gives numerous notes, which only display his want of the requisite local knowledge, and are, consequently, calculated to mislead.

The *Felon Sewe* belongs to the same class of compositions as the *Hunting of the Hare*, reprinted by Weber, and the *Tournament of Tottenham*, in Percy's *Reliques*. Scott says that 'the comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry.' This idea may be extended, for the old comic romances were in many instances not merely 'sorts of parodies,' but *real* parodies on compositions which were popular in their day, although they have not descended to us. We certainly remember to have met with an old chivalric romance, in which the leading incidents were similar to those of the *Felon Sewe*.

It may be observed, also, in reference to this poem, that the design is twofold, the ridicule being aimed equally at the minstrels and the clergy. The author was in all probability a follower of Wickliffe. There are many sly satirical allusions to the Romish faith and practices, in which no orthodox Catholic would have ventured to indulge.

Ralph Rokeby, who gave the sow to the Franciscan Friars of Richmond, is believed to have been the Ralph who lived in the reign of Henry VII. Tradition represents the Baron as having been 'a fellow of infinite jest,' and the very man to bestow so valuable a gift on the convent! The Mistress Rokeby of the ballad was, according to the pedigree of the family, a daughter and heiress of Danby, of Yafforth. Friar Theobald cannot be traced, and therefore we may suppose that the monk had some other name; the minstrel author, albeit a Wickliffite, not thinking it quite prudent, perhaps, to introduce a priest *in propriâ personâ*. The story is told with spirit, and the verse is graceful and flowing.]

FITTE THE FIRSTE.

YE men that will of aunters wynne,
That late within this lande hath bin,
Of on I will yow telle;
And of a sewe that was sea strang,
Alas! that ever scho lived sea lang,
For fell folk did scho wele.*

* Scott has strangely misunderstood this line, which he interprets—'Many people did she *kill*.'

'Fell' is to knock down, and the meaning is that she could 'well' knock down, or 'fell' people.

Scho was mare than other three,
The grizeliest beast that ere mote bee,
  Her hede was greate and graye;
Scho was bred in Rokebye woode,
Ther war few that thither yoode,*
  But cam belive awaye.

Her walke was endlang Greta syde,
Was no barne that colde her byde,
  That was fra heven or helle;†
Ne never man that had that myght,
That ever durst com in her syght,
  Her force it was sea felle.

Raphe‡ of Rokebye, with full gode wyll,
The freers of Richmonde gav her tyll,
  Full wele to gar thayme fare;
Freer Myddeltone by name,
Hee was sent to fetch her hame,
  Yt rewed him syne full sare.

Wyth hym tooke hee wyght men two,
Peter of Dale was on of tho,
  Tother was Bryan of Beare;§
Thatte wele durst strike wyth swerde and knife,
And fyght full manlie for theyr lyfe,
  What tyme as musters were.‖

These three men wended at theyr wyll,
This wickede sewe gwhyl they cam tyll,

---

* Went.

† The meaning appears to be that no 'wiseman' or wizard, no matter from whence his magic was derived, durst face her. Craven has always been famed for its wizards, or wisemen, and several of such impostors may be found there at the present day.

‡ Scott's MS. reads Ralph, but Raphe is the ancient form.

§ Scott reads 'brim as beare,' which he interprets 'fierce as a bear.' Whitaker's rendering is correct. Beare is a small hamlet on the Bay of Morecambe, no great distance, as the crow flies, from the *locale* of the poem. There is also a Bear-park in the county of Durham, of which place Bryan might be an inhabitant. *Utrum horum*, &c.

‖ That is, they were good soldiers when the *musters* were—when the regiments were called up.

Liggand under a tree;
Rugg'd and rustic was her here,
Scho rase up wyth a felon fere,*
To fyght agen the three.

Grizely was scho for to meete,
Scho rave the earthe up wyth her feete,
The barke cam fra' the tree:
When Freer Myddeltone her saugh,
Wete yow wele hee list not laugh,
Full earnestful luik'd hee.

These men of auncestors† were so wight,
They bound them bauldly for to fyght,
And strake at her full sare;
Until a kilne they garred her flee,
Wolde God sende thayme the victorye,
They wolde aske hym na maire.

The sewe was in the kilne hoile doone,
And they wer on the bawke aboone,
For hurting of theyr feete;
They wer sea sauted‡ wyth this sewe,
That 'mang thayme was a stalwarth stewe,
The kilne began to reeke!

Durst noe man nighe her wyth his hande,
But put a rape downe wyth a wande,
And heltered her ful meete;
They hauled her furth agen her wyll,
Qunyl they cam until a hille,
A little fra the streete.§

And ther scho made thayme sike a fray,
As, had they lived until Domesday,

---

* Fierce look.

† Descended from an ancient race famed for fighting.

‡ Assaulted. They were, although out of danger, terrified by the attacks of the sow, and their fear was shared by the kiln, which began to smoke!

§ Watling-street, the Roman way from Catterick to Bowes.

They colde yt nere forgette:
Scho brayded upon every syde,
And ranne on thayme gapyng ful wyde,
For nathing wolde scho lette.

Scho gaf sike hard braydes at the bande
That Peter of Dale had in his hande,
Hee myght not holde hys feete;
Scho chasèd thayme sea to and fro,
The wight men never wer sea woe,
Ther mesure was not mete.

Scho bound her boldly to abide,
To Peter of Dale scho cam aside,
Wyth mony a hideous yelle;
Scho gaped sea wide and cryed sea hee,
The freer sayd, 'I conjure thee,
Thou art a fiend of helle!

'Thou art comed hider for sum trayne,
I conjure thee to go agayne,
Wher thou was wont to dwell.'
He sainèd hym wyth crosse and creede,
Tooke furth a booke, began to reade,
In S^te^ Johan hys gospell.

The sewe scho wolde not Latyne heare,
But rudely rushèd at the freer,
That blynkèd all his blee;*
And when scho wolde have takken holde,
The freer leapt as I. H. S. wolde,†
And bealed hym wyth a tree.

Scho was brim as anie beare,
For all their meete to laboure there,

---

* Lost his colour.

† Scott, not understanding this expression, has inserted 'Jesus' for the initials 'I. H. S.,' and so has given a profane interpretation to the passage. By a figure of speech the friar is called an I. H. S., from those letters being conspicuously wrought on his robes, just as we might call a livery-servant by his master's motto, because it was stamped on his buttons.

To thayme yt was noe boote;
On tree and bushe that by her stode,
Scho vengèd her as scho wer woode,
And rave thayme up by roote.

Hee sayd, 'Alas that I wer freer,
I shal bee hugged asunder here,
Hard is my destinie!
Wiste my brederen, in this houre,
That I was set in sike a stoure,
They wolde pray for mee!'

This wicked beaste thatte wrought the woe,
Tooke that rape from the other two,
And than they fledd all three;
They fledd away by Watling streete,
They had no succour but their feete,
Yt was the maire pittye.

The fielde it was both loste and wonne,
The sewe wente hame, and thatte ful soone,
To Morton-on-the-Greene.
When Raphe of Rokeby saw the rape,
He wist that there had bin debate,
Whereat the sewe had beene.

He bade thayme stand out of her waye,
For scho had had a sudden fraye,—
'I saw never sewe sea keene,
Some new thingis shall wee heare,
Of her and Myddeltone the freer,
Some battel hath ther beene.'

But all that servèd him for nought,—
Had they not better succour sought,*
They wer servèd therfore loe.
Then Mistress Rokebye came anon,
And for her brought scho meete ful soone,
The sewe cam her untoe.

* The meaning here is obscure. The verse is not in Whitaker.

Scho gav her meete upon the flower;
[Scho made a bed beneath a bower,
With moss and broom besprent;
The sewe was gentle as mote be,
Ne rage ne ire flashed fra her e'e,
Scho seemèd wele content.]

FITTE THE SECONDE.

When Freer Myddeltone com home,
Hys breders war ful faine ilchone,
And thanked God for hys lyfe;
He told thayme all unto the ende,
How hee had foughten wyth a fiende,
And lived thro' mickle stryfe.

'Wee gav her battel half a daye,
And was faine to flee awaye
For saving of oure lyfe;
And Peter Dale wolde never blin,
But ran as faste as he colde rinn,
Till he cam till hys wyfe.'

The Warden sayde, 'I am ful woe
That yow sholde bee torment soe,
But wee had wyth yow beene!
Had wee bene ther, yowr breders alle,
Wee wolde hav garred the warlo* falle,
That wrought yow all thys teene.'

Freer Myddeltone, he sayde soon, 'Naye
In faythe ye wolde hav ren awaye,
When moste misstirre had bin;
Ye all can speke safte wordes at home,
The fiend wolde ding yow doone ilk on,
An yt bee als I wene,

Hee luik'd sea grizely al that nyght.'
The Warden sayde, 'Yon man wol fyght

* Warlock or wizard.

'If ye saye ought but gode,
Yon guest* hath grievèd hym sea sore;
Holde your tongues, and speake ne more,
Hee luiks als hee wer woode.'

The Warden wagèdt on the morne,
Two boldest men that ever wer borne,
I weyne, or ere shall bee:
Tone was Gilbert Griffin sonne,
Ful mickle worship hadde hee wonnē,
Both by land and sea.

Tother a bastard sonne of Spaine,
Mony a Sarazin hadde hee slaine;
Hys dint hadde garred thayme dye.
Theis men the battel undertoke
Agen the sewe, as saythe the boke,
And sealed securitye,

That they shold boldly bide and fyghte,
And scomfit her in maine and myghte,
Or therfor sholde they dye.
The Warden sealed toe thayme againe,
And sayde, 'If ye in fielde be slaine,
This condition make I:

'Wee shall for yow praye, syng, and reade,
Until Domesdaye wyth heartye speede,
With al our progenie.'
Then the lettres wer wele made,
The bondes wer bounde wyth seales brade,
As deeds of arms sholde bee.

Theise men-at-arms thatte wer sea wight,
And wyth theire armour burnished bryght,
They went the sewe toe see.
Scho made at thayme sike a roare,
That for her they fear it sore,
And almaiste bounde to flee.

* It is probable that by guest is meant an allusion to the spectre dog of Yorkshire (the *Barguest*), to which the sow is compared.

† Hired.

Scho cam runnyng thayme agayne,
And saw the bastarde sonne of Spaine,
Hee brayded owt hys brande;
Ful spiteouslie at her hee strake,
Yet for the fence that he colde make,
Scho strake it fro hys hande,
And rave asander half hys sheelde,
And bare hym backwerde in the fielde,
Hee mought not her gainstande.

Scho wolde hav riven hys privich geare
But Gilbert wyth hys swerde of warre,
Hee strake at her ful strang.
In her shouther hee held the swerde;
Than was Gilbert sore afearde,
When the blade brak in twang.

And whan in hande hee had her ta'en,
Scho toke hym by the shouther bane,
And held her hold ful faste;
Scho strave sea stifflie in thatte stoure,
Scho byt thro' ale hys rich armoure,
Till bloud cam owt at laste.

Than Gilbert grievèd was sea sare,
That hee rave off the hyde of haire;
The flesh cam fra the bane,
And wyth force hee held her ther,
And wanne her worthilie in warre,
And band her hym alane;

And lifte her on a horse sea hee,
Into two panyers made of a tree,
And toe Richmond anon.
When they sawe the felon come,
They sange merrilye Te Deum!
The freers evrich one.

They thankyd God and Saynte Frauncis,
That they had wonne the beaste of pris,

And nere a man was sleyne:
There never didde man more manlye,
The Knyght Marone, or Sir Guye,
Nor Louis of Lothraine.

If yow wyl any more of thys,
I'the fryarie at Richmond* written yt is,
In parchment gude and fyne,
How Freer Myddeltone sea hende,
Att Greta Bridge conjured a fiende,
In lykeness of a swyne.

Yt is wel knowen toe manie a man,
That Freer Theobald was warden than,
And thys fel in hys tyme.
And Chryst thayme bles both ferre and nere,
Al that for solas this doe here,
And hym that made the ryme.

Raphe of Rokeby wid ful gode wyl,
The freers of Richmond gav her tyll,
This sewe toe mende ther fare;
Freer Myddeltone by name,
He wold bring the felon hame,
That rewed hym sine ful sare.

* The monastery of Gray Friars at Richmond.—See LELAND, *Itin.*, vol. iii. p. 109.

Songs.

ARTHUR O'BRADLEY'S WEDDING.

[In the ballad called *Robin Hood, his Birth, Breeding, Valour and Marriage,* occurs the following line:—

And some singing Arthur-a-Bradley.

Antiquaries are by no means agreed as to what is the song of *Arthur-a-Bradley,* there alluded to, for it so happens that there are no less than three different songs about this same Arthur-a-Bradley. Ritson gives one of them in his *Robin Hood,* commencing,—

See you not Pierce the piper.

He took it from a black-letter copy in a private collection, compared with, and very much corrected by, a copy contained in *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in pills compounded of witty Ballads, jovial Songs, and merry Catches,* 1661. Ritson quotes another, and apparently much more modern song on the same subject, and to the same tune, beginning,—

All in the merry month of May.

It is a miserable composition, as may be seen by referring to a copy preserved in the third volume of the Roxburgh Ballads. There is another song, the one given by us, which appears to be as ancient as any of those of which Arthur O'Bradley is the hero, and from its subject being a wedding, as also from its being the only Arthur O'Bradley song that we have been enabled to trace in broadside and chap-books of the last century, we are induced to believe that it may be the song mentioned in the old ballad, which is supposed to have been written in the reign of Charles I. An obscure music publisher, who about thirty years ago resided in the Metropolis, brought out an edition of *Arthur O'Bradley's Wedding,* with the prefix 'Written by M. Taylor.' This Mr. Taylor was, however, only a low comedian of the day, and the ascribed authorship was a mere trick on the publisher's part to increase the sale of the song. We are not able to give any account of the hero, but from his being alluded to by so

many of our old writers, he was, perhaps, not altogether a fictitious personage. Ben Jonson names him in one of his plays, and he is also mentioned in Dekker's *Honest Whore*. Of one of the tunes mentioned in the song, viz., *Hence, Melancholy!* we can give no account; the other, *Mad Moll*, may be found in Playford's *Dancing-Master*, 1698: it is the same tune as the one known by the names of *Yellow Stockings* and the *Virgin Queen*, the latter title seeming to connect it with Queen Elizabeth, as the name of Mad Moll does with the history of Mary, who was subject to mental aberration. The words of *Mad Moll* are not known to exist, but probably consisted of some fulsome panegyric on the virgin queen, at the expense of her unpopular sister. From the mention of *Hence, Melancholy*, and *Mad Moll*, it is presumed that they were both popular favourites when *Arthur O'Bradley's Wedding* was written. A good deal of vulgar grossness has been at different times introduced into this song, which seems in this respect to be as elastic as the French chanson, *Cadet Rouselle*, which is always being altered, and of which there are no two copies alike. The tune of *Arthur O'Bradley* is given by Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*.]

COME, neighbours, and listen awhile,
If ever you wished to smile,
Or hear a true story of old,
Attend to what I now unfold!
'Tis of a lad whose fame did resound
Through every village and town around,
For fun, for frolic, and for whim,
None ever was to equal him,
And his name was Arthur O'Bradley!
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

Now, Arthur being stout and bold,
And near upon thirty years old,
He needs a wooing would go,
To get him a helpmate, you know.
So, gaining young Dolly's consent,
Next to be married they went;
And to make himself noble appear,
He mounted the old padded mare;

He chose her because she was blood,
And the prime of his old daddy's stud.
She was wind-galled, spavined, and blind,
And had lost a near leg behind;
She was cropped, and docked, and fired,
And seldom, if ever, was tired;
She had such an abundance of bone;
So he called her his high-bred roan,
A credit to Arthur O'Bradley!
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

Then he packed up his drudgery hose,
And put on his holiday clothes;
His coat was of scarlet so fine,
Full trimmed with buttons behind;
Two sleeves it had it is true,
One yellow, the other was blue,
And the cuffs and the capes were of green,
And the longest that ever were seen;
His hat, though greasy and tore,
Cocked up with a feather before,
And under his chin it was tied,
With a strip from an old cow's hide;
His breeches three times had been turned,
And two holes through the left side were burned;
Two boots he had, but not kin,
One leather, the other was tin;
And for stirrups he had two patten rings,
Tied fast to the girth with two strings;
Yet he wanted a good saddle cloth,
Which long had been eat by the moth.
'Twas a sad misfortune, you'll say,
But still he looked gallant and gay,
And his name it was Arthur O'Bradley!
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

Thus accoutred, away he did ride,
While Dolly she walked by his side;
Till coming up to the church door,
In the midst of five thousand or more,
Then from the old mare he did alight,
Which put the clerk in a fright;
And the parson so fumbled and shook,
That presently down dropped his book.
Then Arthur began for to sing,
And made the whole church to ring;
Crying, 'Dolly, my dear, come hither,
And let us be tacked together;
For the honour of Arthur O'Bradley!'
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

Then the vicar discharged his duty,
Without either reward or fee,
Declaring no money he'd have;
And poor Arthur he'd none to give:
So, to make him a little amends,
He invited him home with his friends,
To have a sweet kiss at the bride,
And eat a good dinner beside.
The dishes, though few, were good,
And the sweetest of animal food:
First, a roast guinea-pig and a bantam,
A sheep's head stewed in a lanthorn,*
Two calves' feet, and a bull's trotter,
The fore and hind leg of an otter,
With craw-fish, cockles, and crabs,
Lump-fish, limpets, and dabs,
Red herrings and sprats, by dozens,
To feast all their uncles and cousins;

* This appears to have been a cant saying in the reign of Charles II. It occurs in several of the novels, jest-books, and satires of the time, and was probably as unmeaning as such vulgarisms are in general.

Who seemed well pleased with their treat,
And heartily they did all eat,
For the honour of Arthur O'Bradley!
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

Now, the guests being well satisfied,
The fragments were laid on one side,
When Arthur, to make their hearts merry,
Brought ale, and parkin,* and perry;
When Timothy Twig stept in,
With his pipe, and a pipkin of gin.
A lad that was pleasant and jolly,
And scorned to meet melancholy;
He would chant and pipe so well,
No youth could him excel.
Not Pan the god of the swains,
Could ever produce such strains;
But Arthur, being first in the throng,
He swore he would sing the first song,
And one that was pleasant and jolly:
And that should be 'Hence, Melancholy!'
'Now give me a dance,' quoth Doll,
'Come, Jeffery, play up Mad Moll,
'Tis time to be merry and frisky,—
But first I must have some more whiskey.'
'Oh! you're right,' says Arthur, 'my love!
My daffy-down-dilly! my dove!
My everything! my wife!
I ne'er was so pleased in my life,
Since my name it was Arthur O'Bradley!'
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

Then the piper he screwed up his bags,
And the girls began shaking their rags;

* A cake composed of oatmeal, caraway-seeds, and treacle. 'Ale and parkin' is a common morning meal in the north of England.

First up jumped old Mother Crewe,
Two stockings, and never a shoe.
Her nose was crookèd and long,
Which she could easily reach with her tongue
And a hump on her back she did not lack,
But you should take no notice of that;
And her mouth stood all awry,
And she never was heard to lie,
For she had been dumb from her birth,
So she nodded consent to the mirth,
For honour of Arthur O'Bradley.
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

Then the parson led off at the top,
Some danced, while others did hop;
While some ran foul of the wall,
And others down backwards did fall.
There was lead up and down, figure in,
Four hands across, then back again.
So in dancing they spent the whole night,
Till bright Phœbus appeared in their sight;
When each had a kiss of the bride,
And hopped home to his own fire-side:
Well pleased was Arthur O'Bradley!
O! rare Arthur O'Bradley! wonderful Arthur
Sweet Arthur O'Bradley, O! [O'Bradley!

THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

[THIS is one of our oldest agricultural ditties, and maintains its popularity to the present hour. It is called for at merry-makings and feasts in every part of the country. The tune is in the minor key, and of a pleasing character.]

'COME, all you jolly ploughmen, of courage stout and bold,
That labour all the winter in stormy winds, and cold;

To clothe the fields with plenty, your farm-yards to renew, [plough!'
To crown them with contentment, behold the painful

'Hold! ploughman,' said the gardener, 'don't count your trade with ours,
Walk through the garden, and view the early flowers;
Also the curious border and pleasant walks go view,—
There's none such peace and plenty performèd by the plough!'

'Hold! gardener,' said the ploughman, 'my calling don't
Each man for his living upon his trade relies; [despise,
Were it not for the ploughman, both rich and poor would rue,
For we are all dependent upon the painful plough.

'Adam in the garden was sent to keep it right,
But the length of time he stayed there, I believe it was one night;
Yet of his own labour, I call it not his due,
Soon he lost his garden, and went to hold the plough.

'For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing first begun,
The next that did succeed him was Cain, the eldest son;
Some of the generation this calling now pursue;
That bread may not be wanting, remains the painful plough.

'Samson was the strongest man, and Solomon was wise,
Alexander for to conquer 'twas all his daily prise;
King David was valiant, and many thousands slew,
Yet none of these brave heroes could live without the plough!

'Behold the wealthy merchant, that trades in foreign seas, [at ease;
And brings home gold and treasure for those who live
With fine silks and spices, and fruits also, too,
They are brought from the Indies by virtue of the plough.

'For they must have bread, biscuit, rice pudding, flour and peas,
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail o'er the seas;
And the man that brings them will own to what is true,
He cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough!

'I hope there's none offended at me for singing this,
For it is not intended for anything amiss;
If you consider rightly, you'll find what I say is true,
For all that you can mention depends upon the plough.'

THE USEFUL PLOW;

OR, THE PLOWMAN'S PRAISE.

[THE common editions of this popular song inform us that it is taken 'from an Old Ballad,' alluding probably to the dialogue given at page 264. This song is quoted by Farquhar.]

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
To that I say, no courtier may
Compare with they who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park [ing,
Next morning is ringing with birds that are sing-
On each green, tender bough.
With what content, and merriment,
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plow.

The gallant that dresses fine,
And drinks his bottles of wine,
  Were he to be tried, his feathers of pride,
Which deck and adorn his back,
  Are tailors' and mercers', and other men dressers,
For which they do dun them now.
  But Ralph and Will no compters fill
  For tailor's bill, or garments still,
But follow the useful plow.

Their hundreds, without remorse,
Some spend to keep dogs and horse,
  Who never would give, as long as they live,
Not two-pence to help the poor;
  Their wives are neglected, and harlots respected;
This grieves the nation now;
  But 'tis not so with us that go
  Where pleasures flow, to reap and mow,
And follow the useful plow.

THE FARMER'S SON.

[THIS song, familiar to the dwellers in the dales of Yorkshire, was published in 1729, in the *Vocal Miscellany; a collection of about four hundred celebrated songs.* As the *Miscellany* was merely an anthology of songs already well known, the date of this song must have been some time anterior to 1729. It was republished in the *British Musical Miscellany, or the Delightful Grove*, 1796, and in a few other old song books. It was evidently founded on an old black-letter dialogue preserved in the Roxburgh collection, called *A Mad Kinde of Wooing; or, a Dialogue between Will the Simple and Nan the Subtill, with their loving argument.* To the tune of the New Dance at the Red Bull Playhouse. Printed by the assignees of Thomas Symcock.]

'SWEET Nelly! my heart's delight!
  Be loving, and do not slight
The proffer I make, for modesty's sake:—
  I honour your beauty bright.

For love, I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my favour won:
And since I see your modesty,
I pray agree, and fancy me,
Though I'm but a farmer's son.'

'No! I am a lady gay,
'Tis very well known I may
Have men of renown, in country or town;
So! Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
Their loves will soon be won;
But don't you dare to speak me fair,
As if I were at my last prayer,
To marry a farmer's son.'

'My father has riches' store,
Two hundred a year, and more;
Beside sheep and cows, carts, harrows, and ploughs;
His age is above threescore.
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both land and kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.'

'A fig for your cattle and corn!
Your proffered love I scorn!
'Tis known very well, my name is Nell,
And you're but a bumpkin born.'
'Well! since it is so, away I will go,—
And I hope no harm is done;
Farewell, adieu!—I hope to woo
As good as you,—and win her, too,
Though I'm but a farmer's son.'

'Be not in such haste,' quoth she,
'Perhaps we may still agree;
For, man, I protest I was but in jest!
Come, prythee sit down by me;

For thou art the man that verily can
Win me, if e'er I'm won;
Both straight and tall, genteel withal;
Therefore, I shall be at your call,
To marry a farmer's son.'

'Dear lady! believe me now
I solemnly swear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleasure in wives,
Like fellows that drive the plough:
For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
They don't with't to harlots run,
As courtiers do. I never knew
A London beau that could outdo
A country farmer's son.'

THE FARMER'S BOY.

[MR. DENHAM of Piersebridge, who communicates the following, says—'there is no question that the *Farmer's Boy* is a very ancient song; it is highly popular amongst the north country lads and lasses.' The date of the composition may probably be referred to the commencement of the last century, when there prevailed amongst the ballad-mongers a great rage for *Farmers' Sons, Plough Boys, Milk Maids, Farmers' Boys*, &c. &c. The song is popular all over the country, and there are numerous printed copies, ancient and modern.]

THE sun had set behind yon hills,
Across yon dreary moor,
Weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door:
'Can you tell me if any there be
That will give me employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy?

'My father is dead, and mother is left
With five children, great and small;
And what is worse for mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all.

Though little, I'll work as hard as a Turk,
If you'll give me employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

'And if that you won't me employ,
One favour I've to ask,—
Will you shelter me, till break of day,
From this cold winter's blast?
At break of day, I'll trudge away
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.'

'Come, try the lad,' the mistress said,
'Let him no further seek.'
'O, do, dear father!' the daughter cried,
While tears ran down her cheek:
'He'd work if he could, so 'tis hard to want food,
And wander for employ;
Don't turn him away, but let him stay,
And be a farmer's boy.'

And when the lad became a man,
The good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride.
The lad that was, the farm now has,
Oft smiles, and thinks with joy
Of the lucky day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy.

RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN;

OR, DUMBLE DUM DEARY.

[THIS song is very popular with the country people in every part of England, but more particularly with the inhabitants of the counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall.* The chorus is

* The popularity of this West-country song has extended even to Ireland, as appears from two Irish versions, supplied by the late

peculiar to country songs of the West of England. There are many different versions. The following one, communicated by Mr. Sandys, was taken down from the singing of an old blind fiddler, 'who,' says Mr. Sandys, 'used to accompany it on his instrument in an original and humorous manner; a representative of the old minstrels!' The air is in *Popular Music*. In Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England* there is a version of this song, called *Richard of Dalton Dale*.]

Mr. T. Crofton Croker. One of them is entitled *Last New-Year's Day*, and is printed by Haly, Hanover-street, Cork. It follows the English song almost verbatim, with the exception of the first and second verses, which we subjoin:—

'Last New-Year's day, as I heard say,
Dick mounted on his dapple gray;
He mounted high and he mounted low,
Until he came to *sweet Raphoe!*
Sing fal de dol de ree,
Fol de dol, righ fol dee.

'My buckskin does I did put on,
My spladdery clogs, *to save my brogues!*
And in my pocket a lump of bread,
And round my hat a ribbon red.'

The other version is entitled *Dicky of Ballyman*, and a note informs us that 'Dicky of Ballyman's sirname was Byrne!' As our readers may like to hear how the Somersetshire bumpkin behaved after he had located himself in the town of Ballyman, and taken the sirname of Byrne, we give the whole of his amatory adventures in the sister-island. We discover from them, *inter alia*, that he had found the 'best of friends' in his 'Uncle,'—that he had made a grand discovery in natural history, viz., that a rabbit is a fowl; that he had taken the temperance pledge, which, however, his Mistress Ann had certainly *not* done; and, moreover, that he had become an enthusiast in potatoes!

DICKY OF BALLYMAN.

'On New-Year's day, as I heard say,
Dicky he saddled his dapple gray;
He put on his Sunday clothes,
His scarlet vest, and his new made hose.
Diddle dum di, diddle dum do,
Diddle dum di, diddle dum do.

'He rode till he came to Wilson Hall,
There he rapped, and loud did call;
Mistress Ann came down straightway,
And asked him what he had to say?

''Don't you know me, Mistress Ann?
I am Dicky of Ballyman;

LAST New-Year's day, as I've heerd say,
Young Richard he mounted his dapple grey,
And he trotted along to Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter, Jean.
Dumble dum deary, dumble dum deary,
Dumble dum deary, dumble dum dee.

An honest lad, though I am poor,—
I never was in love before.

"I have an uncle, the best of friends,
Sometimes to me a fat rabbit he sends;
And many other dainty fowl,
To please my life, my joy, my soul.

"Sometimes I reap, sometimes I mow,
And to the market I do go,
To sell my father's corn and hay,—
I earn my sixpence every day!'

"Oh, Dicky! you go beneath your mark,—
You only wander in the dark;
Sixpence a day will never do,
I must have silks, and satins, too!

"Besides, Dicky, I must have tea
For my breakfast, every day;
And after dinner a bottle of wine,—
For without it I cannot dine.'

"If on fine clothes our money is spent,
Pray how shall my lord be paid his rent?
He'll expect it when 'tis due,—
Believe me, what I say is true.

'As for tea, good stirabout
Will do far better, I make no doubt;
And spring water, when you dine,
Is far wholesomer than wine.

"Potatoes, too, are very nice food,—
I don't know any half so good:
You may have them boiled or roast,
Whichever way you like them most.'

'This gave the company much delight,
And made them all to laugh outright;
So Dicky had no more to say,
But saddled his dapple and rode away.
Diddle dum di, &c.'

* We have heard a Yorkshire yeoman sing a version, which commenced with this line:—

'It was at the time of a high holiday.'

With buckskin breeches, shoes and hose,
And Dicky put on his Sunday clothes;
Likewise a hat upon his head,
All bedaubed with ribbons red.

Young Richard he rode without dread or fear,
Till he came to the house where lived his sweet dear,
When he knocked, and shouted, and bellowed, 'Hallo!
Be the folks at home? say aye or no.'

A trusty servant let him in,
That he his courtship might begin;
Young Richard he walked along the great hall.
And loudly for mistress Jean did call.

Miss Jean she came without delay,
To hear what Dicky had got to say;
'I s'pose you knaw me, mistress Jean,
I'm honest Richard of Taunton Dean.

'I'm an honest fellow, although I be poor,
And I never was in love afore;
My mother she bid me come here for to woo,
And I can fancy none but you.'

'Suppose that I would be your bride,
Pray how would you for me provide?
For I can neither sew nor spin;—
Pray what will your day's work bring in?'

'Why, I can plough, and I can zow,
And zometimes to the market go
With Gaffer Johnson's straw or hay,
And yarn my ninepence every day!'

'Ninepence a-day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins too!
Ninepence a day won't buy us meat!'
'Adzooks!' says Dick, 'I've a zack of wheat;

'Besides, I have a house hard by,
'Tis all my awn, when mammy do die;

If thee and I were married now,
Ods! I'd feed thee as fat as my feyther's old zow.'
Dick's compliments did so delight,
They made the family laugh outright;
Young Richard took huff, and no more would say,
He kicked up old Dobbin, and trotted away,
Singing, dumble dum deary, &c.

WOOING SONG OF A YEOMAN OF KENT'S SONNE.

[THE following song is the original of a well-known and popular Scottish song:—

'I hae laid a herring in saut;
Lass, 'gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!
I ha'e brewed a forpit o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.'

There are modern copies of our Kentish *Wooing Song*, but the present version is taken from *Melismata, Musical phansies fitting the court, citie, and countree. To* 3, 4, *and* 5 *voyces.* London, printed by William Stansby, for Thomas Adams, 1611. The tune will be found in *Popular Music*, I., 90. The words are in the Kentish dialect.]

ICH have house and land in Kent,
And if you'll love me, love me now;
Two-pence half-penny is my rent,—
Ich cannot come every day to woo.
Chorus. Two-pence half-penny is his rent,
And he cannot come every day to woo.

Ich am my vather's eldest zonne,
My mouther eke doth love me well!
For Ich can bravely clout my shoone,
And Ich full well can ring a bell.
Cho. For he can bravely clout his shoone,
And he full well can ring a bell.*

* Bell-ringing was formerly a great amusement of the English, and the allusions to it are of frequent occurrence. Numerous payments to bell-ringers are generally to be found in Churchwarden's accounts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.—CHAPPELL.

My vather he gave me a hogge,
My mouther she gave me a zow;
Ich have a god-vather dwells there by,
And he on me bestowed a plow.
Cho. He has a god-vather dwells there by,
And he on him bestowed a plow.

One time Ich gave thee a paper of pins,
Anoder time a taudry lace;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth Ich die bevore thy vace.
Cho. And if thou wilt not grant his love,
In truth he'll die bevore thy vace.

Ich have been twice our Whitson Lord,
Ich have had ladies many vare;
And eke thou hast my heart in hold,
And in my minde zeemes passing rare.
Cho. And eke thou hast his heart in hold,
And in his minde zeemes passing rare.

Ich will put on my best white sloppe,
And Ich will weare my yellow hose;
And on my head a good gray hat,
And in't Ich sticke a lovely rose.
Cho. And on his head a good grey hat,
And in't he'll stick a lovely rose.

Wherefore cease off, make no delay,
And if you'll love me, love me now;
Or els Ich zeeke zome oder where,—
For Ich cannot come every day to woo.
Cho. Or else he'll zeeke zome oder where,
For he cannot come every day to woo.*

* The subject and burthen of this song are identical with those of the song which immediately follows, called in some copies *The Clown's Courtship, sung to the King at Windsor*, and in others, *I cannot come very day to woo.* The Kentish ditty cannot be traced to so remote a date as the *Clown's Courtship;* but it probably belongs to the same period.

THE CLOWN'S COURTSHIP.

[This song, on the same subject as the preceding, is as old as the reign of Henry VIII., the first verse, says Mr. Chappell, being found elaborately set to music in a manuscript of that date. The air is given in *Popular Music*, I., 87.]

QUOTH John to Joan, wilt thou have me?
I prythee now, wilt? and I'ze marry with thee,
My cow, my calf, my house, my rents,
And all my lands and tenements:
Oh, say, my Joan, will not that do?
I cannot come every day to woo.

I've corn and hay in the barn hard by,
And three fat hogs pent up in the sty:
I have a mare, and she is coal black,
I ride on her tail to save my back.
Then say, &c.

I have a cheese upon the shelf,
And I cannot eat it all myself;
I've three good marks that lie in a rag,
In the nook of the chimney, instead of a bag.
Then say, &c.

To marry I would have thy consent,
But faith I never could compliment;
I can say nought but 'hoy, gee ho,'
Words that belong to the cart and the plow.
Then say, &c.

HARRY'S COURTSHIP.

[This old ditty, in its incidents, bears a resemblance to *Dumble-dum-deary*, see *ante*, p. 369. It used to be a popular song in the Yorkshire dales. We have been obliged to supply an *hiatus* in the second verse, and to make an alteration in the last, where we have converted the 'red-nosed parson' of the original into a squire.]

HARRY courted modest Mary,
Mary was always brisk and airy;

Harry was country neat as could be,
But his words were rough, and his duds were muddy.
Harry when he first bespoke her,
[Kept a dandling the kitchen poker;]
Mary spoke her words like Venus,
But said, 'There's something I fear between us.

'Have you got cups of China mettle,
Canister, cream-jug, tongs, or kettle?'
'Odzooks, I've bowls, and siles, and dishes,
Enow to supply any prudent wishes.

'I've got none o' your cups of Chaney,
Canister, cream-jug, I've not any;
I've a three-footed pot and a good brass kettle,
Pray what do you want with your Chaney mettle?

'A shippen full of rye for to fother,
A house full of goods, one mack or another;
I'll thrash in the lathe while you sit spinning,
O, Molly, I think that's a good beginning.'

'I'll not sit at my wheel a-spinning,
Or rise in the morn to wash your linen;
I'll lie in bed till the clock strikes eleven—'
'Oh, grant me patience gracious Heaven!

'Why then thou must marry some red-nosed squire,
[Who'll buy thee a settle to sit by the fire,]
For I'll to Margery in the valley,
She is my girl, so farewell Malley.'

HARVEST-HOME SONG.

[Our copy of this song is taken from one in the Roxburgh-Collection, where it is called, *The Country Farmer's vain glory; in a new song of Harvest Home, sung to a new tune much in request. Licensed according to order.* The tune is published in *Popular Music.* A copy of this song, with the music, may be found in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy.* It varies from ours; but

D'Urfey is so loose and inaccurate in his texts, that any other version is more likely to be correct. The broadside from which the following is copied was 'Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Dencon [Deacon], J. Blai[r], and J. Back.']

OUR oats they are howed, and our barley's reaped,
Our hay is mowed, and our hovels heaped;
Harvest home! harvest home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest home!
Harvest home! harvest home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest home!

We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again;
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
One in ten! one in ten!
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
For why should the vicar have one in ten?
For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot;
Burnt to pot! burnt to pot!
Till pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot,
Burnt to pot! burnt to pot!

We'll drink off the liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of old England!
Old England! old England!
And hey for the honour of old England!
Old England! old England!

HARVEST-HOME.

[FROM an old copy without printer's name or date.]

COME, Roger and Nell,
Come, Simpkin and Bell,
Each lad with his lass hither come;
With singing and dancing,
And pleasure advancing,
To celebrate harvest-home!

Chorus. 'Tis Ceres bids play,
And keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest-home!
Harvest-home!
Harvest-home!
To celebrate harvest-home!

Our labour is o'er,
Our barns, in full store,
Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take,
For the prong and the rake,
His can and his lass in his hand.
For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be
So happy as we,
In innocence, pastime, and mirth;
While thus we carouse,
With our sweetheart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.
For Ceres, &c.

THE MOW.

A HARVEST HOME SONG.

Tune, *Where the bee sucks.*

[THIS favourite song, copied from a chap-book called *The Whistling Ploughman*, published at the commencement of the present century, is written in imitation of Ariel's song, in the *Tempest*. It is probably taken from some defunct ballad-opera.]

NOW our work's done, thus we feast,
After labour comes our rest;
Joy shall reign in every breast,
And right welcome is each guest:
After harvest merrily,
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest that heaps up the mow.

Now the plowman he shall plow,
And shall whistle as he go,
Whether it be fair or blow,
For another barley mow,
O'er the furrow merrily:
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest, the fruit of the plow.

Toil and plenty, toil and ease,
Still the husbandman he sees;
Whether when the winter freeze,
Or in summer's gentle breeze;
Still he labours merrily,
Merrily, merrily, after the plow,
He looks to the harvest, that gives us the mow.

THE BARLEY-MOW SONG.

[THIS song is sung at country meetings in Devon and Cornwall, particularly on completing the carrying of the barley, when the rick, or mow of barley, is finished. On putting up the last sheaf, which is called the craw (or crow) sheaf, the man who has it cries out 'I have it, I have it, I have it;' another demands, 'What have'ee, what have 'ee, what have 'ee?' and the answer is, 'A craw! a craw! a craw!' upon which there is some cheering, &c., and a supper afterwards. The effect of the *Barley-mow Song* cannot be given in words; it should be heard, to be appreciated properly,—particularly with the West-country dialect.]

HERE'S a health to the barley-mow, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
We'll drink it out of the jolly brown bowl,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
Cho. Here's a health to the barley-mow, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!

We'll drink it out of the nipperkin, boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The nipperkin and the jolly brown bowl,
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the quarter-pint, boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The quarter-pint, nipperkin, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the half-a-pint, boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The half-a-pint, quarter-pint, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c

We'll drink it out of the pint, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The pint, the half-a-pint, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the quart, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The quart, the pint, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the pottle, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The pottle, the quart, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the gallon, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The gallon, the pottle, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the half-anker, boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The half-anker, gallon, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the anker, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The anker, the half-anker, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the half-hogshead, boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The half-hogshead, anker, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the hogshead, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The hogshead, the half-hogshead, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the pipe, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The pipe, the hogshead, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the well, my brave boys,
Here's a health to the barley mow!
The well, the pipe, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the river, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The river, the well, &c.
Cho. Here's a health, &c.

We'll drink it out of the ocean, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!
The ocean, the river, the well, the pipe, the hogshead, the half-hogshead, the anker, the half-anker, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pint, the half-a-pint, the quarter-pint, the nipperkin, and the jolly brown bowl!
Cho. Here's a health to the barley-mow, my brave boys!
Here 's a health to the barley-mow!

[The above verses are very much *ad libitum*, but always in the third line repeating the whole of the previously-named measures; as we have shown in the recapitulation at the close of the last verse.]

THE BARLEY-MOW SONG.

(SUFFOLK VERSION.)

[THE peasantry of Suffolk sing the following version of the *Barley-Mow Song.*]

HERE'S a health to the barley mow!
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow and plow and sow!

When it is well sown
See it is well mown,
Both raked and gavelled clean,
And a barn to lay it in.
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both thrash and fan it clean!

THE CRAVEN CHURN-SUPPER SONG.

[IN some of the more remote dales of Craven it is customary at the close of the hay-harvest for the farmers to give an entertainment to their men; this is called the churn supper; a name which Eugene Aram traces to 'the immemorial usage of producing at such suppers a great quantity of cream in a churn, and circulating it in cups to each of the rustic company, to be eaten with bread.' At these churn-suppers the masters and their families attend the entertainment, and share in the general mirth. The men mask themselves, and dress in a grotesque manner, and are allowed the privilege of playing harmless practical jokes on their employers, &c. The churn-supper song varies in different dales, but the following used to be the most popular version. In the third verse there seems to be an allusion to the clergyman's taking tythe in kind, on which occasions he is generally accompanied by two or three men, and the parish clerk. The song has never before been printed. There is a marked resemblance between it and a song of the date of 1650, called *A Cup of Old Stingo.* See *Popular Music*, I., 308.]

GOD rest you, merry gentlemen!
Be not movèd at my strain,
For nothing study shall my brain,
But for to make you laugh:
For I came here to this feast,
For to laugh, carouse, and jest,
And welcome shall be every guest,
To take his cup and quaff.
Cho. Be frolicsome, every one,
Melancholy none;
Drink about!
See it out,
And then we'll all go home,
And then we'll all go home!

This ale it is a gallant thing,
It cheers the spirits of a king,
It makes a dumb man strive to sing,
Aye, and a beggar play!
A cripple that is lame and halt,
And scarce a mile a day can walk,
When he feels the juice of malt,
Will throw his crutch away.
Cho. Be frolicsome, &c.

'Twill make the parson forget his men,
'Twill make his clerk forget his pen,
'Twill turn a tailor's giddy brain,
And make him break his wand.
The blacksmith loves it as his life;
It makes the tinkler bang his wife;
Aye, and the butcher seek his knife,
When he has it in his hand!
Cho. Be frolicsome, &c.

So now to conclude, my merry boys, all,
Let's with strong liquor take a fall,
Although the weakest goes to the wall,

The best is but a play!
For water it concludes in noise,
Good ale will cheer our hearts, brave boys;
Then put it round with a cheerful voice,
We meet not every day.
Cho. Be frolicsome, &c.

THE RURAL DANCE ABOUT THE MAY-POLE.

[The most correct copy of this song is that given in *The Westminster Drollery*, Part II., p. 80. It is there called *The Rural Dance about the May-pole, the tune, the first-figure dance at Mr. Young's ball, May*, 1671. The tune is in *Popular Music*. The *May-pole*, for so the song is called in modern collections, is a very popular ditty at the present time. The common copies vary considerably from the following version, which is much more correct than any hitherto published.]

COME, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,
And away to the may-pole hie;
For every he has got him a she,
And the minstrel's standing by;
For Willie has gotten his Jill,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To jig it, jig it, jig it,
Jig it up and down.

'Strike up,' says Wat; 'Agreed,' says Kate,
'And I prithee, fiddler, play;'
'Content,' says Hodge, and so says Madge,
For this is a holiday.
Then every man did put
His hat off to his lass,
And every girl did curchy,
Curchy, curchy on the grass.

'Begin,' says Hall; 'Aye, aye,' says Mall,
'We'll lead up *Packington's Pound*;'
'No, no,' says Noll, and so says Doll,
'We'll first have *Sellenger's Round*.'*
Then every man began
To foot it round about;
And every girl did jet it,
Jet it, jet it, in and out.

'You're out,' says Dick; 'Tis a lie,' says Nick,
'The fiddler played it false;'
'Tis true,' says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says nimble Alice.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again;
And every girl did trip it, trip it
Trip it to the men.

'Let 's kiss,' says Jane,† 'Content,' says Nan,
And so says every she;
'How many?' says Batt; 'Why three,' says Matt,
'For that's a maiden's fee.'
But they, instead of three,
Did give them half a score,
And they in kindness gave 'em, gave 'em,
Gave 'em as many more.

---

* The common modern copies read 'St. Leger's Round.'

† The common stall copies read 'Pan,' which not only furnishes a more accurate rhyme to 'Nan,' but is, probably, the true reading. About the time when this song was written, there appears to have been some country minstrel or fiddler, who was well known by the sobriquet of 'Pan.' Frequent allusions to such a personage may be found in popular ditties of the period, and it is evidently that individual, and not the heathen deity, who is referred to in the song of *Arthur O'Bradley*:—

'Not Pan, the god of the swains,
Could e'er produce such strains.'—See *ante*, p. 362.

Then after an hour, they went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes;
And kisses, too;—until they were due,
The lasses kept the stakes:
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men;
And bid 'em take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

Yet there they sate, until it was late,
And tired the fiddler quite,
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning unto night:
They told the fiddler then,
They'd pay him for his play;
And each a two-pence, two-pence,
Gave him, and went away.

'Good night,' says Harry; 'Good night,' says Mary;
'Good night,' says Dolly to John;
'Good night,' says Sue; 'Good night,' says Hugh;
'Good night,' says every one.
Some walked, and some did run,
Some loitered on the way;
And bound themselves with love-knots, love-knots,
To meet the next holiday.

THE HITCHIN MAY-DAY SONG.

[The following song is sung by the Mayers at Hitchin in the county of Herts. For an account of the manner in which May-day is observed at Hitchin, see Hone's *Every-Day Book.*]

REMEMBER us poor Mayers all!
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day;
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain;
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!

THE HELSTONE FURRY-DAY SONG.

[At Helstone, in Cornwall, the 8th of May is a day devoted to revelry and gaiety. It is called the Furry-day, supposed to be a corruption of Flora's day, from the garlands worn and carried in procession during the festival.* A writer in the *Gentleman's*

* A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says that, although there is some resemblance between Flora and Furry, the latter word is derived from an old Cornish term, and signifies jubilee or fair.

Magazine for June, 1790, says, 'In the morning, very early, some troublesome rogues go round the streets [of Helstone], with drums and other noisy instruments, disturbing their sober neighbours, and singing parts of a song, the whole of which nobody now recollects, and of which I know no more than that there is mention in it of the 'grey goose quill,' and of going 'to the green wood' to bring home 'the Summer and the May, O!'' During the festival, the gentry, tradespeople, servants, &c., dance through the streets, and thread through certain of the houses to a very old dance tune, given in the appendix to Davies Gilbert's *Christmas Carols*, and which may also be found in Chappell's *Popular Music*, and other collections. The *Furry-day Song* possesses no literary merit whatever; but as a part of an old and really interesting festival, it is worthy of preservation. The dance-tune has been confounded with that of the song, but Mr. Sandys, to whom we are indebted for this communication, observes that 'the dance-tune is quite different.']

ROBIN HOOD and Little John,
They both are gone to the fair, O!
And we will go to the merry green-wood,
To see what they do there, O!
And for to chase, O!
To chase the buck and doe.
With ha-lan-tow, rumble, O!
For we were up as soon as any day, O!
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the may, O!
For summer is a-come, O!
And winter is a-gone, O!

Where are those Spaniards
That make so great a boast, O?
They shall eat the grey goose feather,
And we will eat the roast, O!
In every land, O!
The land where'er we go.
With ha-lan-tow, &c.

As for Saint George, O!
Saint George he was a knight, O!
Of all the knights in Christendom,
Saint George is the right, O!

In every land, O!
The land where'er we go.
With ha-lan-tow, &c.

CORNISH MIDSUMMER BONFIRE SONG.

[THE very ancient custom of lighting fires on Midsummer-eve, being the vigil of St. John the Baptist, is still kept up in several parts of Cornwall. On these occasions the fishermen and others dance about the fires, and sing appropriate songs. The following has been sung for a long series of years at Penzance and the neighbourhood, and is taken down from the recitation of the leader of a West-country choir. It is communicated to our pages by Mr. Sandys. The origin of the Midsummer bonfires is fully explained in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. See Sir H. Ellis's edition of that work, vol. i. pp. 166-186.]

THE bonny month of June is crowned
With the sweet scarlet rose;
The groves and meadows all around
With lovely pleasure flows.

As I walked out to yonder green,
One evening so fair;
All where the fair maids may be seen
Playing at the bonfire.

Hail! lovely nymphs, be not too coy,
But freely yield your charms;
Let love inspire with mirth and joy,
In Cupid's lovely arms.

Bright Luna spreads its light around,
The gallants for to cheer;
As they lay sporting on the ground,
At the fair June bonfire.

All on the pleasant dewy mead,
They shared each other's charms;
Till Phœbus' beams began to spread,
And coming day alarms.

Whilst larks and linnets sing so sweet,
To cheer each lovely swain;
Let each prove true unto their love,
And so farewell the plain.

SUFFOLK HARVEST-HOME SONG.

[In no part of England are the harvest-homes kept up with greater spirit than in Suffolk. The following old song is a general favourite on such occasions.]

HERE'S a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast!
I wish, with all my heart and soul,
In heaven he may find rest.
I hope all things may prosper,
That ever he takes in hand;
For we are all his servants,
And all at his command.
Drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill, [will.
For if you do, you must drink two,—it is your master's

Now our harvest is ended,
And supper is past;
Here's our mistress' good health,
In a full flowing glass!
She is a good woman,—
She prepared us good cheer;
Come, all my brave boys,
And drink off your beer.
Drink, my boys, drink till you come unto me,
The longer we sit, my boys, the merrier shall we be!

In yon green wood there lies an old fox,
Close by his den you may catch him, or no;
Ten thousand to one you catch him, or no.

His beard and his brush are all of one colour,—
[*Takes the glass and empties it off.*
I am sorry, kind sir, that your glass is no fuller.
'Tis down the red lane! 'tis down the red lane!
So merrily hunt the fox down the red lane!*

THE HAYMAKER'S SONG.

[An old and very favourite ditty sung in many parts of England at merry-makings, especially at those which occur during the hay-harvest. It is not in any collection.]

IN the merry month of June,
In the prime time of the year;
Down in yonder meadows
There runs a river clear:
And many a little fish
Doth in that river play;
And many a lad, and many a lass,
Go abroad a-making hay.

In come the jolly mowers,
To mow the meadows down;
With budget and with bottle
Of ale, both stout and brown,
All labouring men of courage bold
Come here their strength to try;
They sweat and blow, and cut and mow,
For the grass cuts very dry.

Here's nimble Ben and Tom,
With pitchfork, and with rake;
Here's Molly, Liz, and Susan,
Come here their hay to make.

---

* There is another version of these concluding lines:—

'Down the red lane there lives an old fox,
There does he sit a-mumping his chops;
Catch him, boys, catch him, catch if you can;
'Tis twenty to one if you catch him or Nan.'

While sweet, jug, jug, jug,
The nightingale doth sing,
From morning unto even-song,
As they are hay-making.

And when that bright day faded,
And the sun was going down,
There was a merry piper
Approachèd from the town:
He pulled out his pipe and tabor,
So sweetly he did play,
Which made all lay down their rakes,
And leave off making hay.

Then joining in a dance,
They jig it o'er the green;
Though tired with their labour,
No one less was seen.
But sporting like some fairies,
Their dance they did pursue,
In leading up, and casting off,
Till morning was in view.

And when that bright daylight,
The morning it was come,
They lay down and rested
Till the rising of the sun:
Till the rising of the sun,
When the merry larks do sing,
And each lad did rise and take his lass,
And away to hay-making.

THE SWORD-DANCERS' SONG.

[SWORD-DANCING is not so common in the North of England as it was a few years ago; but a troop of rustic practitioners of the art may still be occasionally met with at Christmas time, in some of the most secluded of the Yorkshire dales. The following is

a copy of the introductory song, as it used to be sung by the Wharfdale sword-dancers. It has been transcribed from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Holmes, surgeon, at Grassington, in Craven. At the conclusion of the song a dance ensues, and sometimes a rustic drama is performed. See post, p. 395. *Jumping Joan*, alluded to in the last verse, is a well-known old country dance tune.]

The spectators being assembled, the CLOWN *enters, and after drawing a circle with his sword, walks round it, and calls in the actors in the following lines, which are sung to the accompaniment of a violin played outside, or behind the door.*

THE first that enters on the floor,
His name is Captain Brown;
I think he is as smart a youth
As any in this town:
In courting of the ladies gay,
He fixes his delight;
He will not stay from them all day,
And is with them all the night.

The next's a tailor by his trade,
Called Obadiah Trim;
You may quickly guess, by his plain dress,
And hat of broadest brim,
That he is of the Quaking sect,
Who would seem to act by merit
Of yeas and nays, and hums and hahs,
And motions of the spirit.

The next that enters on the floor,
He is a foppish knight;
The first to be in modish dress,
He studies day and night.
Observe his habit round about,—
Even from top to toe;
The fashion late from France was brought,—
He's finer than a beau!

Next I present unto your view
A very worthy man;
He is a vintner, by his trade,
And Love-ale is his name.
If gentlemen propose a glass,
He seldom says 'em nay,
But does always think it's right to drink,
While other people pay.

The next that enters on the floor,
It is my beauteous dame;
Most dearly I do her adore,
And Bridget is her name.
At needlework she does excel
All that e'er learnt to sew,
And when I choose, she'll ne'er refuse,
What I command her do.

And I myself am come long since,
And Thomas is my name;
Though some are pleased to call me Tom,
I think they're much to blame:
Folks should not use their betters thus,
But I value it not a groat,
Though the tailors, too, that botching crew,
Have patched it on my coat.

I pray who's this we've met with here,
That tickles his trunk-wame?*
We've picked him up as here we came,
And cannot learn his name:
But sooner than he's go without,
I'll call him my son Tom;
And if he'll play, be it night or day,
We'll dance you *Jumping Joan.*

---

* A cant term for a fiddle. In its literal sense, it means trunk, or box-belly.

THE SWORD-DANCERS' SONG AND INTERLUDE.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT CHRISTMAS, IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

[THE late Sir Cuthbert Sharp remarks, that 'It is still the practice during the Christmas holidays for companies of fifteen to perform a sort of play or dance, accompanied by song or music.' The following version of the song, or interlude, has been transcribed from Sir C. Sharp's *Bishoprick Garland*, corrected by collation with a MS. copy recently remitted to the editor by a countryman of Durham. The Devonshire peasants have a version almost identical with this, but laths are used instead of swords, and a few different characters are introduced to suit the locality. The pageant called *The Fool Plough*, which consists of a number of sword-dancers dragging a plough with music, was anciently observed in the North of England, not only at Christmas time, but also in the beginning of Lent. Wallis thinks that the *Sword Dance* is the antic dance, or chorus armatus of the Romans. Brand supposes that it is a composition made up of the gleaning of several obsolete customs anciently followed in England and other countries. The Germans still practise the *Sword Dance* at Christmas and Easter. We once witnessed a *Sword Dance* in the Eifel mountains, which closely resembled our own, but no interlude, or drama, was performed.]

Enter Dancers, decorated with swords and ribbons; the CAPTAIN *of the band wearing a cocked hat and a peacock's feather in it by way of cockade, and the* CLOWN, *or* 'BESSY,' *who acts as treasurer, being decorated with a hairy cap and a fox's brush dependent.*

The CAPTAIN *forms with his sword a circle, around which he walks.*

The BESSY *opens the proceedings by singing—*

GOOD gentlemen all, to our captain take heed,
And hear what he's got for to sing;
He's lived among music these forty long year,
And drunk of the elegant* spring.

* 'Helicon,' as observed by Sir C. Sharp, is, of course, the true reading.

The CAPTAIN *then proceeds as follows, his song being accompanied by a violin, generally played by the* BESSY—

Six actors I have brought
Who were ne'er on a stage before;
But they will do their best,
And they can do no more.

The first that I call in
He is a squire's son;
He's like to lose his sweetheart
Because he is too young.

But though he is too young,
He has money for to rove,
And he will spend it all
Before he'll lose his love.

Chorus. Fal lal de ral, lal de dal, fal lal de ra ral da.

Followed by a symphony on the fiddle, during which the introduced actor walks round the circle.
The CAPTAIN *proceeds—*

The next that I call in
He is a tailor fine;
What think you of his work?
He made this coat of mine!

Here the CAPTAIN *turns round and exhibits his coat, which, of course, is ragged, and full of holes.*

So comes good master Snip,
His best respects to pay:
He joins us in our trip
To drive dull care away.

Chorus and symphony as above.
Here the TAILOR *walks round, accompanied by the* SQUIRE'S SON. *This form is observed after each subsequent introduction, all the new comers taking a part.*

The next I do call in,
The prodigal son is he;
By spending of his gold
He's come to poverty.

But though he all has spent,
Again he'll wield the plow,
And sing right merrily
As any of us now.*

Next comes a skipper bold,
He'll do his part right weel—
A clever blade I'm told
As ever pozed a keel.

He is a bonny lad,
As you must understand;
It's he can dance on deck,
And you'll see him dance on land.

To join us in this play
Here comes a jolly dog,
Who's sober all the day—
If he can get no grog.

But though he likes his grog,
As all his friends do say,
He always likes it best
When other people pay.

Last I come in myself,
The leader of this crew;
And if you'd know my name,
My name it is 'True Blue.'

---

* In the introduction of the 'prodigal son,' we have a relic derived from the old mysteries and moralities. Of late years, the 'prodigal son' has been left out, and his place supplied by a 'sailor.'

Here the BESSY *gives an account of himself.*

My mother was burnt for a witch,
  My father was hanged on a tree,
And it's because I'm a fool
  There's nobody meddled wi' me.

The dance now commences. It is an ingenious performance, and the swords of the actors are placed in a variety of graceful positions, so as to form stars, hearts, squares, circles, &c. &c. The dance is so elaborate that it requires frequent rehearsals, a quick eye, and a strict adherence to time and tune. Before it concludes, grace and elegance have given place to disorder, and at last all the actors are seen fighting. The PARISH CLERGYMAN *rushes in to prevent bloodshed, and receives a death-blow. While on the ground, the actors walk round the body, and sing as follows, to a slow, psalm-like tune:—*

Alas! our parson's dead,
  And on the ground is laid;
Some of us will suffer for't,
  Young men, I'm sore afraid.

I'm sure 'twas none of me,
  I'm clear of *that* crime;
'Twas him that follows me
  That drew his sword so fine.

I'm sure it was *not* me,
  I'm clear of the fact;
'Twas him that follows me
  That did this dreadful act.

I'm sure 'twas none of me,
  Who say't be villains all;
For both my eyes were closed
  When this good priest did fall.

The BESSY *sings*—

Cheer up, cheer up, my bonny lads,
And be of courage brave,
We'll take him to his church,
And bury him in the grave.

The CAPTAIN *speaks in a sort of recitative*—

Oh, for a doctor,
A ten pound doctor, oh.

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor. Here I am, I.

Captain. Doctor, what's your fee?

Doctor. Ten pounds is my fee!

But nine pounds nineteen shillings eleven pence three farthings I will take from thee.

The Bessy. There's ge-ne-ro-si-ty!

The DOCTOR *sings*—

I'm a doctor, a doctor rare,
Who travels much at home;
My famous pills they cure all ills,
Past, present, and to come.

My famous pills who'd be without,
They cure the plague, the sickness* and gout,
Anything but a love-sick maid;
If *you're* one, my dear, you're beyond my aid!

Here the DOCTOR *occasionally salutes one of the fair spectators, he then takes out his snuff-box, which is always of very capacious dimensions (a sort of miniature warming-pan), and empties the contents (flour or meal) on the* CLERGYMAN'S *face, singing at the time*—

Take a little of my nif-naf,
Put it on your tif-taf;

* Probably the disease here pointed at is the sweating sickness of old times.

Parson rise up and preach again,
The doctor says you are not slain.

The CLERGYMAN *here sneezes several times, and gradually recovers, and all shake him by the hand.*

The ceremony terminates by the CAPTAIN *singing—*

Our play is at an end,
And now we'll taste your cheer;
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year.
The Bessy. And your pockets full of brass,
And your cellars full of beer!

A general dance concludes the play.

THE MASKERS' SONG.

[IN the Yorkshire dales the young men are in the habit of going about at Christmas time in grotesque masks, and of performing in the farm-houses a sort of rude drama, accompanied by singing and music.* The maskers have wooden swords, and the performance is an evening one. The following version of their introductory song was taken down literally from the recitation of a young besom-maker, now residing at Linton in Craven, who

* Robert Kearton, a working miner, and librarian and lecturer at the Grassington Mechanics' Institution, informs us that at Coniston, in Lancashire, and the neighbourhood, the maskers go about at the proper season, viz., Easter. Their introductory song is different to the one given above. He has favoured us with two verses of the delectable composition; he says, 'I dare say they'll be quite sufficient!'

'The next that comes on
Is a gentleman's son;—
A gentleman's son he was born;
For mutton and beef,
You may look at his teeth,
He's a laddie for picking a bone!

'The next that comes on
Is a tailor so bold—
He can stitch up a hole in the dark!
There's never a 'prentice
In famed London city
Can find any fault with his *wark!*'

for some years past has himself been one of these rustic actors. From the allusion to the pace, or paschal-egg, it is evident that the play was originally an Easter pageant, which, in consequence of the decline of the gorgeous rites formerly connected with that season, has been transferred to Christmas, the only festival which, in the rural districts of Protestant England, is observed after the olden fashion. The maskers generally consist of five characters, one of whom officiates in the threefold capacity of clown, fiddler, and master of the ceremonies. The custom of masking at Christmas is common to many parts of Europe, and is observed with especial zest in the Swiss cantons, where the maskers are all children, and the performances closely resemble those of England. In Switzerland, however, more care is bestowed upon the costume, and the songs are better sung.]

Enter CLOWN, *who sings in a sort of chant, or recitative.*

I OPEN this door, I enter in,
I hope your favour for to win;
Whether we shall stand or fall,
We do endeavour to please you all.

A room! a room! a gallant room,
A room to let us ride!
We are not of the raggald sort,
But of the royal tribe:
Stir up the fire, and make a light,
To see the bloody act to-night!

Here another of the party introduces his companions by singing to a violin accompaniment, as follows:

Here's two or three jolly boys, all in one mind;
We've come a pace-egging,* I hope you'll prove kind:
I hope you'll prove kind with your money and beer,
We shall come no more near you until the next year.
Fal de ral, lal de lal, &c.

* For the history of the paschal egg, see a paper by Mr. J. H. Dixon, in the *Local Historian's Table Book* (Traditional Division). Newcastle. 1843.

The first that steps up is Lord [Nelson]* you'll see,
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied down to his knee
With a star on his breast, like silver doth shine;
I hope you'll remember this pace-egging time.
Fal de ral, &c.

O! the next that steps up is a jolly Jack tar,
He sailed with Lord [Nelson], during last war:
He's right on the sea, Old England to view:
He's come a pace-egging with so jolly a crew.
Fal de ral, &c.

O! the next that steps up is old Toss-Pot, you'll see,
He's a valiant old man, in every degree,
He's a valiant old man, and he wears a pig-tail;
And all his delight is drinking mulled ale.
Fal de ral, &c.

O! the next that steps up is old Miser, you'll see;
She heaps up her white and her yellow money;

---

* We suspect that Lord Nelson's name was introduced out of respect to the late Jack Rider, of Linton (who is himself introduced into the following verse), an old tar who, for many years, was one of the 'maskers' in the district from whence our version was obtained. Jack was 'loblolly boy' on board the 'Victory,' and one of the group that surrounded the dying Hero of Trafalgar. Amongst his many miscellaneous duties, Jack had to help the doctor; and while so employed, he once set fire to the ship as he was engaged investigating, by candlelight, the contents of a bottle of ether. The fire was soon extinguished, but not without considerable noise and confusion. Lord Nelson, when the accident happened, was busy writing his despatches. 'What's all that noise about?' he demanded. The answer was, 'Loblolly boy's set fire to an empty bottle, and it has set fire to the doctor's shop!'—'Oh, that's all, is it?' said Nelson, 'then I wish you and loblolly would put the fire out without making such a confusion'—and he went on writing with the greatest coolness, although the accident might have been attended by the most disastrous consequences, as an immense quantity of powder was on board, and some of it close to the scene of the disaster. The third day after the above incident Nelson was no more, and the poor 'loblolly boy' left the service minus two fingers. 'Old Jack' used often to relate his 'accident;' and Captain Carslake, now of Sidmouth, who, at the time was one of the officers, permits us to add his corroboration of its truth.

She wears her old rags till she starves and she begs;
And she's come here to ask for a dish of pace eggs.
Fal de ral, &c.

The characters being thus duly introduced, the following lines are sung in chorus by all the party.

Gentlemen and ladies, that sit by the fire,
Put your hand in your pocket, 'tis all we desire;
Put your hand in your pocket, and pull out your purse,
And give us a trifle,—you'll not be much worse.

Here follows a dance, and this is generally succeeded by a dialogue of an ad libitum *character, which varies in different districts, being sometimes similar to the one performed by the sword-dancers.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAILERS' SONG.

[It is still customary in many parts of England to hand round the wassail, or health-bowl, on New-Year's Eve. The custom is supposed to be of Saxon origin, and to be derived from one of the observances of the Feast of Yule. The tune of this song is given in *Popular Music*. It is a universal favourite in Gloucestershire, particularly in the neighbourhood of

'Stair on the wold,
Where the winds blow cold,'

as the old rhyme says.]

WASSAIL! wassail! all over the town,
Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl is made of a maplin tree;
We be good fellows all;—I drink to thee.

Here's to our horse,* and to his right ear,
God send our measter a happy new year:
A happy new year as e'er he did see,—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

---

* In this place, and in the first line of the following verse, the name of the horse is generally inserted by the singer; and 'Filpail' is often substituted for 'the cow' in a subsequent verse.

Here's to our mare, and to her right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to our cow, and to her long tail,
God send our measter us never may fail
Of a cup of good beer: I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Be here any maids? I suppose here be some; [stone!
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold
Sing hey O, maids! come trole back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house let us all in.

Come, butler, come, bring us a bowl of the best;
I hope your soul in heaven will rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down fall butler, and bowl and all.

THE MUMMERS' SONG;

OR, THE POOR OLD HORSE.

As sung by the Mummers in the Neighbourhood of Richmond, Yorkshire, at the merrie time of Christmas.

[THE rustic actor who sings the following song is dressed as an old horse, and at the end of every verse the jaws are snapped in chorus. It is a very old composition, and is now printed for the first time. The 'old horse' is, probably, of Scandinavian origin,—a reminiscence of Odin's Sleipnor.]

YOU gentlemen and sportsmen,
And men of courage bold,
All you that's got a good horse,
Take care of him when he is old;
Then put him in your stable,
And keep him there so warm;
Give him good corn and hay,
Pray let him take no harm.
Poor old horse! poor old horse

Once I had my clothing
Of linsey-woolsey fine,
My tail and mane of length,
And my body it did shine;
But now I'm growing old,
And my nature does decay,
My master frowns upon me,
These words I heard him say,—
Poor old horse! poor old horse.

These pretty little shoulders,
That once were plump and round,
They are decayed and rotten,—
I'm afraid they are not sound.
Likewise these little nimble legs,
That have run many miles,
Over hedges, over ditches,
Over valleys, gates, and stiles.
Poor old horse! poor old horse!

I used to be kept
On the best corn and hay
That in fields could be grown,
Or in any meadows gay;
But now, alas! it's not so,—
There's no such food at all!
I'm forced to nip the short grass
That grows beneath your wall.
Poor old horse! poor old horse!

I used to be kept up
All in a stable warm,
To keep my tender body
From any cold or harm;
But now I'm turned out
In the open fields to go,
To face all kinds of weather,
The wind, cold, frost, and snow.
Poor old horse! poor old horse!

My hide unto the huntsman
So freely I would give,
My body to the hounds,
For I'd rather die than live:
So shoot him, whip him, strip him,
To the huntsman let him go;
For he's neither fit to ride upon,
Nor in any team to draw.
Poor old horse! you must die!

FRAGMENT OF THE HAGMENA SONG.

As sung at Richmond, Yorkshire, on the eve of the New Year, by the Corporation Pinder.

[THE custom of singing Hagmena songs is observed in different parts of both England and Scotland. The origin of the term is a matter of dispute. Some derive it from 'au guy l'an neuf,' i.e., *to the misletoe this new year*, and a French Hagmena song still in use seems to give some authority to such a derivation; others, dissatisfied with a heathen source, find the term to be a corruption of αγια μηνη, i.e., *the holy month*. The Hagmena songs are sometimes sung on Christmas Eve and a few of the preceding nights, and sometimes, as at Richmond, on the eve of the new year. For further information the reader is referred to Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. 247–8, Sir H. Ellis's edit. 1842.]

TO-NIGHT it is the New-year's night, to-morrow is the day,
And we are come for our right, and for our ray,
As we used to do in old King Henry's day.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

If you go to the bacon-flick, cut me a good bit;
Cut, cut and low, beware of your maw;
Cut, cut and round, beware of your thumb,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

If you go to the black-ark, bring me X mark;
Ten mark, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

THE GREENSIDE WAKES SONG.

[THE wakes, feasts, or tides of the North of England, were originally religious festivals in honour of the saints to whom the parish churches were dedicated. But now-a-days, even in Catholic Lancashire, all traces of their pristine character have departed, and the hymns and prayers by which their observance was once hallowed have given place to dancing and merry-making. At Greenside, near Manchester, during the wakes, two persons, dressed in a grotesque manner, the one a male, the other a female, appear in the village on horseback, with spinning-wheels before them; and the following is the dialogue, or song, which they sing on these occasions.]

'TIS Greenside wakes, we've come to the town
To show you some sport of great renown;
And if my old wife will let me begin,
I'll show you how fast and how well I can spin.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O'

'Thou brags of thyself, but I don't think it true,
For I will uphold thy faults are not a few;
For when thou hast done, and spun very hard,
Of this I'm well sure, thy work is ill marred.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O.'

'Thou'rt a saucy old jade, and pray hold thy tongue,
Or I shall be thumping thee ere it be long;
And if that I do, I shall make thee to rue,
For I can have many a one as good as you.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O.'

'What is it to me who you can have?
I shall not be long ere I'm laid in my grave;

And when I am dead you may find if you can,
One that'll spin as hard as I've done.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O.'

'Come, come, my dear wife, here endeth my song,
I hope it has pleased this numerous throng;
But if it has missed, you need not to fear,
We'll do our endeavour to please them next year.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O.'

THE SWEARING-IN SONG OR RHYME,

As formerly sung or said at Highgate, in the county of Middlesex.

[THE proverb, 'He has been sworn at Highgate,' is more widely circulated than understood. In its ordinary signification it is applied to a 'knowing' fellow who is well acquainted with the 'good things,' and always helps himself to the best; and it has its origin in an old usage still kept up at Highgate, in Middlesex. Grose, in his *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, London, 1785, says,—

A ridiculous custom formerly prevailed at the public-houses of Highgate, to administer a ludicrous oath to all the men of the middling rank who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns fastened on a stick; the substance of the oath was never to kiss the maid when he could kiss the mistress, never to drink small beer when he could get strong, with many other injunctions of the like kind, to all of which was added a saving clause—*Unless you like it best!* The person administering the oath was always to be called father by the juror, and he in return was to style him son, under the penalty of a bottle.

From this extract it is evident that in 1786 the custom was ancient, and had somewhat fallen into desuetude. Hone's *Year-Book* contains a very complete account of the ceremony, with full particulars of the mode in which the 'swearing-in' was then performed at the 'Fox under the Hill.' Hone does not throw any light on the origin of the practice, nor does he seem to have been aware of its comparative antiquity. He treated the ceremony as a piece of modern foolery, got up by some landlord for 'the good of the house,' and adopted from the same interested motive by others of the tribe. A subsequent correspondent of Mr. Hone, however, points out the antiquity of the custom, and shows that it

could be traced back long before the year 1782, when it was introduced into a pantomime called *Harlequin Teague; or, the Giant's Causeway*, which was performed at the Haymarket on Saturday, August 17, 1782. One of the scenes was Highgate, where, in the 'parlour' of a public house, the ceremony was performed. Mr. Hone's correspondent sends a copy of the old initiation song, which varies considerably from our version, supplied to us in 1851 by a very old man (an ostler) at Highgate. The reciter said that the *copy of verses* was not often used now, as there was no landlord who could sing, and gentlemen preferred the speech. He said, moreover, 'that the verses were not always alike—some said one way, and some another—some made them long, and some *cut 'em short.*'

Grose was in error when he supposed that the ceremony was confined to the inferior classes, for even in his day such was not the case. In subsequent times the oath has been frequently taken by people of rank, and also by several persons of the highest literary and political celebrity. An inspection of any one of the register-books will show that the jurors have belonged to all sorts of classes, and that amongst them the Harrovians have always made a conspicuous figure. When the stage-coaches ceased to pass through the village, in consequence of the opening of railways, the custom declined, and was kept up only at three houses, which were called the 'original house,' the 'old original,' and the 'real old original.' Two of the above houses have latterly ceased to hold courts, and the custom is now confined to the 'Fox under the Hill,' where the rite is celebrated with every attention to ancient forms and costume, and for a fee which, in deference to modern notions of economy, is only one shilling.

Byron, in the first canto of *Childe Harold*, alludes to the custom of Highgate:—

> Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribboned fair,
> Others along the safer turnpike fly;
> Some Richmond-hill ascend, some wend to Ware,
> And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
> Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?
> *'Tis to the worship of the solemn horn,*
> *Grasped in the holy hand of mystery,*
> *In whose dread name both men and maids* are sworn,*
> *And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.*
>
> Canto 1, stanza 70.]

* The 'swearing-in' is gone through by females as well as the male sex. See Hone's *Year-Book*.

Enter LANDLORD, *dressed in a black gown and bands, and wearing an antique-fashioned wig, followed by the* CLERK OF THE COURT, *also in appropriate costume, and carrying the registry-book and the horns.*

Landlord. DO you wish to be sworn at Highgate?
Candidate. I do, Father.
Clerk. *Amen.*

The LANDLORD *then sings, or says, as follows:—*

Silence! O, yes! you are my son!
Full to your old father turn, sir;
This is an oath you may take as you run,
So lay your hand thus on the horn, sir.

Here the CANDIDATE *places his right hand on the horn.*

You shall spend not with cheaters or cozeners your life,
Nor waste it on profligate beauty;
And when you are wedded be kind to your wife,
And true to all petticoat duty.

The CANDIDATE *says 'I will,' and kisses the horn in obedience to the command of the* CLERK, *who exclaims in a loud and solemn tone, 'Kiss the horn, sir!'*

And while you thus solemnly swear to be kind,
And shield and protect from disaster,
This part of your oath you must bear it in mind,
That you, and not she, is the master.

Clerk. *'Kiss the horn, sir!'*

You shall pledge no man first when a woman is near,
For neither 'tis proper nor right, sir;
Nor, unless you prefer it, drink small for strong beer,
Nor eat brown bread when you can get white, sir.

Clerk. *'Kiss the horn, sir!'*

You shall never drink brandy when wine you can get,
Say when good port or sherry is handy;
Unless that your taste on spirit is set,
In which case—you *may*, sir, drink brandy!

Clerk. '*Kiss the horn, sir!*'

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,
Remember that you must be loth, sir;
But if the maid's fairest, your oath doesn't bind,—
Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, sir!

Clerk. '*Kiss the horn, sir!*'

Should you ever return, take this oath here again,
Like a man of good sense, leal and true, sir;
And be sure to bring with you some more merry men,
That they on the horn may swear too, sir.

Landlord. Now, sir, if you please, sign your name in that book, and if you can't write, make your mark, and the clerk of the court will attest it.

Here one of the above requests is complied with.

Landlord. You will please pay half-a-crown for court fees, and what you please to the clerk.

This necessary ceremony being gone through, the important business terminates by the LANDLORD *saying,* '*God bless the King* [*or Queen*] *and the lord of the manor;*' *to which the* CLERK *responds,* '*Amen, amen!*'

N.B. The court fees are always returned in wines, spirits, or porter, of which the Landlord and Clerk are invited to partake.

FAIRLOP FAIR SONG.

[THE following song is sung at Fairlop fair, one of the gayest of the numerous saturnalia kept by the good citizens of London. The venerable oak has disappeared; but the song is nevertheless

sung, and the curious custom of riding through the fair, seated in boats, still continues to be observed.]

COME, come, my boys, with a hearty glee,
To Fairlop fair, bear chorus with me;
At Hainault forest is known very well,
This famous oak has long bore the bell.

Cho. Let music sound as the boat goes round,
If we tumble on the ground, we'll be merry, I'll be bound;
We will booze it away, dull care we will defy,
And be happy on the first Friday in July.

At Tainhall forest, Queen Anne she did ride,
And beheld the beautiful oak by her side,
And after viewing it from bottom to top,
She said that her court should be at Fairlop.

It is eight fathom round, spreads an acre of ground,
They plastered it round to keep the tree sound.
So we'll booze it away, dull care we'll defy,
And be happy on the first Friday in July.

About a century ago, as I have heard say,
This fair it was kept by one Daniel Day,
A hearty good fellow as ever could be,
His coffin was made of a limb of the tree.

With black-strap and perry he made his friends merry
All sorrow for to drown with brandy and sherry.
So we'll booze it away, dull care we'll defy,
And be happy on the first Friday in July.

At Tainhall forest there stands a tree,
And it has performed a wonderful bounty,
It is surrounded by woods and plains,
The merry little warblers chant their strains.

So we'll dance round the tree, and merry we will be,
Every year we'll agree the fair for to see;
And we'll booze it away, dull care we'll defy,
And be happy on the first Friday in July.

AS TOM WAS A-WALKING.

AN ANCIENT CORNISH SONG.

[THIS song, said to be translated from the Cornish, 'was taken down,' says Mr. Sandys, 'from the recital of a modern Corypheus, or leader of a parish choir,' who assigned to it a very remote, but indefinite, antiquity.]

AS Tom was a-walking one fine summer's morn,
When the dazies and goldcups the fields did adorn;
He met Cozen Mal, with the tub on her head,
Says Tom, 'Cozen Mal, you might speak if you we'd.'

But Mal stamped along, and appeared to be shy,
And Tom singed out, 'Zounds! I'll knaw of thee why?'
So back he tore a'ter, in a terrible fuss,
And axed cozen Mal, 'What's the reason of thus?'

'Tom Treloar,' cried out Mal, 'I'll nothing do wi' 'ee,
Go to Fanny Trembaa, she do knaw how I'm shy;
Tom, this here t'other daa, down the hill thee didst stap,
And dab'd a great doat fig* in Fan Trembaa's lap.'

'As for Fanny Trembaa, I ne'er taalked wi' her twice,
And gived her a doat fig, they are so very nice;
So I'll tell thee, I went to the fear t'other day,
And the doat figs I boft, why I saved them away.'

Says Mal, 'Tom Treloar, ef that be the caase,
May the Lord bless for ever that sweet pretty faace;
Ef thee'st give me thy doat figs thee'st boft in the fear,
I'll swear to thee now, thee shu'st marry me here.'

---

* A fig newly gathered from the tree; so called to distinguish it from a grocer's, or preserved fig.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.

[A MILLER, especially if he happen to be the owner of a soke-mill, has always been deemed fair game for the village satirist. Of the numerous songs written in ridicule of the calling of the 'rogues in grain,' the following is one of the best and most popular: its quaint humour will recommend it to our readers. For the tune, see *Popular Music.*]

THERE was a crafty miller, and he
Had lusty sons, one, two, and three:
He called them all, and asked their will,
If that to them he left his mill.

He called first to his eldest son,
Saying, 'My life is almost run;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?'

'Father,' said he, 'my name is Jack;
Out of a bushel I'll take a peck,
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find.'

'Thou art a fool!' the old man said,
'Thou hast not well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live.'

He called for his middlemost son,
Saying, 'My life is almost run;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?'

'Father,' says he, 'my name is Ralph;
Out of a bushel I'll take a half,
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find.'

'Thou art a fool!' the old man said,
'Thou hast not well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live.'

He called for his youngest son,
Saying, 'My life is almost run;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?'

'Father,' said he, 'I'm your only boy,
For taking toll is all my joy!
Before I will a good living lack,
I'll take it all, and forswear the sack!'

'Thou art my boy!' the old man said,
'For thou hast right well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I give,' he cried,—
And then he turned up his toes and died.

JACK AND TOM.

AN OULD BORDER DITTIE.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[THE following song was taken down from recitation in 1847. Of its history nothing is known; but we are strongly inclined to believe that it may be assigned to the early part of the seventeenth century, and that it relates to the visit of Prince Charles and Buckingham, under the assumed names of Jack and Tom, to Spain, in 1623. Some curious references to the adventures of the Prince and his companion, on their masquerading tour, will be found in Halliwell's *Letters of the Kings of England*, vol. ii.]

I'M a north countrie-man, in Redesdale born,
Where our land lies lea, and grows ne corn,—
And such two lads to my house never com,
As them two lads called Jack and Tom!

Now, Jack and Tom, they're going to the sea;
I wish them both in good companie! [sea,
They're going to seek their fortunes ayont the wide
Far, far away frae their oan countrie!

They mounted their horses, and rode over the moor,
Till they came to a house, when they rapped at the door;
And out came Jockey, the hostler-man.
'D'ye brew ony ale? D'ye sell ony beer?
Or have ye ony lodgings for strangers here?'

'Ne, we brew ne ale, nor we sell ne beer,
Nor we have ne lodgings for strangers here.'
So he bolted the door, and bade them begone, [Tom.
For there was ne lodgings there for poor Jack and

They mounted their horses, and rode over the plain;—
Dark was the night, and down fell the rain;
Till a twinkling light they happened to spy,
And a castle and a house they were close by.

They rode up to the house, and they rapped at the door,
And out came Jockey, the hosteler.
'D'ye brew ony ale? D'ye sell ony beer?
Or have ye ony lodgings for strangers here?'

'Yes, we have brewed ale this fifty lang year,
And we have got lodgings for strangers here.'
So the roast to the fire, and the pot hung on,
'Twas all to accommodate poor Jack and Tom.

When supper was over, and all was *sided down*,
The glasses of wine did go merrily roun'.
'Here is to thee, Jack, and here is to thee,
And all the bonny lasses in our countrie!'
'Here is to thee, Tom, and here is to thee,
And look they may *leuk* for thee and me!'

'Twas early next morning, before the break of day,
They mounted their horses, and so they rode away.
Poor Jack, he died upon a far foreign shore,
And Tom, he was never, never heard of more!

JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW.

[OURS is the common version of this popular song; it varies considerably from the one given by D'Urfey, in the *Pills to purge Melancholy*. From the names of Nolly and Joan, and the allusion to ale, we are inclined to consider the song as a lampoon levelled at Cromwell, and his wife, whom the Royalist party nick-named 'Joan.' The Protector's acquaintances (depicted as low and vulgar tradesmen) are here humorously represented paying him a congratulatory visit on his change of fortune, and regaling themselves with the 'Brewer's' ale. The song is mentioned in Thackeray's Catalogue, under the title of *Joan's Ale's New;* which may be regarded as circumstantial evidence in favour of our hypothesis. The air is published in *Popular Music*, accompanying three stanzas of a version copied from the Douce collection. The first verse in Mr. Chappell's book runs as follows:—

There was a jovial tinker,
Who was a good ale drinker,
He never was a shrinker,
Believe me this is true;
And he came from the Weald of Kent,
When all his money was gone and spent,
Which made him look like a Jack a-lent.
And Joan's ale is new, my boys,
And Joan's ale is new.]

THERE were six jovial tradesmen,
And they all sat down to drinking,
For they were a jovial crew;
They sat themselves down to be merry;
And they called for a bottle of sherry,
You're welcome as the hills, says Nolly,
While Joan's ale is new, brave boys,
While Joan's ale is new.

The first that came in was a soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder,
And a long broad-sword he drew:
He swore he would fight for England's ground,
Before the nation should be run down;
He boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a hatter,
Sure no one could be blacker,
And he began to chatter,
  Among the jovial crew:
He threw his hat upon the ground,
And swore every man should spend his pound,
And boldly drank their healths all round,
  While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a dyer,
And he sat himself down by the fire,
For it was his heart's desire
  To drink with the jovial crew:
He told the landlord to his face,
The chimney-corner should be his place,
And there he'd sit and dye his face,
  While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no strong ale shrinker,
  Among the jovial crew:
For his brass nails were made of metal,
And he swore he'd go and mend a kettle,
Good heart, how his hammer and nails did rattle,
  When Joan's ale was new!

The next that came in was a tailor,
With his bodkin, shears, and thimble,
He swore he would be nimble
  Among the jovial crew:
They sat and they called for ale so stout,
Till the poor tailor was almost broke,
And was forced to go and pawn his coat,
  While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a ragman,
With his rag-bag over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder
  Among the jovial crew.

They sat and called for pots and glasses,
Till they were all drunk as asses,
And burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes,
While Joan's ale was new.

GEORGE RIDLER'S OVEN.

[THIS ancient Gloucestershire song has been sung at the annual dinners of the Gloucestershire Society, from the earliest period of the existence of that institution; and in 1776 there was an Harmonic Society at Cirencester, which always opened its meetings with *George Ridler's Oven* in full chorus.

The substance of the following key to this very curious song is furnished by Mr. H. Gingell, who extracts it from the *Annual Report of the Gloucestershire Society* for 1835. The annual meeting of this Society is held at Bristol in the month of August, when the members dine, and a branch meeting, which was formerly held at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, is now annually held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's. *George Ridler's Oven* is sung at both meetings, and the late Duke of Beaufort used to lead off the glee in capital style. The words have a secret meaning, well known to the members of the Gloucestershire Society, which was founded in 1657, three years before the Restoration of Charles II. The Society consisted of Royalists, who combined together for the purpose of restoring the Stuarts. The Cavalier party was supported by all the old Roman Catholic families of the kingdom; and some of the Dissenters, who were disgusted with Cromwell, occasionally lent them a kind of passive aid.

First Verse.—By 'George Ridler' is meant King Charles I. The 'oven' was the Cavalier party. The 'stwons' that 'built the oven,' and that 'came out of the Bleakney quaar,' were the immediate followers of the Marquis of Worcester, who held out long and steadfastly for the Royal cause at Raglan Castle, which was not surrendered till 1646, and was in fact the last stronghold retained for the King. 'His head did grow above his hair,' is an allusion to the crown, the head of the State, which the King wore 'above his hair.'

Second Verse.—This means that the King, 'before he died,' boasted that notwithstanding his present adversity, the ancient constitution of the kingdom was so good, and its vitality so great, that it would surpass and outlive every other form of government.

Third Verse.—'Dick the treble, Jack the mean, and George the bass,' mean King, Lords, and Commons. The injunction to 'let every man sing in his own place,' is a warning to each of the three estates of the realm to preserve its proper position, and not to encroach on each other's prerogative.

Fourth Verse.—'Mine hostess's maid' is an allusion to the Queen, who was a Roman Catholic, and her maid, the Church. The singer we must suppose was one of the leaders of the party, and his 'dog' a companion, or faithful official of the Society, and the song was sung on occasions when the members met together socially; and thus, as the Roman Catholics were Royalists, the allusion to the mutual attachment between the 'maid' and 'my dog and I,' is plain and consistent.

Fifth Verse.—The 'dog' had a 'trick of visiting maids when they were sick.' The meaning is, that when any of the members were in distress or desponding, or likely to give up the Royal cause in despair, the officials, or active members visited, counselled, and assisted them.

Sixth Verse.—The 'dog' was 'good to catch a hen,' a 'duck,' or a 'goose.'—That is, to enlist as members of the Society any who were well affected to the Royal cause.

Seventh Verse.—'The good ale tap' is an allusion, under cover of the similarity in sound between the words *ale* and *aisle*, to the Church, of which it was dangerous at the time to be an avowed follower; and so the members were cautioned that indiscretion might lead to their discovery and 'overthrow.'

Eighth Verse.—The allusion here is to those unfaithful supporters of the Royal cause, who 'welcomed' the members of the Society when it appeared to be prospering, but 'parted' from them in adversity.

Ninth Verse.—An expression of the singer's wish that if he should die he may be buried with his faithful companion, as representing the principles of the Society, under the good aisles of the church.

The following text has been collated with a version published in *Notes and Queries*, from the 'fragments of a MS. found in the speech-house of Dean.' The tune is the same as that of the *Wassailers' Song*, and is printed in *Popular Music*. Other ditties appear to have been founded on this ancient piece. The fourth, seventh, and ninth verses are in the old ditty called *My Dog and I:* and the eighth verse appears in another old song. The air and words bear some resemblance to *Todlen Hame.*]

THE stwons that built George Ridler's oven,
And thauy keam vrom the Bleakney quaar,
And George he wur a jolly old mon,
And his yead it growed above his yare.

One thing of George Ridler I must commend,
And that wur vor a notable thing;
He mead his brags avoore he died,
Wi' any dree brooders his zons zshould zing.

There's Dick the treble, and John the meean,
(Let every mon zing in his auwn pleace,)
And George he wur the elder brother,
And therevoor he would zing the beass.

Mine hostess's moid, (and her neaum 'twour Nell,)
A pretty wench, and I loved her well;
I lov'd her well, good reauzon why,
Because zshe loved my dog and I.

My dog is good to catch a hen;
A dug or goose is vood for men;
And where good company I spy,
O thether gwoes my dog and I.

My mwother told I, when I wur young,
If I did vollow the strong-beer pwoot,
That drenk would prov my awverdrow,
And meauk me wear a threadbare cwoat.

My dog has gotten zitch a trick,
To visit moids when thauy be zick;
When thauy be zick and like to die,
O thether gwoes my dog and I.

When I have dree zixpences under my thumb,
O then I be welcome wherever I come;
But when I have none, O, then I pass by,—
'Tis poverty pearts good companie.

If I should die, as it may hap,
My greauve shall be under the good yeal tap
In voulded yarms there wool us lie,
Cheek by jowl, my dog and I.

THE CARRION CROW.

[THIS still popular song is quoted by Grose in his *Olio*, where it is made the subject of a burlesque commentary, the covert political allusions having evidently escaped the penetration of the antiquary. The reader familiar with the annals of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, will readily detect the leading points of the allegory. The 'Carrion Crow' in the oak is Charles II., who is represented as that bird of voracious appetite, because he deprived the puritan clergy of their livings; perhaps, also, because he ordered the bodies of the regicides to be exhumed—as Ainsworth says in one of his ballads:—

> The carrion crow is a sexton bold,
> He raketh the dead from out of the mould.

The religion of the 'old sow,' whoever she may be, is clearly pointed out by her little pigs praying for her soul. The 'tailor' is not easily identified. It is possibly intended for some puritan divine of the name of Taylor, who wrote and preached against both prelacy and papacy, but with an especial hatred of the latter. In the last verse he consoles himself by the reflection that, notwithstanding the deprivations, his party will have enough remaining from the voluntary contributions of their adherents. The 'cloak' which the tailor is engaged in cutting out, is the Genevan gown, or cloak; the 'spoon' in which he desires his wife to bring treacle, is apparently an allusion to the 'spatula' upon which the wafer is placed in the administration of the Eucharist; and the introduction of 'chitterlings and black-puddings' into the last verse seems to refer to a passage in Rabelais, where the same dainties are brought in to personify those who, in the matter of fasting, are opposed to Romish practices. The song is found in collections of the time of Charles II.]

THE carrion crow he sat upon an oak,
And he spied an old tailor a cutting out a cloak.
Heigho! the carrion crow.

The carrion crow he began for to rave,
And he called the tailor a lousy knave!
Heigho! the carrion crow.

'Wife, go fetch me my arrow and my bow,
I'll have a shot at that carrion crow.'
Heigho! the carrion crow.

The tailor he shot, and he missed his mark,
But he shot the old sow through the heart.
Heigho! the carrion crow.

'Wife, go fetch me some treacle in a spoon,
For the old sow's in a terrible swoon!'
Heigho! the carrion crow.

The old sow died, and the bells they did toll,
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul!
Heigho! the carrion crow.

'Never mind,' said the tailor, 'I don't care a flea,
There'll be still black-puddings, souse, and chitterlings
Heigho! the carrion crow. [for me.'

THE LEATHERN BOTTEL.

SOMERSETSHIRE VERSION.

[In Chappell's *Popular Music* is a much longer version of *The Leathern Bottèl.* The following copy is the one sung at the present time by the country-people in the county of Somerset. It has been communicated to our pages by Mr. Sandys.]

GOD above, who rules all things,
Monks and abbots, and beggars and kings,
The ships that in the sea do swim,
The earth, and all that is therein;
Not forgetting the old cow's hide,
And everything else in the world beside:
And I wish his soul in heaven may dwell,
Who first invented this leathern bottèl!

Oh! what do you say to the glasses fine?
Oh! they shall have no praise of mine;
Suppose a gentleman sends his man
To fill them with liquor, as fast as he can,
The man he falls, in coming away,
And sheds the liquor so fine and gay;
But had it been in the leathern bottèl,
And the stopper been in, 'twould all have been well!

Oh! what do you say to the tankard fine?
Oh! it shall have no praise of mine;
Suppose a man and his wife fall out,—
And such things happen sometimes, no doubt,—
They pull and they haul; in the midst of the fray
They shed the liquor so fine and gay;
But had it been in the leathern bottèl,
And the stopper been in, 'twould all have been well!

Now, when this bottèl it is worn out,
Out of its sides you may cut a clout;
This you may hang upon a pin,—
'Twill serve to put odd trifles in;
Ink and soap, and candle-ends,
For young beginners have need of such friends.
And I wish his soul in heaven may dwell,
Who first invented the leathern bottèl!

THE FARMER'S OLD WIFE.

A SUSSEX WHISTLING SONG.

[THIS is a countryman's whistling song, and the only one of the kind which we remember to have heard. It is very ancient, and a great favourite. The farmer's wife has an adventure somewhat resembling the hero's in the burlesque version of *Don Giovanni*. The tune is *Lilli burlero*, and the song is sung as follows:—the first line of each verse is given as a solo; then the tune is continued by a chorus of whistlers, who whistle that portion of the air which in *Lilli burlero* would be sung to the words, *Lilli burlero bullen a la*. The songster then proceeds with the tune, and

sings the whole of the verse through, after which the strain is resumed and concluded by the whistlers. The effect, when accompanied by the strong whistles of a group of lusty countrymen, is very striking, and cannot be adequately conveyed by description. This song constitutes the 'traditionary verses' upon which Burns founded his *Carle of Killyburn Braes.*]

THERE was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,

[*Chorus of whistlers.*]

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.

[*Chorus of whistlers.*]

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough,—
'One of your family I must have now.

'It is not your eldest son that I crave,
But it is your old wife, and she I will have.'

'O, welcome! good Satan, with all my heart,
I hope you and she will never more part.'

Now Satan has got the old wife on his back,
And he lugged her along, like a pedlar's pack.

He trudged away till they came to his hall-gate,
Says he, 'Here! take in an old Sussex chap's mate!'

O! then she did kick the young imps about,—
Says one to the other, 'Let's try turn her out.'

She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains,
She up with her pattens, and beat out their brains.

She knocked the old Satan against the wall,—
'Let's try turn her out, or she'll murder us all!'

Now he's bundled her up on his back amain,
And to her old husband he took her again.

'I have been a tormenter the whole of my life,
But I ne'er was tormented till I met with your wife.'

OLD WICHET AND HIS WIFE.

[This song still retains its popularity in the North of England, and, when sung with humour, never fails to elicit roars of laughter. A Scotch version may be found in Herd's Collection, 1769, and also in Cunningham's *Songs of England and Scotland*, London, 1835. We cannot venture to give an opinion as to which is the original; but the English set is of unquestionable antiquity. Our copy was obtained from Yorkshire. It has been collated with one printed at the Aldermary press, and preserved in the third volume of the Roxburgh Collection. The tune is peculiar to the song.]

O! I went into the stable, and there for to see,*
And there I saw three horses stand, by one, by two, and by three; [quoth she;
O! I called to my loving wife, and 'Anon, kind sir!'
'O! what do these three horses here, without the leave of me?'
'Why, you old fool! blind fool! can't you very well see,
These are three milking cows my mother sent to me?'
'Ods bobs! well done! milking cows with saddles on!
The like was never known!' [home!
Old Wichet a cuckold went out, and a cuckold he came

O! I went into the kitchen, and there for to see,
And there I saw three swords hang, by one, by two, and by three; [quoth she;
O! I called to my loving wife, and 'Anon, kind sir!'
'O! what do these three swords do here, without the leave of me?'
'Why, you old fool! blind fool! can't you very well see,
These are three roasting spits my mother sent to me?'
'Ods bobs! well done! roasting spits with scabbards on!
The like was never known!' [home!
Old Wichet a cuckold went out, and a cuckold he came

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* This line is sometimes sung—

O! I went into the stable, to see what I could see.

O! I went into the parlour, and there for to see,
And there I saw three cloaks hang, by one, by two, and by three; [quoth she;
O! I called to my loving wife, and 'Anon, kind sir!'
'O! what do these three cloaks do here, without the leave of me?'
'Why, you old fool! blind fool! can't you very well see,
These are three mantuas my mother sent to me?'
'Ods bobs! well done! mantuas with capes on!
The like was never known!' [home!
Old Wichet a cuckold went out, and a cuckold he came

O! I went into the pantry, and there for to see,
And there I saw three pair of boots,* by one, by two, and by three; ['quoth she;
O! I called to my loving wife, and 'Anon, kind sir!'
'O! what do these three pair of boots here, without the leave of me?'
'Why, you old fool! blind fool! can't you very well see,
These are three pudding-bags my mother sent to me?'
'Ods bobs! well done! pudding-bags with spurs on!
The like was never known!' [home!
Old Wichet a cuckold went out, and a cuckold he came

O! I went into the dairy, and there for to see,
And there I saw three hats hang, by one, by two, and by three; [quoth she;
O! I called to my loving wife, and 'Anon, kind sir!'
'Pray what do these three hats here, without the leave of me?'
'Why, you old fool! blind fool! can't you very well see,
These are three skimming-dishes my mother sent to me?'
'Ods bobs! well done! skimming-dishes with hat-bands on!
The like was never known!' [home!
Old Wichet a cuckold went out, and a cuckold he came

* Three cabbage-nets, according to some versions.

O! I went into the chamber, and there for to see,
And there I saw three men in bed, by one, by two, and
by three; [quoth she;
O! I called to my loving wife, and 'Anon, kind sir!'
'O! what do these three men here, without the leave
of me?'
'Why, you old fool! blind fool! can't you very well see,
They are three milking-maids my mother sent to me?'
'Ods bobs! well done! milking-maids with beards on!
The like was never known!' [home!
Old Wichet a cuckold went out, and a cuckold he came

THE JOLLY WAGGONER.

[THIS country song can be traced back a century at least, but is, no doubt, much older. It is very popular in the West of England. The words are spirited and characteristic. We may, perhaps, refer the song to the days of transition, when the waggon displaced the packhorse.]

WHEN first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did
go, [woe.*
I filled my parents' hearts full of sorrow, grief, and
And many are the hardships that I have since gone
through.
And sing wo, my lads, sing wo!
Drive on my lads, I-ho!†
And who wouldn't lead the life of a jolly waggoner?

It is a cold and stormy night, and I'm wet to the skin,
I will bear it with contentment till I get unto the inn.
And then I'll get a drinking with the landlord and his
And sing, &c. [kin.

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* This is a common phrase in old English songs and ballads. See *The Summer's Morning, post*, p. 449.

† See *ante*, p. 302.

Now summer it is coming,—what pleasure we shall see;
The small birds are a-singing on every green tree,
The blackbirds and the thrushes are a-whistling merrilie.
And sing, &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,—what pleasure we shall find;
It will make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind;
And every lad shall take his lass, so loving and so kind.
And sing, &c.

THE YORKSHIRE HORSE-DEALER.

[This ludicrous and genuine Yorkshire song, the production of some unknown country minstrel, obtained considerable popularity a few years ago from the admirable singing of Emery. The incidents actually occurred at the close of the last century, and some of the descendants of 'Tommy Towers' were resident at Clapham till within a very recent period, and used to take great delight in relating the laughable adventure of their progenitor. Abey Muggins is understood to be a *sobriquet* for a then Clapham innkeeper. The village of Clapham is in the west of Yorkshire, on the high road between Skipton and Kendal.]

BANE* ta Claapam town-gate† lived an oud Yorkshire tike,
Who i' dealing i' horseflesh hed ne'er met his like;
'Twor his pride that i' aw the hard bargains he'd hit,
He'd bit a girt monny, but nivver bin bit.

This oud Tommy Towers (bi that naam he wor knaan),
Hed an oud carrion tit that wor sheer skin an' baan;
Ta hev killed him for t' curs wad hev bin quite as well,
But 'twor Tommy opinion‡ he'd dee on himsel!

* Near. † The high-road through a town or village.

‡ That is, Tommy's opinion. In the Yorkshire dialect, when the possessive case is followed by the relative substantive, it is customary to omit the *s*; but if the relative be understood, and not expressed, the possessive case is formed in the usual manner, as in a subsequent line of this song:—

'Hee'd a horse, too, 'twor war than oud Tommy's, ye see.'

Well! yan Abey Muggins, a neighborin cheat,
Thowt ta diddle oud Tommy wad be a girt treat;
Hee'd a horse, too, 'twor war than oud Tommy's, ye
Fort' neet afore that hee'd thowt proper ta dee! [sec,

Thinks Abey, t' oud codger 'll nivver smoak t' trick,
I'll swop wi' him my poor deead horse for his wick,*
An' if Tommy I nobbut† can happen ta trap,
'Twill be a fine feather i' Aberram cap!

Soa to Tommy he goas, an' the question he pops:
'Betwin thy horse and mine, prithee, Tommy, what
swops? [still!'
What wilt gi' me ta boot? for mine's t' better horse
'Nout,' says Tommy, 'I'll swop ivven hands, an' ye will.'

Abey preaached a lang time about summat ta boot,
Insistin' that his war the liveliest brute;
But Tommy stuck fast where he first had begun,
Till Abey shook hands, and sed, 'Well, Tommy, done!

'O! Tommy,' sed Abey, 'I'ze sorry for thee,
I thowt thou'd a hadden mair white i' thy ee;
Good luck's wi' thy bargin, for my horse is deead.'
'Hey!' says Tommy, 'my lad, soa is min, an it's fleead!'

Soa Tommy got t' better of t' bargin, a vast,
An' cam' off wi' a Yorkshireman's triumph at last;
For thof 'twixt deead horses there's not mitch to choose,
Yet Tommy war richer by t' hide an' fower shooes.

THE KING AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

[THIS popular favourite is a mere abridgment and alteration of a poem preserved in the Roxburgh Collection, called *The King and Northern Man, shewing how a poor Northumberland man (tenant to the King) being wronged by a lawyer (his neighbour) went to the King himself to make known his grievance. To the tune of*

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* Alive, quick. † Only.

Slut. Printed by and for Alex. Melbourne, at the Stationer's Arms in Green Arbour Court, in the Little Old Baily. The Percy Society printed *The King and Northern Man* from an edition published in 1640. There is also a copy preserved in the Bagford Collection, which is one of the imprints of W. Onley. The edition of 1640 has the initials of Martin Parker at the end, but, as Mr. Collier observes, 'There is little doubt that the story is much older than 1640.' See preface to Percy Society's Edition.]

THERE was an old chap in the west country,
A flaw in the lease the lawyers had found,
'Twas all about felling of five oak trees,
And building a house upon his own ground. [la!
Right too looral, looral, looral—right too looral

Now, this old chap to Lunnun would go,
To tell the king a part of his woe,
Likewise to tell him a part of his grief,
In hopes the king would give him relief.

Now, when this old chap to Lunnun had come,
He found the king to Windsor had gone;
But if he'd known he'd not been at home,
He danged his buttons if ever he'd come.

Now, when this old chap to Windsor did stump,
The gates were barred, and all secure,
But he knocked and thumped with his oaken clump,
There's room within for I to be sure.

But when he got there, how he did stare,
To see the yeomen strutting about;
He scratched his head, and rubbed down his hair,
In the ear of a noble he gave a great shout:

'Pray, Mr. Noble, show I the King;
Is that the King that I see there?
I seed an old chap at Bartlemy fair
Look more like a king than that chap there.

'Well, Mr. King, pray how d'ye do?
I gotten for you a bit of a job,
Which if you'll be so kind as to do,
I gotten a summat for you in my fob.

The king he took the lease in hand,
To sign it, too, he was likewise willing;
And the old chap to make a little amends,
He lugged out his bag, and gave him a shilling.

The king, to carry on the joke,
Ordered ten pounds to be paid down;
The farmer he stared, but nothing spoke,
And stared again, and he scratched his crown.

The farmer he stared to see so much money,
And to take it up he was likewise willing;
But if he'd a known King had got so much money,
He danged his wig if he'd gien him that shilling!

JONE O' GREENFIELD'S RAMBLE.

[The county of Lancaster has always been famed for its admirable *patois* songs; but they are in general the productions of modern authors, and consequently, however popular they may be, are not within the scope of the present work. In the following humorous production, however, we have a composition of the last century. It is the oldest and most popular Lancashire song we have been able to procure; and, unlike most pieces of its class, it is entirely free from grossness and vulgarity.]

SAYS Jone to his wife, on a hot summer's day,
'I'm resolved i' Grinfilt no lunger to stay;
For I'll go to Owdham os fast os I can,
So fare thee weel, Grinfilt, un fare thee weel, Nan;
A soger I'll be, un brave Owdham I'll see,
Un I'll ha'e a battle wi' th' French.'

'Dear Jone,' then said Nan, un hoo bitterly cried,
'Wilt be one o' th' foote. or tha meons to ride?'

'Odsounds! wench, I'll ride oather ass or a mule,
Ere I'll kewer i' Grinfilt os black as te dule,
Booath clemmink* un starvink, un never a fardink,
Ecod! it would drive ony mon mad.

'Aye, Jone, sin' wi' coom i' Grinfilt for t' dwell,
We'n had mony a bare meal, I con vara weel tell.'
'Bare meal! ecod! aye, that I vara weel know,
There's bin two days this wick ot we 'n had nowt at o:
I'm vara near sided, afore I'll abide it,
I'll feight oather Spanish or French.'

Then says my Aunt Marget, 'Ah! Jone, thee'rt so hot,
I'd ne'er go to Owdham, boh i' Englond I'd stop.'
'It matters nowt, Madge, for to Owdham I'll go,
I'll naw clam to deeoth, boh sumbry shalt know:
Furst Frenchman I find, I'll tell him meh mind,
Un if he'll naw feight, he shall run.'

Then down th' broo I coom, for we livent at top,
I thowt I'd reach Owdham ere ever I'd stop;
Ecod! heaw they stared when I getten to th' Mumps,
Meh owd hat i' my hond, un meh clogs full o' stumps;
Boh I soon towd um, I'r gooink to Owdham,
Un I'd ha'e battle wi' th' French.

I kept eendway thro' th' lone, un to Owdham I went,
I asked a recruit if te'd made up their keawnt?
'No, no, honest lad' (for he tawked like a king),
'Go wi' meh thro' the street, un thee I will bring
Where, if theaw'rt willink, theaw may ha'e a shillink.'
Ecod! I thowt this wur rare news.

He browt me to th' pleck where te measurn their height,
Un if they bin height, there's nowt said about weight;

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* Famished. The line in which this word occurs exhibits one of the most striking peculiarities of the Lancashire dialect, which is, that in words ending in *ing*, the termination is changed into *ink*. *Ex. gr.*, for starving, *starvink*, farthing, *fardink*.

I retched me, un stretched me, un never did flinch,
Says th' mon, 'I believe theaw 'rt meh lad to an inch.'
I thowt this'll do, I'st ha'e guineas enow,
Ecod! Owdham, brave Owdham for me.

So fare thee weel, Grinfilt, a soger I'm made,
I'n getten new shoon, un a rare cockade;
I'll feight for Owd Englond os hard os I con,
Oather French, Dutch, or Spanish, to me it 's o one,
I 'll make 'em to stare like a new-started hare,
Un I'll tell 'em fro' Owdham I coom.

THORNEHAGH-MOOR WOODS.

A CELEBRATED NOTTINGHAMSHIRE POACHER'S SONG.

[NOTTINGHAMSHIRE was, in the olden day, famous in song for the achievements of Robin Hood and his merry men. In our times the reckless daring of the heroes of the 'greenwood tree' has descended to the poachers of the county, who have also found poets to proclaim and exult over *their* lawless exploits; and in *Thornehagh-Moor Woods* we have a specimen of one of these rude, but mischievous and exciting lyrics. The air is beautiful, and of a lively character; and will be found in *Popular Music*. There is a prevalent idea that the song is not the production of an ordinary ballad-writer, but was written about the middle of the last century by a gentleman of rank and education, who, detesting the English game-laws, adopted a too successful mode of inspiring the peasantry with a love of poaching. The song finds locality in the village of Thornehagh, in the hundred of Newark. The common, or Moor-fields, was inclosed about 1797, and is now no longer called by the ancient designation. It contains eight hundred acres. The manor of Thornehagh is the property of the ancient family of Nevile, who have a residence on the estate.]

IN Thornehagh-Moor woods, in Nottinghamshire,
Fol de rol, la re, right fol laddie, dee;
In Robin Hood's bold Nottinghamshire,
Fol de rol, la re da;

Three keepers' houses stood three-square,
And about a mile from each other they were ;—
Their orders were to look after the deer.
Fol de rol, la re da.

I went out with my dogs one night,—
The moon shone clear, and the stars gave light;
Over hedges and ditches, and steyls,
With my two dogs close at my heels,
To catch a fine buck in Thornehagh-Moor fields.

Oh! that night we had bad luck,
One of my very best dogs was stuck;
He came to me both bleeding and lame,—
Right sorry was I to see the same,—
He was not able to follow the game.

I searched his wounds, and found them slight,
Some keeper has done this out of spite;
But I'll take my pike-staff,—that 's the plan!
I'll range the woods till I find the man,
And I'll tan his hide right well,—if I can!

I ranged the woods and groves all night,
I ranged the woods till it proved daylight;
The very first thing that then I found,
Was a good fat buck that lay dead on the ground;
I knew my dogs gave him his death-wound.

I hired a butcher to skin the game,
Likewise another to sell the same;
The very first buck he offered for sale,
Was to an old [hag] that sold bad ale,
And she sent us three poor lads to gaol.

The quarter sessions we soon espied,
At which we all were for to be tried;
The Chairman laughed the matter to scorn,
He said the old woman was all forsworn,
And unto pieces she ought to be torn.

The sessions are over, and we are clear!
The sessions are over, and we sit here.
Singing fol de rol, la re da!
The very best game I ever did see,
Is a buck or a deer, but a deer for me!
In Thornehagh-Moor woods this night we'll be!
Fol de rol, la re da!

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER.

[THIS very old ditty has been transformed into the dialects of Somersetshire, Northamptonshire, and Leicestershire; but it properly belongs to Lincolnshire. Nor is this the only liberty that has been taken with it. The original tune is that of a Lancashire air, well known as *The Manchester Angel;* but a florid modern tune has been substituted. *The Lincolnshire Poacher* was a favourite ditty with George IV., and it is said that he often had it sung for his amusement by a band of Berkshire ploughmen. He also commanded it to be sung at his harvest-homes, but we believe it was always on such occasions sung to the 'playhouse tune,' and not to the genuine music. It is often very difficult to trace the locality of countrymen's songs, in consequence of the licence adopted by printers of changing the names of places to suit their own neighbourhoods; but there is no such difficulty about *The Lincolnshire Poacher.* The oldest copy we have seen, printed at York about 1776, reads 'Lincolnshire,' and it is only in very modern copies that the venue is removed to other counties. In the Somersetshire version the local vernacular is skilfully substituted for that of the original; but the deception may, nevertheless, be very easily detected.]

WHEN I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnsheer,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up with poaching, as you shall quickly hear:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of [the year.

As me and my comrades were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we seed the gamekeeper—for him we did not care,

For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er
everywhere:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

As me and my comrades were setting four or five,
And taking on him up again, we caught the hare alive;
We caught the hare alive, my boys, and through the
woods did steer:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

Bad luck to every magistrate that lives in Lincoln-
sheer;*
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a bare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his
deer:—
Oh! 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
[the year.

SOMERSETSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

[THE following song, which is very popular with the peasantry of Somersetshire, is given as a curious specimen of the dialect still spoken in some parts of that county. Though the song is a genuine peasant's ditty, it is heard in other circles, and frequently roared out at hunting dinners. It is here reprinted from a copy communicated by Mr. Sandys.]

THERE'S no pleasures can compare
Wi' the hunting o' the hare,
In the morning, in the morning,
In fine and pleasant weather.

* In one version this line has been altered, probably by some printer who had a wholesome fear of the 'Bench of Justices,' into—

'Success to every gentleman
That lives in Lincolnsheer.'

Cho. With our hosses and our hounds,
We will scamps it o'er the grounds,
And sing traro, huzza!
And sing traro, huzza!
And sing traro, brave boys, we will foller.

And when poor puss arise,
Then away from us she flies;
And we'll gives her, boys, we'll gives her,
One thundering and loud holler!
Cho. With our hosses, &c.

And when poor puss is killed,
We'll retires from the field;
And we'll count boys, and we'll count
On the same good ren to-morrer.
Cho. With our hosses and our hounds, &c.

THE TROTTING HORSE.

[The common copies of this old highwayman's song are very corrupt. We are indebted for the following version, which contains several emendations, to Mr. W. H. Ainsworth. The song, which may probably be referred to the age of Charles II., is a spirited specimen of its class.]

I CAN sport as fine a trotting horse as any swell in town,
To trot you fourteen miles an hour, I'll bet you fifty crown;
He is such a one to bend his knees, and tuck his haunches in,
And throw the dust in people's face, and think it not a sin.
For to ride away, trot away,
Ri, fa lar, la, &c.

He has an eye like any hawk, a neck like any swan,
A foot light as the stag's, the while his back is scarce a span;

Kind Nature hath so formed him, he is everything that's good,—
Aye! everything a man could wish, in bottom, bone, and blood.
For to ride away, &c.

If you drop therein, he'll nod his head, and boldly walk away,
While others kick and bounce about, to him it's only play;
There never was a finer horse e'er went on English ground,
He is rising six years old, and is all over right and sound.
For to ride away, &c.

If any frisk or milling match should call me out of town,
I can pass the blades with white cockades, their whiskers hanging down;
With large jack-towels round their necks, they think they're first and fast,
But, with their gapers open wide, they find that they are last.
Whilst I ride away, &c.

If threescore miles I am from home, I darkness never mind,
My friend is gone, and I am left, with pipe and pot behind;
Up comes some saucy kiddy, a scampsman on the hot,
But ere he pulls the trigger I am off just like a shot.
For I ride away, &c.

If Fortune e'er should fickle be, and wish to have again
That which she so freely gave, I'd give it without pain;
I would part with it most freely, and without the least remorse,
Only grant to me what God hath gave, my mistress and my horse!
That I may ride away, &c.

THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

[THIS very curious old song is not only a favourite with our peasantry, but, in consequence of having been introduced into the modern dramatic entertainment of *The Loan of a Lover*, has obtained popularity in higher circles. Its sweetly plaintive tune will be found in *Popular Music*. The words are quaint, but by no means wanting in beauty; they are, no doubt, corrupted, as we have derived them from common broadsides, the only form in which we have been able to meet with them. The author of the song was Mrs. Fleetwood Habergham, of Habergham, in the county of Lancaster. 'Ruined by the extravagance, and disgraced by the vices of her husband, she soothed her sorrows,' says Dr. Whitaker, 'by some stanzas yet remembered among the old people of her neighbourhood.'—*History of Whalley*. Mrs. Habergham died in 1703, and was buried at Padiham.]

I SOWED the seeds of love, it was all in the spring,
In April, May, and June, likewise, when smal birds they do sing;
My garden's well planted with flowers everywhere,
Yet I had not the liberty to choose for myself the flower that I loved so dear.

My gardener he stood by, I asked him to choose for me,
He chose me the violet, the lily and pink, but those I refused all three;
The violet I forsook, because it fades so soon,
The lily and the pink I did o'erlook, and I vowed I'd stay till June.

In June there's a red rose-bud, and that's the flower for me!
But often have I plucked at the red rose-bud till I gained the willow-tree; [twine,—
The willow-tree will twist, and the willow-tree will
O! I wish I was in the dear youth's arms that once had the heart of mine.

My gardener he stood by, he told me to take great care,
For in the middle of a red rose-bud there grows a sharp thorn there;
I told him I'd take no care till I did feel the smart,
And often I plucked at the red rose-bud till I pierced it to the heart.

I'll make me a posy of hyssop,—no other I can touch,—
That all the world may plainly see I love one flower too much;
My garden is run wild! where shall I plant anew—
For my bed, that once was covered with thyme, is all overrun with rue?*

THE GARDEN-GATE.

[ONE of our most pleasing rural ditties. The air is very beautiful. We first heard it sung in Malhamdale, Yorkshire, by Willy Bolton, an old Dales'-minstrel, who accompanied himself on the union-pipes.†]

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* Dr. Whitaker gives a traditional version of part of this song as follows:—

'The gardener standing by proferred to chuse for me,
The pink, the primrose, and the rose, but I refused the three;
The primrose I forsook because it came too soon,
The violet I o'erlooked, and vowed to wait till June.

In June, the red rose sprung, but was no flower for me,
I plucked it up, lo! by the stalk, and planted the willow-tree.
The willow I must wear with sorrow twined among,
That all the world may know I falshood loved too long.'

† The following account of Billy Bolton may, with propriety, be inserted here:—It was a lovely September day, and the scene was Arncliffe, a retired village in Littondale, one of the most secluded of the Yorkshire dales. While sitting at the open window of the humble hostelrie, we heard what we, at first, thought was a *ranter* parson, but, on inquiry, were told it was old Billy Bolton reading to a crowd of villagers. Curious to ascertain what the minstrel was reading, we joined the crowd, and found the text-book was a volume of Hume's *England*, which contained the reign of Elizabeth. Billy read in a clear voice,

THE day was spent, the moon shone bright,
The village clock struck eight;
Young Mary hastened, with delight,
Unto the garden-gate:
But what was there that made her sad?—
The gate was there, but not the lad,
Which made poor Mary say and sigh,
'Was ever poor girl so sad as I?'

She traced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine;
Which made poor Mary sigh, and say,
'You shan't, you shan't be mine!
You promised to meet at the gate at eight,
You ne'er shall keep me, nor make me wait,
For I'll let all such creatures see,
They ne'er shall make a fool of me!'

She traced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck ten;
Young William caught her in his arms,
No more to part again:
For he'd been to buy the ring that day,
And O! he had been a long, long way;—

---

with proper emphasis, and correct pronunciation, interlarding his reading with numerous comments, the nature of some of which may be readily inferred from the fact that the minstrel belonged to what he called 'the ancient church.' It was a scene for a painter; the village situate in one of the deepest parts of the dale, the twilight hour, the attentive listeners, and the old man, leaning on his knife-grinding machine, and conveying popular information to a simple peasantry. Bolton is in the constant habit of so doing, and is really an extraordinary man, uniting, as he does, the opposite occupations of minstrel, conjuror, knife-grinder, and schoolmaster. Such a labourer (though an humble one) in the great cause of human improvement is well deserving of this brief notice, which it would be unjust to conclude without stating that whenever the itinerant teacher takes occasion to speak of his own creed, and contrast it with others, he does so in a spirit of charity; and he never performs any of his sleight-of-hand tricks without a few introductory remarks on the evil of superstition, and the folly of supposing that in the present age any mortal is endowed with supernatural attainments.

Then, how could Mary cruel prove,
To banish the lad she so dearly did love?

Up with the morning sun they rose,
To church they went away,
And all the village joyful were,
Upon their wedding-day:
Now in a cot, by a river side,
William and Mary both reside;
And she blesses the night that she did wait
For her absent swain, at the garden-gate.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

[THIS song is a village-version of an incident which occurred in the Cecil family. The same English adventure has, strangely enough, been made the subject of one of the most romantic of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, viz., *You remember Helen, the hamlet's pride.*]

AS I walked forth one summer's morn,
Hard by a river's side,
Where yellow cowslips did adorn
The blushing field with pride;
I spied a damsel on the grass,
More blooming than the may;
Her looks the Queen of Love surpassed,
Among the new-mown hay.

I said, 'Good morning, pretty maid,
How came you here so soon?'
'To keep my father's sheep,' she said,
'The thing that must be done:
While they are feeding 'mong the dew,
To pass the time away,
I sit me down to knit or sew,
Among the new-mown hay.'

Delighted with her simple tale,
I sat down by her side;
With vows of love I did prevail
On her to be my bride:
In strains of simple melody,
She sung a rural lay;
The little lambs stood listening by,
Among the new-mown hay.

Then to the church they went with speed,
And Hymen joined them there;
No more her ewes and lambs to feed,
For she's a lady fair:
A lord he was that married her,
To town they came straightway:
She may bless the day he spied her there,
Among the new-mown hay.

THE PRAISE OF A DAIRY.

[This excellent old country song, which can be traced to 1687, is sung to the air of *Packington's Pound*, for the history of which see *Popular Music*, I., 123.]

IN praise of a dairy I purpose to sing,
But all things in order, first, God save the King!*
And the Queen, I may say,
That every May-day,
Has many fair dairy-maids all fine and gay.
Assist me, fair damsels, to finish my theme,
Inspiring my fancy with strawberry cream.

---

* This elastic opening might be adapted to existing circumstances by a slight alteration:—

The praise of a dairy to sing you I mean,
But all things in order, first, God save the Queen.

The common copies print 'God save the Queen,' which of course destroys the rhyme.

The first of fair dairy-maids, if you'll believe,
Was Adam's own wife, our great grandmother Eve,
Who oft milked a cow,
As well she knew how.
Though butter was not then as cheap as 'tis now,
She hoarded no butter nor cheese on her shelves,
For butter and cheese in those days made themselves.

In that age or time there was no horrid money,
Yet the children of Israel had both milk and honey;
No Queen you could see,
Of the highest degree,
But would milk the brown cow with the meanest she.
Their lambs gave them clothing, their cows gave them meat,
And in plenty and peace all their joys were complete.

Amongst the rare virtues that milk does produce,
For a thousand of dainties it's daily in use:
Now a pudding I'll tell 'ee,
And so can maid Nelly, [jelly:
Must have from good milk both the cream and the
For a dainty fine pudding, without cream or milk,
Is a citizen's wife, without satin or silk.

In the virtues of milk there is more to be mustered:
O! the charming delights both of cheesecake and cus-
If to wakes* you resort, [tard!
You can have no sport,
Unless you give custards and cheesecake too for't:
And what's the jack-pudding that makes us to laugh,
Unless he hath got a great custard to quaff?

---

* This is the reading of a common stall copy. Chappell reads—

'For at Tottenham-court,'

which is no doubt correct, though inapplicable to a rural assembly in our days.

Both pancake and fritter of milk have good store,
But a Devonshire white-pot must needs have much more;
Of no brew* you can think,
Though you study and wink,
From the lusty sack posset to poor posset drink,
But milk's the ingredient, though wine's† ne'er the worse,
For 'tis wine makes the man, though 'tis milk makes the nurse.

THE MILK-MAID'S LIFE.

[Of this popular country song there are a variety of versions. The following, which is the most ancient, is transcribed from a black-letter broadside in the Roxburgh Collection, entitled *The Milke-maid's Life; or, a pretty new ditty composed and penned, the praise of the Milking-pail to defend.* To a curious new tune called the *Milke-maid's Dump.* It is subscribed with the initials M. P.; probably those of Martin Parker.]

YOU rural goddesses,
That woods and fields possess,
Assist me with your skill, that may direct my quill,
More jocundly to express,
The mirth and delight, both morning and night,
On mountain or in dale,
Of them who choose this trade to use,
And, through cold dews, do never refuse
To carry the milking-pail.

---

* Brew, or broo, or broth. Chappell's version reads, 'No state you can think,' which is apparently a mistake. The reading of the common copies is to be preferred.

† No doubt the original word in these places was *sack*, as in Chappell's copy—but what would a peasant understand by *sack?* Dryden's receipt for a sack posset is as follows:—

'From fair Barbadoes, on the western main,
Fetch sugar half-a-pound: fetch sack, from Spain,
A pint: then fetch, from India's fertile coast,
Nutmeg, the glory of the British toast.'

Miscellany Poems, v. 138.

The bravest lasses gay,
Live not so merry as they;
In honest civil sort they make each other sport,
As they trudge on their way;
Come fair or foul weather, they're fearful of neither,
Their courages never quail.
In wet and dry, though winds be high,
And dark's the sky, they ne'er deny
To carry the milking-pail.

Their hearts are free from care,
They never will despair;
Whatever them befal, they bravely bear out all,
And fortune's frowns outdare.
They pleasantly sing to welcome the spring,
'Gainst heaven they never rail;
If grass well grow, their thanks they show,
And, frost or snow, they merrily go,
Along with the milking-pail.

Base idleness they do scorn,
They rise very early i' th' morn,
And walk into the field, where pretty birds do yield
Brave music on every thorn.
The linnet and thrush do sing on each bush,
And the dulcet nightingale
Her note doth strain, by a jocund vein,
To entertain that worthy train,
Which carry the milking-pail.

Their labour doth health preserve,
No doctor's rules they observe,
While others too nice in taking their advice,
Look always as though they would starve.
Their meat is digested, they ne'er are molested,
No sickness doth them assail;
Their time is spent in merriment,
While limbs are lent, they are content,
To carry the milking-pail.

Upon the first of May,
With garlands, fresh and gay,
With mirth and music sweet, for such a season meet,
They pass the time away.
They dance away sorrow, and all the day thorough
Their legs do never fail,
For they nimbly their feet do ply,
And bravely try the victory,
In honour o' the milking-pail.

If any think that I
Do practise flattery,
In seeking thus to raise the merry milkmaids' praise,
I'll to them thus reply:—
It is their desert inviteth my art,
To study this pleasant tale;
In their defence, whose innocence,
And providence, gets honest pence
Out of the milking-pail.

THE MILKING-PAIL.

[THE following is another version of the preceding ditty, and is the one most commonly sung.]

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When spring newly-born herself does adorn,
With flowers and blooming buds:
Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze,
On yonder pleasant vale,
Of those that choose to milk their ewes,
And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,
To carry the milking-pail.

You goddess of the morn,
With blushes you adorn,

And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare
A concert on each green thorn;
The blackbird and thrush on every bush,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do strain
To entertain, the jolly train
Of those of the milking-pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers will spring no more,
The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
With winter all candied o'er,
See now the town lass, with her white face,
And her lips so deadly pale;
But it is not so, with those that go
Through frost and snow, with cheeks that glow
And carry the milking-pail.

The country lad is free
From fears and jealousy,
Whilst upon the green he oft is seen,
With his lass upon his knee.
With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,
And swears her charms won't fail;
But the London lass, in every place,
With brazen face, despises the grace
Of those of the milking-pail.

THE SUMMER'S MORNING.

[THIS is a very old ditty, and a favourite with the peasantry in every part of England; but more particularly in the mining districts of the North. The tune is pleasing, but uncommon. R. W. Dixon, Esq., of Seaton-Carew, Durham, by whom the song was communicated to his brother for publication, says, 'I have written down the above, *verbatim*, as generally sung. It will be seen that the last lines of each verse are not of equal length. The singer, however, makes all right and smooth! The words under-

lined in each verse are sung five times, thus:—*They ad-van-cèd, they ad-van-cèd, they ad-van-cèd, they ad-van-cèd, they ad-van-cèd me some money,—ten guineas and a crown.* The last line is thus sung:—*We'll be married,* (as the word is usually pronounced), *We'll be married, we'll be married, we'll be married, we'll be married, we 'll be mar-ri-èd when I return again.*' The tune is given in *Popular Music.* Since this song appeared in the volume issued by the Percy Society, we have met with a copy printed at Devonport. The readings are in general not so good; but in one or two instances they are apparently more ancient, and are, consequently, here adopted. The Devonport copy contains two verses, not preserved in our traditional version. These we have incorporated in our present text, in which they form the third and last stanzas.]

IT was one summer's morning, as I went o'er the moss,
I had no thought of 'listing, till the soldiers did me cross;
They kindly did invite me to a flowing bowl, and down,
They advancèd me some money,—ten guineas and a crown.

'It's true my love has listed, he wears a white cockade,
He is a handsome tall young man, besides a roving blade;
He is a handsome young man, and he's gone to serve [the king,
Oh! my very heart is breaking for the loss of him.

'My love is tall and handsome, and comely for to see,
And by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he;
I hope the man that listed him may not prosper night nor day,
For I wish that the Hollanders may sink him in [sea.

'Oh! may he never prosper, oh! may he never thrive,
Nor anything he takes in hand so long as he's alive;
May the very grass he treads upon the ground refuse to grow,
Since he's been the only cause of my sorrow, grief, and [woe!'

Then he pullèd out a handkerchief to wipe her flowing eyes,— [cries;
'Leave off those lamentations, likewise those mournful
Leave off your grief and sorrow, while I march o'er
We'll be married when I return again.' [the plain,

'O now my love has listed, and I for him will rove,
I'll write his name on every tree that grows in yonder grove, [do sweetly cry,
Where the huntsman he does hollow, and the hounds
To remind me of my ploughboy until the day I die.'

OLD ADAM.

[We have had considerable trouble in procuring a copy of this old song, which used, in former days, to be very popular with aged people resident in the North of England. It has been long out of print, and handed down traditionally. By the kindness, however, of Mr. S. Swindells, printer, Manchester, we have been favoured with an ancient printed copy, which Mr. Swindells observes he had great difficulty in obtaining. Some improvements have been made in the present edition from the recital of Mr. Effingham Wilson, who was familiar with the song in his youth.]

BOTH sexes give ear to my fancy,
While in praise of dear woman I sing;
Confined not to Moll, Sue, or Nancy,
But mates from a beggar to king.

When old Adam first was created,
And lord of the universe crowned,
His happiness was not completed,
Until that an helpmate was found.

He'd all things in food that were wanting
To keep and support him through life;
He'd horses and foxes for hunting,
Which some men love better than wife.

He'd a garden so planted by nature,
Man cannot produce in his life;
But yet the all-wise great Creator
Still saw that he wanted a wife.

Then Adam he laid in a slumber,
And there he lost part of his side;
And when he awoke, with a wonder,
Beheld his most beautiful bride!

In transport he gazèd upon her,
His happiness now was complete!
He praisèd his bountiful donor,
Who thus had bestowed him a mate.

She was not took out of his head, sir,
To reign and triumph over man;
Nor was she took out of his feet, sir,
By man to be trampled upon.

But she was took out of his side, sir,
His equal and partner to be;
But as they're united in one, sir,
The man is the top of the tree.

Then let not the fair be despisèd
By man, as she's part of himself;
For woman by Adam was prizèd
More than the whole globe full of wealth.

Man without a woman 's a beggar,
Suppose the whole world he possessed;
And the beggar that's got a good woman,
With more than the world he is blest.

TOBACCO.

[THIS song is a mere adaptation of *Smoking Spiritualized;* see *ante*, p. 259. The earliest copy of the abridgment we have been able to meet with, is published in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melan-*

holy, 1719; but whether we are indebted for it to the author of the original poem, or to 'that bright genius, Tom D'Urfey,' as Burns calls him, we are not able to determine. The song has always been popular. The tune is in *Popular Music*.]

TOBACCO'S but an Indian weed,
Grows green in the morn, cut down at eve;
It shows our decay,
We are but clay;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco!

The pipe that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
It's broken with a touch,—
Man's life is such;
Think of this when you take tobacco!

The pipe that is so foul within,
It shows man's soul is stained with sin;
It doth require
To be purged with fire;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco!

The dust that from the pipe doth fall,
It shows we are nothing but dust at all;
For we came from the dust,
And return we must;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco!

The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind
That unto dust
Return we must;
Think of this when you take tobacco:

The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shows that man's life must have an end;
The vapour's gone,—
Man's life is done;
Think of this when you take tobacco!

THE SPANISH LADIES.

[This song is ancient, but we have no means of ascertaining at what period it was written. Captain Marryat, in his novel of *Poor Jack*, introduces it, and says it is *old*. It is a general favourite. The air is plaintive, and in the minor key. See *Popular Music*.]

FAREWELL, and adieu to you Spanish ladies,
Farewell, and adieu to you ladies of Spain!
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar* like true British heroes,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathom, and boldly
Up the channel of old England our course we did steer.

The first land we made it was callèd the Deadman,
Next, Ram'shead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight;
We passèd by Beachy, by Fairleigh, and Dungeness,
And hove our ship to, off the South Foreland light.

Then a signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor
All in the Downs, that night for to sleep;
Then stand by your stoppers, let go your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

---

* Corrupted in modern copies into 'we'll range and we'll rove.' The reading in the text is the old reading. The phrase occurs in several old songs.

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off his full bowls;
We'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
So here's a good health to all true-hearted souls!

HARRY THE TAILOR.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[THE following song was taken down some years ago from the recitation of a country curate, who said he had learned it from a very old inhabitant of Methley, near Pontefract, Yorkshire. We have never seen it in print.]

WHEN Harry the tailor was twenty years old,
He began for to look with courage so bold;
He told his old mother he was not in jest,
But he would have a wife as well as the rest.

Then Harry next morning, before it was day,
To the house of his fair maid took his way.
He found his dear Dolly a making of cheese,
Says he, 'You must give me a buss, if you please!'

She up with the bowl, the butter-milk flew,
And Harry the tailor looked wonderful blue.
'O, Dolly, my dear, what hast thou done?
From my back to my breeks has thy butter-milk run.'

She gave him a push, he stumbled and fell
Down from the dairy into the drawwell.
Then Harry, the ploughboy, ran amain,
And soon brought him up in the bucket again.

Then Harry went home like a drowned rat,
And told his old mother what he had been at.
With butter-milk, bowl, and a terrible fall,
O, if this be called love, may the devil take all!

SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[For this old Northumbrian song we are indebted to Mr. Robert Chambers. It was taken down from the recitation of a lady. The 'Sir Arthur' is no less a personage than Sir Arthur Haslerigg, the Governor of Tynemouth Castle during the Protectorate of Cromwell.]

AS noble Sir Arthur one morning did ride, [side,
With his hounds at his feet, and his sword by his
He saw a fair maid sitting under a tree,
He askèd her name, and she said 'twas Mollee.

'Oh, charming Mollee, you my butler shall be,
To draw the red wine for yourself and for me!
I'll make you a lady so high in degree,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!

'I'll give you fine ribbons, I'll give you fine rings,
I'll give you fine jewels, and many fine things;
I'll give you a petticoat flounced to the knee,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!'

'I'll have none of your ribbons, and none of your rings,
None of your jewels, and other fine things;
And I've got a petticoat suits my degree,
And I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee.'

'Oh, charming Mollee, lend me then your penknife,
And I will go home, and I'll kill my own wife;
I'll kill my own wife, and my bairnies three,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!'

'Oh, noble Sir Arthur, it must not be so,
Go home to your wife, and let nobody know;
For seven long years I will wait upon thee,
But I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee.'

Now seven long years are gone and are past,
The old woman went to her long home at last;

The old woman died, and Sir Arthur was free,
And he soon came a-courting to charming Mollee.

Now charming Mollee in her carriage doth ride,
With her hounds at her feet, and her lord by her side:
Now all ye fair maids take a warning by me,
And ne'er love a married man till his wife dee.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN CAME OVER THE LEA.

[THIS is a version of the *Baillie of Berwick*, which will be found in the *Local Historian's Table-Book*. It was originally obtained from Morpeth, and communicated by W. H. Longstaffe, Esq., of Darlington, who says, 'in many respects the *Baillie of Berwick* is the better edition—still, mine may furnish an extra stanza or two, and the ha! ha! ha! is better than heigho, though the notes suit either version.']

THERE was an old man came over the Lea,
Ha-ha-ha-ha! but I won't have him.*
He came over the Lea,
A-courting to me,
With his grey beard newly-shaven.

My mother she bid me open the door:
I opened the door,
And he fell on the floor.

My mother she bid me set him a stool:
I set him a stool,
And he looked like a fool.

My mother she bid me give him some beer:
I gave him some beer,
And he thought it good cheer.

My mother she bid me cut him some bread:
I cut him some bread,
And I threw't at his head.

* We should, probably, read 'he.'

My mother she bid me light him to bed:
I lit him to bed,
And wished he were dead.

My mother she bid me tell him to rise:
I told him to rise,
And he opened his eyes.

My mother she bid me take him to church:
I took him to church,
And left him in the lurch;
With his grey beard newly-shaven.

WHY SHOULD WE QUARREL FOR RICHES.

[A VERSION of this very favourite song may be found in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Though a sailor's song, we question whether it is not a greater favourite with landsmen. The chorus is become proverbial, and its philosophy has often been invoked to mitigate the evils and misfortunes of life.]

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true;
And would not commit a bad action
For power or profit in view.
Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys;
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Will go through the world, my brave boys!

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enriched with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.

When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we that, to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why should, &c.

THE MERRY FELLOWS;

OR, HE THAT WILL NOT MERRY, MERRY BE.

[THE popularity of this old lyric, of which ours is the ballad-printer's version, has been increased by the lively and appropriate music recently adapted to it by Mr. Holderness. The date of this song is about the era of Charles II.]

NOW, since we're met, let's merry, merry be,
In spite of all our foes;
And he that will not merry be,
We'll pull him by the nose.
Cho. Let him be merry, merry there,
While we're all merry, merry here
For who can know where he shall go,
To be merry another year.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post.
Let him, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he be obliged to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purse.
Let him, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a company of jolly boys;
May he be plagued with a scolding wife
To confound him with her noise.
Let him, &c.

[He that will not merry, merry be,
With his sweetheart by his side,
Let him be laid in the cold churchyard,
With a head-stone for his bride.
Let him, &c.]

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

[This ditty, still occasionally heard in the country districts, seems to be the original of the very beautiful song, *The Downhill of Life*. *The Old Man's Song* may be found in Playford's *Theatre of Music*, 1685; but we are inclined to refer it to an earlier period. The song is also published by D'Urfey, accompanied by two objectionable parodies.]

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a country town:—
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate;
May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance on which I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
Of the best wits that lived in the age before;
With a dish of roast mutton, not venison or teal,
And clean, though coarse, linen at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With a hidden reserve of good Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health in as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it freezes and snows,
May I have a coal fire as high as my nose;
A fire (which once stirred up with a prong),
Will keep the room temperate all the night long.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
And when I am dead may the better sort say—
'In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and he leaves not behind him his fellow!'
May I govern, &c.

ROBIN HOOD'S HILL.

[RITSON speaks of a Robin Hood's Hill near Gloucester, and of a 'foolish song' about it. Whether this is the song to which he alludes we cannot determine. We find it in *Notes and Queries*, where it is stated to be printed from a MS. of the latter part of the last century, and described as a song well known in the district to which it refers.]

YE bards who extol the gay valleys and glades,
The jessamine bowers, and amorous shades,
Who prospects so rural can boast at your will,
Yet never once mentioned sweet 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

This spot, which of nature displays every smile,
From famed Glo'ster city is distanced two mile,
Of which you a view may obtain at your will,
From the sweet rural summit of 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

Where a clear crystal spring does incessantly flow,
To supply and refresh the fair valley below;
No dog-star's brisk heat e'er diminished the rill
Which sweetly doth prattle on 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

Here, gazing around, you find objects still new,
Of Severn's sweet windings, how pleasing the view,
Whose stream with the fruits of blessed commerce doth fill
The sweet-smelling vale beneath 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

This hill, though so lofty, yet fertile and rare,
Few valleys can with it for herbage compare;
Some far greater bard should his lyre and his quill
Direct to the praise of sweet 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

Here lads and gay lasses in couples resort,
For sweet rural pastime and innocent sport;
Sure pleasures ne'er flowed from gay nature or skill,
Like those that are found on sweet 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

Had I all the riches of matchless Peru,
To revel in splendour as emperors do,
I'd forfeit the whole with a hearty good will,
To dwell in a cottage on 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

Then, poets, record my loved theme in your lays:
First view;—then you'll own that 'tis worthy of praise;
Nay, Envy herself must acknowledge it still,
That no spot's so delightful as 'Robin Hood's Hill.'

BEGONE DULL CARE.

(TRADITIONAL.)

[We cannot trace this popular ditty beyond the reign of James II., but we believe it to be older. The origin is to be found in an early French chanson. The present version has been taken down from the singing of an old Yorkshire yeoman. The third verse we have never seen in print, but it is always sung in the west of Yorkshire.]

BEGONE, dull care!
I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull care!
Thou and I can never agree.
Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But i' faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man grey;
Too much care
Will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it is the wisest thing,
To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care,
I'll none of thy company;
Hence, dull care,
Thou art no pair* for me.
We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
So merrily pass the day;
And then at night, o'er a cheerful bowl,
We'll drive dull care away.

* Peer—equal.

FULL MERRILY SINGS THE CUCKOO.

[The earliest copy of this playful song is one contained in a MS. of the reign of James I., preserved amongst the registers of the Stationers' Company; but the song can be traced back to 1566.]

FULL merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the beechen tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the morn,
When of married men
Full nine in ten
Must be content to wear the horn.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the oaken tree;
Your wives you well should look to.
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the day!
For married men
But now and then,
Can 'scape to bear the horn away.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the ashen tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the noon,
When married men
Must watch the hen,
Or some strange fox will steal her soon.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the alder tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the eve,
When married men
Must bid good den
To such as horns to them do give.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the aspen tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the night,
When married men,
Again and again,
Must hide their horns in their despite.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

[A VERSION of this song, not quite so accurate as the following, was published from an old broadside in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii., p. 49, where it is described as a 'very celebrated Gloucestershire ballad.' But Gloucestershire is not exclusively entitled to the honour of this genuine old country lyric, which is well known in Westmoreland and other counties. 'Jockey' songs constitute a distinct and numerous class, and belong for the most part to the middle of the last century, when Jockey and Jenny were formidable rivals to the Strephons and Chloes of the artificial school of pastoral poetry. The author of this song, whoever he was, drew upon real rural life, and not upon its fashionable masquerade. We have been unable to trace the exact date of this ditty, which still enjoys in some districts a wide popularity. It is not to be found in any of several large collections of Ranelagh and Vauxhall songs, and other anthologies, which we have examined. From the christian names of the lovers, it might be supposed to be of Scotch or Border origin; but *Jockey to the Fair* is not confined to the North; indeed it is much better known, and more frequently sung, in the South and West.]

'TWAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair;

Young Jockey, early in the dawn,
Arose and tripped it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday clothes the youth put on,
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jockey to the fair;
For Jenny had vowed, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudged along,
While flowery garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds use to wear;
He tapped the window; 'Haste, my dear!'
Jenny impatient cried, 'Who's there?'
''Tis I, my love, and no one near;
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.'
Step gently down, &c.

'My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?'
'I will, by all the powers above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove;
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair.'
Dispel, &c.

'Behold, the ring,' the shepherd cried;
'Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there.'
Then Jockey did his vows renew;
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledged; away she flew,
O'er cowslips tipped with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.
O'er cowslips, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful throng;
Their gay companions, blithe and young,
Each join the dance, each raise the song,
To hail the happy pair.
In turns there's none so loud as they,
They bless the kind, propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.
When lovely, &c.

LONG PRESTON PEG.

(A FRAGMENT.)

[MR. BIRKBECK, of Threapland House, Lintondale, in Craven, has favoured us with the following fragment. The tune is well known in the North, but all attempts on the part of Mr. Birkbeck to obtain the remaining verses have been unsuccessful. The song is evidently of the date of the first rebellion, 1715.]

LONG Preston Peg to proud Preston went,
To see the Scotch rebels it was her intent.
A noble Scotch lord, as he passed by,
On this Yorkshire damsel did soon cast an eye.

He called to his servant, which on him did wait,
'Go down to yon girl who stands in the gate,*
That sings with a voice so soft and so sweet,
And in my name do her lovingly greet.'
* * * * * *

THE SWEET NIGHTINGALE;

OR, DOWN IN THOSE VALLEYS BELOW.

AN ANCIENT CORNISH SONG.

[THIS curious ditty, which may be confidently assigned to the seventeenth century, is said to be a translation from the ancient

* The road or street.

Cornish tongue. We first heard it in Germany, in the pleasure-gardens of the Marienberg, on the Moselle. The singers were four Cornish miners, who were at that time, 1854, employed at some lead mines near the town of Zell. The leader, or 'Captain,' John Stocker, said that the song was an established favourite with the lead miners of Cornwall and Devonshire, and was always sung on the pay-days, and at the wakes; and that his grandfather, who died thirty years before, at the age of a hundred years, used to sing the song, and say that it was very old. Stocker promised to make a copy of it, but there was no opportunity of procuring it before we left Germany. The following version has been supplied by a gentleman in Plymouth, who writes:—

I have had a great deal of trouble about *The Valley Below*. It is not in print. I first met with one person who knew one part, then with another person who knew another part, but nobody could sing the whole. At last, chance directed me to an old man at work on the roads, and he sung and recited it throughout, not exactly, however, as I send it, for I was obliged to supply a little here and there, but only where a bad rhyme, or rather none at all, made it evident what the real rhyme was. I have read it over to a mining gentleman at Truro, and he says 'it is pretty near the way we sing it.'

The tune is plaintive and original.]

'MY sweetheart, come along!
Don't you hear the fond song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
Don't you hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in those valleys below?
So be not afraid
To walk in the shade,
Nor yet in those valleys below,
Nor yet in those valleys below.

'Pretty Betsy, don't fail,
For I'll carry your pail,
Safe home to your cot as we go;
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in those valleys below.'

But she was afraid
To walk in the shade,
To walk in those valleys below,
To walk in those valleys below.

'Pray let me alone,
I have hands of my own;
Along with you I will not go,
To hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in those valleys below;
For I am afraid
To walk in the shade,
To walk in those valleys below,
To walk in those valleys below.'

'Pray sit yourself down
With me on the ground,
~~On this bank where sweet~~ primroses grow;
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in those valleys below;
So be not afraid
To walk in the shade,
Nor yet in those valleys below,
Nor yet in those valleys below.'

This couple agreed;
They were married with speed,
And soon to the church they did go.
She was no more afraid
For to* walk in the shade,
Nor yet in those valleys below:

---

* This is the only instance of this peculiar form in the present version. The miners in the Marienberg invariably said 'for to' wherever the preposition 'to' occurred before a verb.

Nor to hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sung in those valleys below,
As she sung in those valleys below.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS THREE SONS.

[This traditional ditty, founded upon the old ballad inserted *ante*, p. 344, is current as a nursery song in the North of England.]

THERE was an old man, and sons he had three,*
Wind well, Lion, good hunter.
A friar he being one of the three,
With pleasure he rangèd the north country,
For he was a jovial hunter.

As he went to the woods some pastime to see,
Wind well, Lion, good hunter,
He spied a fair lady under a tree,
Sighing and moaning mournfully.
He was a jovial hunter.

'What are you doing, my fair lady?'
Wind well, Lion, good hunter.
'I'm frightened, the wild boar he will kill me,
He has worried my lord, and wounded thirty,
As thou art a jovial hunter.'

Then the friar he put his horn to his mouth,
Wind well, Lion, good hunter.
And he blew a blast, east, west, north, and south,
And the wild boar from his den he came forth
Unto the jovial hunter.

* * * * * *

---

* Three is a favourite number in the nursery rhymes. The following is one of numerous examples.—

There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry and James and John:
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found;
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John!

A BEGGING WE WILL GO.

[The authorship of this song is attributed to Richard Brome—(he who once 'performed a servant's faithful part' for Ben Jonson)—in a black-letter copy in the Bagford Collection, where it is entitled *The Beggars' Chorus in the 'Jovial Crew,' to an excellent new tune.* No such chorus, however, appears in the play, which was produced at the Cock-pit in 1641; and the probability is, as Mr. Chappell conjectures, that it was only interpolated in the performance. It is sometimes called *The Jovial Beggar.* The tune has been from time to time introduced into several ballad operas; and the song, says Mr. Chappell, who publishes the air in his *Popular Music,* 'is the prototype of many others, such as *A bowling we will go, A fishing we will go, A hawking we will go,* and *A hunting we will go.* The last named is still popular with those who take delight in hunting, and the air is now scarcely known by any other title.']

THERE was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a begging we will go!

A bag for his oatmeal,
Another for his salt;
And a pair of crutches,
To show that he can halt.
And a begging, &c.

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye;
A little bottle by his side,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, &c.

Seven years I begged
For my old Master Wild,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a child.
And a begging, &c.

I begged for my master,
And got him store of pelf;
But now, Jove be praised!
I'm begging for myself.
And a begging, &c.

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

Of all the occupations,
A beggar's life's the best;
For whene'er he's weary,
He'll lay him down and rest.
And a begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell;
Then who would be a king
When beggars live so well?
And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a begging we will go!

THE END.

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